

THE LAUREL MUSIC SERIES

Folk & Art SONGS

BOOK II



ARMITAGE

John. W. Dykeman

~ Boston ~
C.C. Birchard & Co.

Peter W. Dykema

THE LAUREL MUSIC SERIES

Folk Songs & Art Songs

FOR INTERMEDIATE GRADES

M. TERESA ARMITAGE

BOOK 11.



C. C. BIRCHARD & COMPANY
BOSTON

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INTRODUCTION

THE making of a song book for children is no longer a question of the mere assembling of songs that *can* be sung by children. Modern thought leads the educator into avenues of approach to the child's consciousness that were unsuspected a few years ago; hence, the makers of song books must assume a definite responsibility that runs in parallel lines to the path of the educators in other branches. The psychology of the child becomes an imposing factor and must be reckoned with.

For that reason (besides the important and more familiar considerations of merit in music and text, suitability and elements of popularity), great care and thought must be given to the purpose of reaching the child's sub-conscious being by simple formulae that can be embodied in attractively presented songs — songs that do not so much *teach* as *suggest*. Teaching, as an Art, has lately taken on a new aspect. Educators are learning from the children themselves how to teach children. After an incredibly long period of didacticism, we are beginning dimly to recognize the power of suggestion and the sterility of didactics.

So the maker of school song books must not lag in the progress toward fruitful school work. And it becomes peculiarly important in a book like this, devoted not to *Method* but to *Expression*, that no page shall contain waste material.

We must not be understood as in any sense minimizing the importance of music as it stands in the curriculum — an Art *per se* to be fostered and developed as a source of culture, refinement and happiness; but we emphasize the value of song as an educational force in a broader sense than hitherto has been taken into account; and the conviction that great good lies in the application of that principle has led us to make these books and dedicate them to the hidden potentialities of the youthful mind, so long misunderstood and underrated.

It is admitted by all that song is a powerful factor in establishing contentment and good-fellowship in every community. Our foreign-born citizens and their children, in their aspiration to become Americans, are undoubtedly influenced greatly by good-will mutually felt among themselves and in association with neighbors of another race, and there is no greater and more spontaneous expression of companionship and good-will than is to be found in song. *In these books much space is given to Folk Song; and no less than fifty racial groups are represented by good and characteristic examples.* It would be a shortsighted and wholly un-American policy to try to force our songs on the foreign-born to the exclusion of all other songs. In the first place, the effort would fail; their old songs would still be sung, and, moreover, would be sung in their original form and significance. But if the child of a naturalized foreigner is encouraged to sing the songs of his race *in the language of his adopted country*, it seems obvious that a definite step has been taken toward Americanization. Furthermore he will cheerfully learn and sing our songs when he finds he is not required to forego the familiar melodies of his race.

The texts associated with the folk songs in these books are largely from translations or adaptations of the original; and where that has not been advisable the words will be found to be related to the spirit of the music.

A feature which we believe will be of advantage from a practical as well as an

artistic standpoint, is the arrangement of numerous folk songs in canon form, or with counter-melodies. This cannot fail to arouse and sustain the interest of children, as novelty invariably does, and the presentation of a familiar tune with interesting variations or adornments immediately invests it with an entirely new significance. This treatment has been freely used throughout the books and is not confined to folk music, as will be seen from the many canons, rounds, and examples of counter-point, composed especially for this purpose. But it is by no means necessary that these songs should be sung in parts. Practically every tune in the book is suitable for unison singing.

Our aim is to present music of positive merit from whatever source, always taking into consideration every factor that bears on the special purpose of the individual song. It clearly would be poor judgment to link a humorous text to serious music and equally unwise to offer an immortal melody with trivial words. We have drawn freely upon classic sources, but have not overlooked the melodious operas and songs that have achieved lasting popularity through an inherent vitality not always easy to explain, but which unquestionably exists. The body of original compositions by American composers is substantial, and contains much distinctive material.

Analysis of the contents will show that practically all the problems developed in the study of music in the Fifth and Sixth grades, such as time, rhythm, mode, the function of accidentals, etc., are exemplified without unnecessary difficulties. Many of the songs can profitably be used for rote singing, but ample material will be found for sight-reading practice.

Extraordinary care has been used in the selection and editing of the text matter in these books. The subjects range from mythology through history, fable, romance, nature, hygiene, physical and moral courage, good-fellowship and brotherly love, wholesome humor, with the cardinal graces of Faith, Hope and Charity. The classics — famous songs, operas, operettas and oratorios — are represented by many examples never before used in school music, and the body of original composition will be found worthy of study and performance.

It will be observed that the mechanical adjustment of tune to text or *vice versa*, to which much attention has been given in these songs, must be of great assistance in dealing with rhythmic problems; the natural time values of mere spoken declamation will give the rhythm of the music.

Favorable vowel sounds for notes in the higher register, a marked feature of these books, will make good tone-quality easier of achievement. Also that rare thing even in classic songs, syllable and word emphasis in coincidence with musical accent, will contribute greatly to intelligibility and fluency.

The books appear in the Students' Edition (vocal parts only), and the Teachers' Edition (voice and piano). The accompaniments, except where otherwise indicated, are by Harvey Worthington Loomis.

We feel confident that the material in these books rightly used will mark an important step forward in the Education of the Child through Music.

Editor and Publishers.

THE LAUREL MUSIC SERIES

FOLK SONGS & ART SONGS

BOOK II

Morning

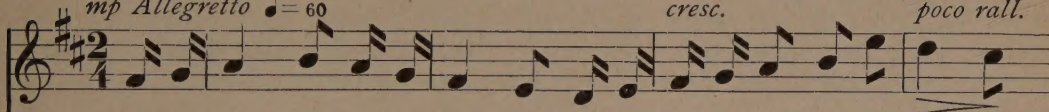
FREDERIC A. WINTHROP

HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS

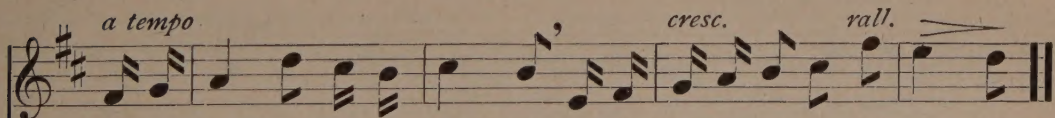
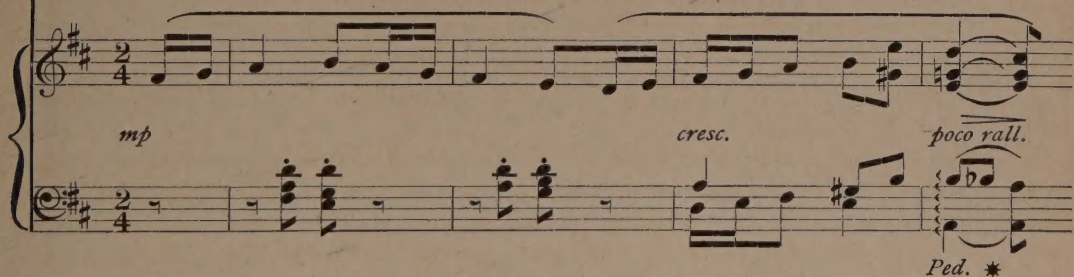
mp Allegretto ♩ = 60

cresc.

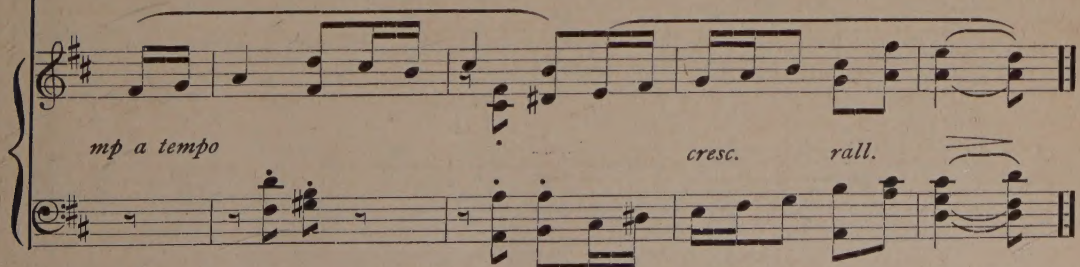
poco rall.



1. When the first flush of the east glows With a mag-ic the sky a-dorn-ing,
2. By the farm-house in the low-land, Mer-ry Chant-i-cleer calls his warn-ing :



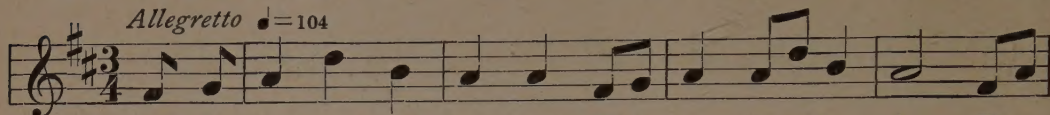
There's a gay song of the wood-birds, They are wish-ing a world Good Morn-ing !
"Lest the day prove but a dream, sirs, Take ad-van-tage of this good morn-ing !"



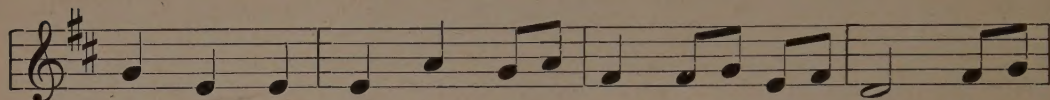
The Mountain Shepherd

CORDELIA BROOKS FENNO

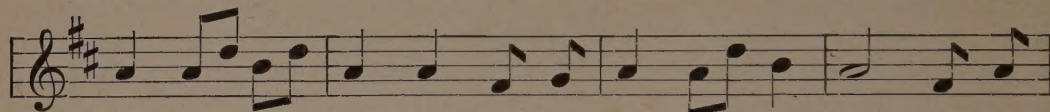
PERCY LEE ATHERTON

Allegretto ♩ = 104

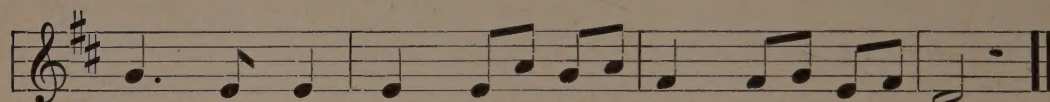
1. O'er the top of the moun-tain, High up in the sky, The
 2. Far be - low in the val - ley, A speck mid the trees, I



white clouds are drift - ing, I . watch them sail by. I . .
 see the fair maid - en I . want most to please. When



lie on the hill - side on the green fra - grant grass, And I
 sum - mer is . . o - ver and the lambs are well - grown, I shall

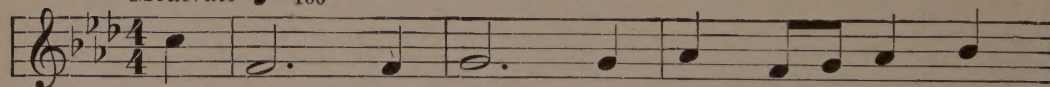


count the young lamb - kins that frisk as . . they pass.
 ask her to take them and me for . her own.

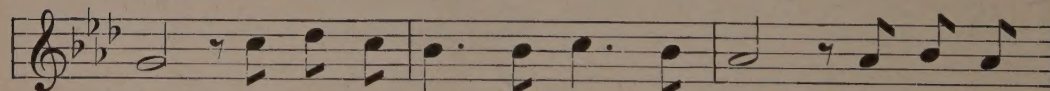
In Winter

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

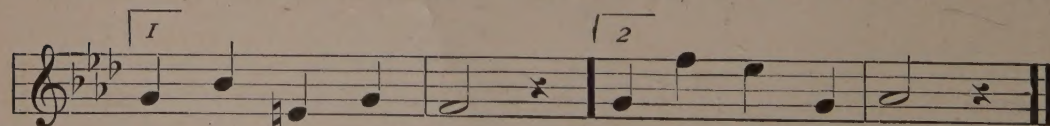
CLARENCE BUTLER

Moderato ♩ = 100

1. The sky is gray, as gray as . gray may
 2. The stream a - lone is mak - ing . mu - sic



be; There is no bird up - on the bough; There is no
 now, But in his song there seems to be The scent of



leaf on vine or tree.

(Omit)

blos - soms on the bough. (H.W.L.)

Camping

J. LILIAN VANDEVERE

ARTHUR EDWARD JOHNSTONE

Slowly ♩ = 112*Lively* ♩ = 168

1. Come ye who be - long to the great out - doors; Who can
2. The call of the wild you can plain - ly hear, Where the
3. Good - bye to the lake and the shad - y grove Where the



make a tent like "home, sweet home" Tho' it's six by nine or small - er. Sing
bee's re - marks are sting - ing ones, And you catch the point di - rect - ly. The
flap - jack blos - somed ev - 'ry morn, And the poi - son i - vy flour - ished. Good -



hol for the woods and the dis - tant shores; Where a swarm of mos - qui - toes
bat flut - ters by on a mad ca - reer, And you hark to the sil - v'ry
bye to the trail and the sand - y cove. At the end of a gay va -



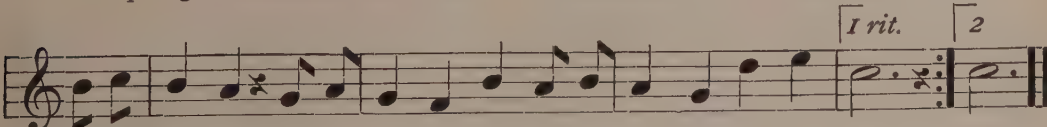
greet you, And short - ly, or soon - er, eats you. The place for sup - plies is
cor - net That's played by an an - gry hor - net; At night you a - wake to
ca - tion, You find to your con - ster - na - tion, The suit that you wore a



small in size, ev - en milk must be con - densed. But then it's
chase a snake who has just dropped in to call. It's part of
month be - fore sim - ply bursts at ev - 'ry seam. The fault of

REFRAIN ♩ = 138

Camp - ing, sum - mer camp - ing, But the things that fret You soon for - get;

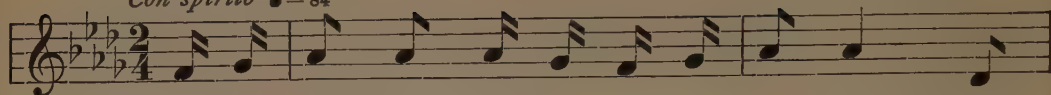


Some en - chant - ment makes the spot grow dear, And you go back ev - 'ry year. year.

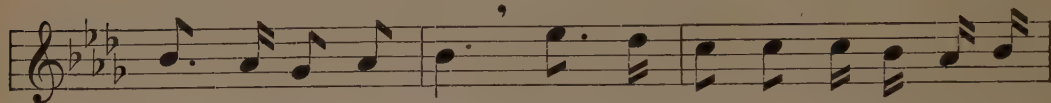
Our Flag

VICTOR N. PIERPONT

JAMES F. CALDWELL

Con spirito ♩ = 84

1. There's a glo - rious ban - ner ev - er wav - ing, The
 2. 'Tis a glow - ing sym - bol of pro - tec - tion, The



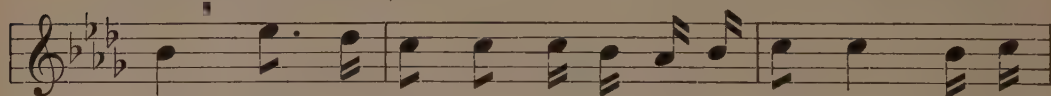
flag that's yours and mine; All the winds of heav - en ev - er
 flag that made us free; Held by throngs in rev - er - ent af -



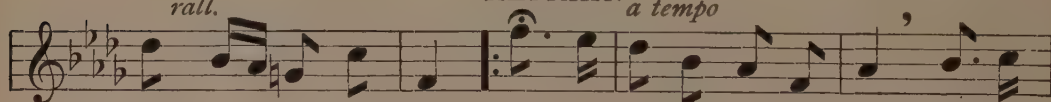
brav - ing O'er the realm of palm and pine. 'Tis a
 fec - tion In the lands a - cross the sea. 'Tis a



flame of i - ri - des-cent col - or, This flag that's mine and
 flow'r whose beau - ty is e - ter - nal, This flag that brought us



yours; Time or change can nev - er make it dul - ler While the
 peace; 'Tis a song of maj - es - ty su - per - nal, And its

*rall.***REFRAIN***a tempo*

truth of heav'n en - dures. Hold the flag be - fore your eyes! Let it
 mes - sage ne'er shall cease.



shed its glo - ry o'er you; You will win the hon - or of the

*rall.**a tempo*

land you prize If you hold the flag be - fore you.

The Pilgrim Fathers

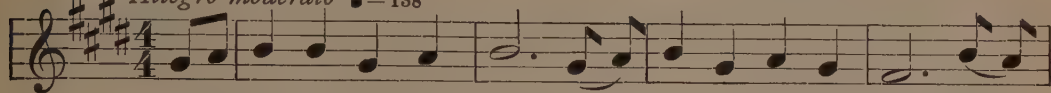
5

(To accompany the representation in tableau of George H. Boughton's painting "Puritans on Their Way to Church.")

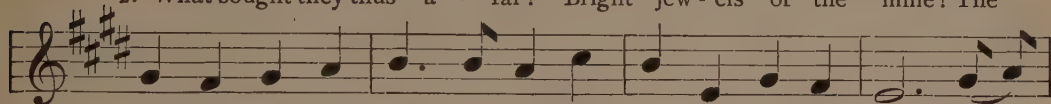
From the poem by
FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

FRANCIS HOPKINSON* 1707-1791
(adapted)

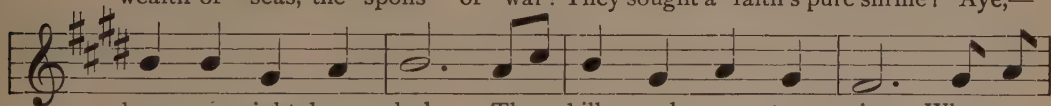
Allegro moderato ♩ = 138



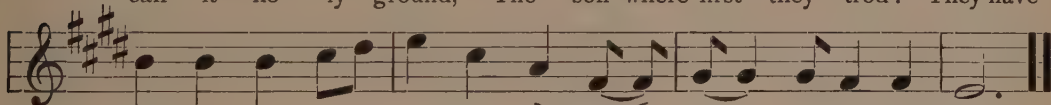
1. The break-ing waves dashed high On a stern and rock-bound coast, And the
2. What sought they thus a - far? Bright jew - els of the mine? The



woods, a - gainst a storm - y sky Their gi - ant branch-es tossed; And the
wealth of seas, the spoils of war? They sought a faith's pure shrine! Aye,—



heav - y night hung dark The hills and wa - ters o'er, When a
call it ho - ly ground, The soil where first they trod! They have



band of ex - iles moored their bark On the wild .. New Eng-land shore.
left un-stained what there they found — Free-dom to wor-ship God!

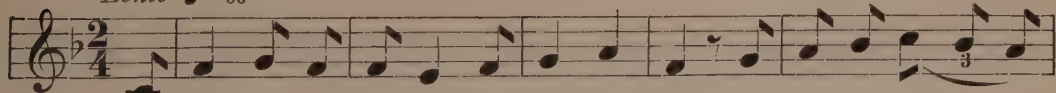
* The first American composer of whom there is any record.

The Lord is My Shepherd

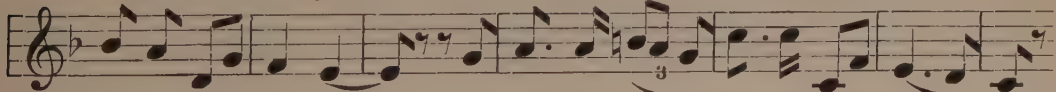
From Psalm xxiii

HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS

Lento ♩ = 66



The Lord is my shep-herd; I shall not want. He mak-eth me to lie



down in green pas - tures: He lead - eth me be-side the still wa - ters.

rit. a tempo



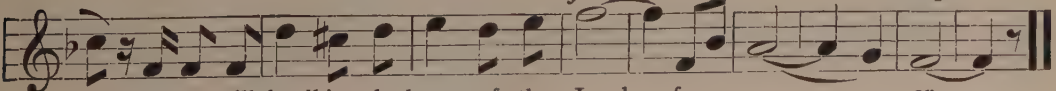
Sure - ly good - ness and mer - cy shall fol - low me all the days of my life;

accel. e cresc.

f

rit.

a tempo

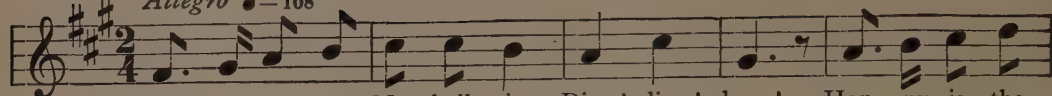


. . And I will dwell in the house of the Lord .. for ev - - er . . .

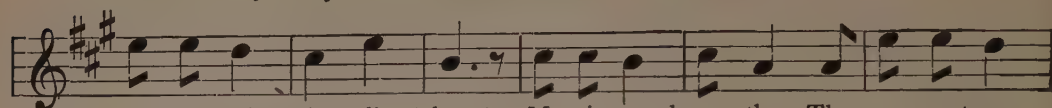
The Joy Bells

STUART PAUL

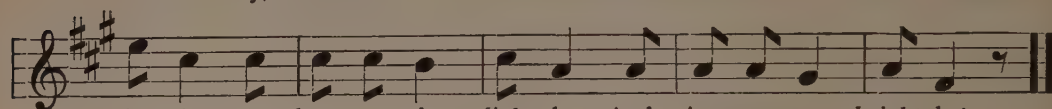
Serbian Folk Tune

Allegro ♩ = 108

1. Hear the mer - ry May-bells ring : Ding ! ding ! dong ! Hap - py is the
 2. Hear the jol - ly min-strels play, Zim ! zim ! zam ! They can drive dull



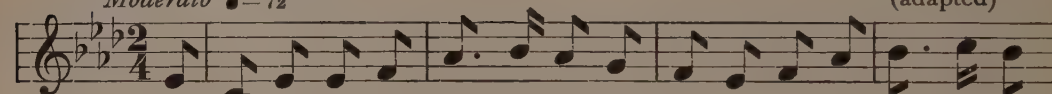
hour they bring, Ding ! ding ! dong ! Mu-sic sounds sweetly, The mo-ments go
 care a - way, Zim ! zim ! zam ! Let us hear sing-ing, A mer - ry laugh



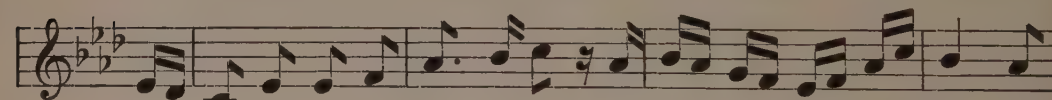
fleet - ly, So dance your dance light - ly And sing your song bright - ly !
 ring-ing, For just to be jol - ly Can nev - er be fol - ly !

Making History

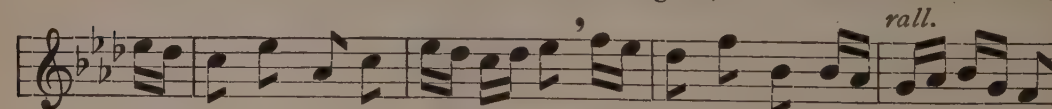
CANON BROOKINGFORD

Old Tune
(adapted)*Moderato* ♩ = 72

1. The men who made our his - to - ry, Their prow-ess is no mys - te - ry,
 2. By split-ting rails one youth be-gan; His mot - to was, "I will, and can !"



For they who made our his - to - ry Be - gan it . in . their boy - hood ;
 And he be - came our no - blest man, The great, im - mor - tal Lin - coln !



They start-ed out to make their mark, By ris - ing ear - ly, like the lark,
 Thus, if like him, for right we stand, And keep our pur - pose pure and grand,
a tempo



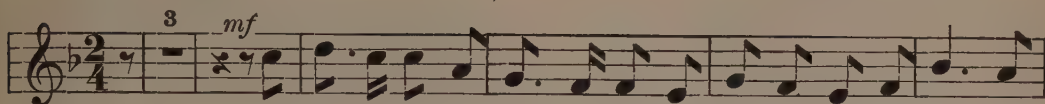
And "mak-ing good" from dawn to dark Be - gin - ning in . their boy - hood.
 We too may no - bly serve our land, The land that gave us Lin - coln.

The Sailing Men

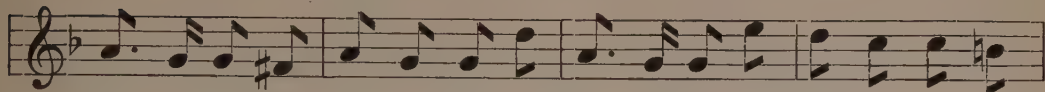
DAVID STEVENS

Con spirito ♩ = 84

TERENCE DARRELL



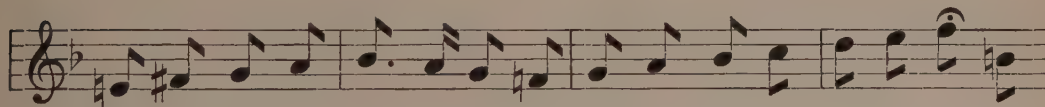
1. Oh, sing a song of sail - ing men, And make it loud and strong, The
2. Oh, sing a song of gal - lant Jones, And lift it to the sky, Who
3. Oh, sing a song of Law - rence bold, And sing it with a will; In
4. Oh, sing a song of Far - ra - gut, And sing it loud and clear, Who



fear - less men who rode the sea To keep our Na - tion's ban - ner free. Oh,
 fought the foe - man blade to blade And met dis - as - ter un - dis - mayed; Oh,
 dy - ing words the cap - tain brave A mot - to to the Na - vy gave. Oh,
 braved the mines of Mo - bile Bay And by his dar - ing won the day. Oh,

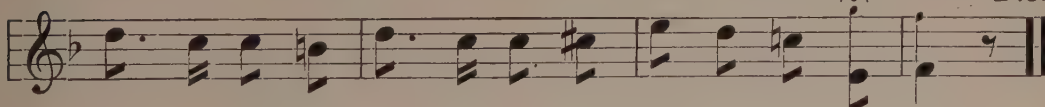


sing of ships and hearts of oak, Of all the daunt - less throng Who
 sing of him whose sto - ried words Our an - nals glo - ri - fy; "I'll
 sing of him whose cour - age high Sets all our hearts a - thrill; Tho'
 sing of him whose stead - y eye Could mark the course to steer, And



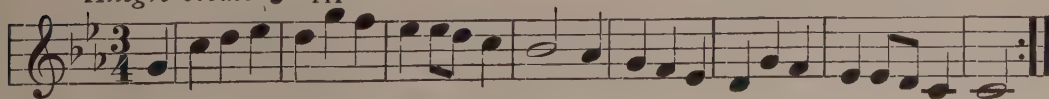
sailed and fought their wood - en craft, The men and cap - tains, fore and aft, Oh,
 nev - er yield or take to flight, I've on - ly just be - gun to fight! Oh,
 seized in death's re - lent - less grip, He ut - tered: "Don't give up the ship!" Oh,
 thro' a rain of steel and lead, He gave the word: "Full speed a - head!" Oh,

D.C.



sing a song of sail - ing men, And make it loud and strong!
 sing a song of gal - lant Jones, And lift it to the sky!
 sing a song of Law - rence bold, And sing it with a will!
 sing a song of Far - ra - gut, And sing it loud and clear!

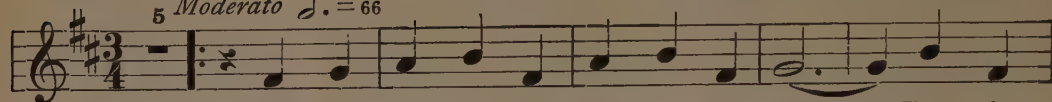
Scherzo

ROBERT SCHUMANN
in *Papillons**Allegro vivace* ♩ = 144

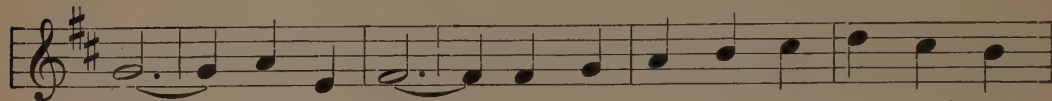
The Mississippi

EMILY LOWELL

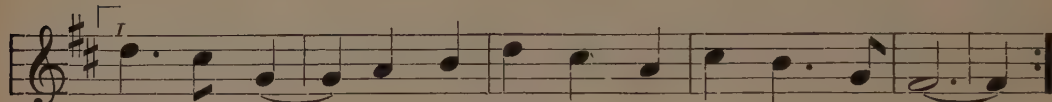
ARTHUR EDWARD JOHNSTONE

5 *Moderato* ♩ = 66

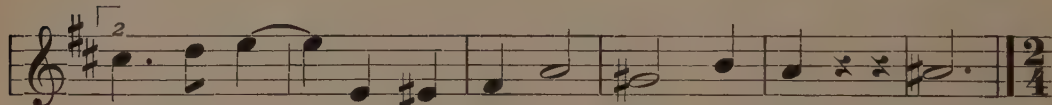
1. { From the far - a - way land of the north, . From the
Melt - ing gla - ciers that gleam in the sun, . . Brooks and
2. { On the tide of that riv - er so vast, . . Night and
And the spir - it that dwells in that stream . Cours - ing



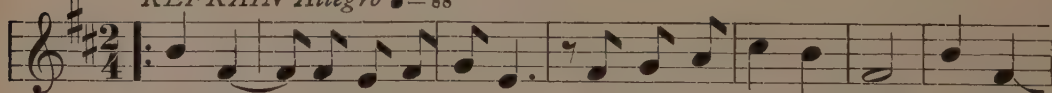
east, . . from the west, . Are as - sem - bled a my - riad of
lakes, . . large or small, . Yield their store to that riv - er so
day, . . year by year, . Might - y fleets of A - mer - i - ca's
on . . toward the sea, . Sings a song of be - nef - i - cent



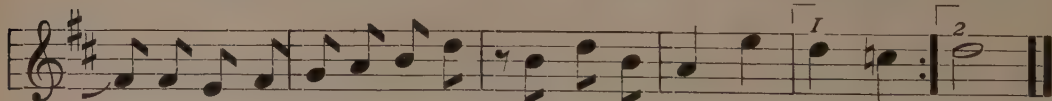
riv - u - lets . In the stream that we all love the best. .
(Omit)
in - dus - try . Bear her har - vests from far and from near. .
(Omit)



mar - vel - lous, . Mis - sis - sip - pi, Queen of all! Ah!
char - i - ty, . . Giv - ing ev - er, Yield - ing free! Ah!

REFRAIN *Allegro* ♩ = 88

Soft flows . the Mis - sis - sip - pi, The child of mountains grand; Soft flows



. . the smil - ing Mis - sis - sip - pi, The pride of our dear land. Ah! land.

Hymn

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN
in the *Septet**Moderato* ♩ = 100

In April

GEO. W. PENNINGTON

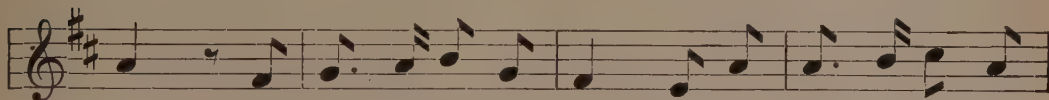
ASA T. HUNT

Moderato ♩ = 92

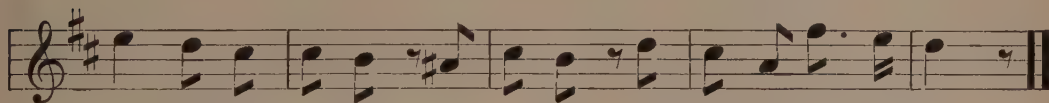
1. In A - pril, green A - pril, Al - tho' 'tis sure - ly flow - er - time, 'Tis
 2. O A - pril, soft A - pril, Spring - beau - ties all be - long to you, The



just as sure - ly show - er - time; A - pril de - lights to give us
 for - est sings a song to you; A - pril, you weep and then you



rain. But tho' her skies are frown - ing, And gar - dens al - most
 smile. But tho' you like to fool us, We're glad to have you



drown - ing, Miss A - pril, coy A - pril Goes laugh - ing down the lane.
 rule us, And A - pril, dear A - pril, We love you all the while!

HENDRYK SCHUYLER

The Quail*

Allegro ♩ = 138

Russian Folk Tune



1. "More wet! More wet!" That means ev - 'ry lit - tle
 2. Bob White, Bob white, You know all a - bout the



flow - er In the bow - er Needs a show - er! Till
 weath - er, Fluf - fy feath - er: Tell us wheth - er To -



soon ev - 'ry bud un - clos - es Hap - py ros - es, Mi - gnon - ette.
 mor - row will be a storm day Or a warm day, Clear and bright.

*Sing the second stanza in A major, signature of three sharps.

Victors and Vanquished

Turkish Tune

MARIAN GREY

Marziale ♩ = 76

1. Steeds are dash - ing, Swords are flash - ing, Trum - pets bray,
 2. Crowds are pour - ing, Dust is soar - ing Thro' the air

All is gay; Troops ad - van - cing, Eyes not glan - cing
 Ev - 'ry - where; Mile on mile, A wea - ry while, We

Toward the left or right, O! Flow'rs be - deck the vic - tor's way,
 cheer the men of might, O! Save a song for those who failed,

Snarl - ing tunes of war they play, Drum, drum, Drum - ming as they come.
 Strove and lost, but nev - er quailed! Woe, woe, That is what they know.
 (rit. last stanza)

The Inca *

ROSAMOND BROOKS

Folk Tune of the Peruvian Sierras

Allegro moderato ♩ = 138

1. A - loft on the moun - tain, High 'mid the ea - gles, There stood the
 2. He looks to the east - ward, Hills turn to val - leys, O - ver whose
 3. A - loft on the moun - tain Still dwells the ea - gle, Still in the

In - ca, Proud and un - yield - ing. Lord of the for - est, Lord of all he
 grass - es Lla - mas are feed - ing; Count - less the stream - lets, Sparkling in the
 val - leys Lla - mas are feed - ing; Count - less the stream - lets Rush - ing to the

saw there, North - ward and south - ward, Mon - arch of the An - des.
 sun - light, Gleam - ing like sil - ver, Rush - ing to the riv - er.
 riv - er, Where is the In - ca, Mon - arch of the An - des?

* The name of the dominant tribe of Peruvian Indians previous to the Spanish conquest.

Joan of Arc

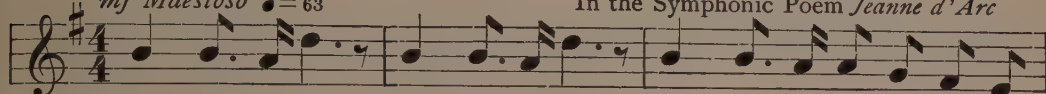
(To accompany the representation in tableau of the painting of Jeanne d'Arc by Bastien-Lepage.)

WILTON PERKINS

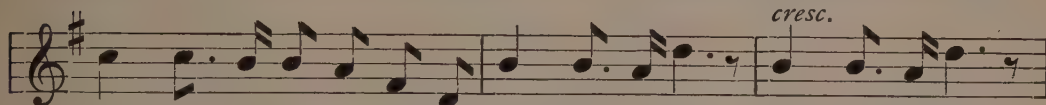
MORITZ MOSZKOWSKI

mf *Maestoso* ♩ = 63

In the Symphonic Poem *Jeanne d'Arc*



1. Hail Joan of Arc! Hail Joan of Arc! Maid of Lorraine whose sto-ry
2. Hail Joan of Arc! Hail Joan of Arc! Home, friends and hopes re-sign-ing,



- Lives on the page of glo - ry; Fair Joan of Arc! Brave Joan of Arc!
Clad all in ar - mor shin-ing, Fair Joan of Arc! Brave Joan of Arc!



- Maid whose ex - alt - ed name the ag - es re - vere.
Forth rode with daunt - less faith for God and for France.

Good-Night Song

Anon.

WILLIAM VINCENT WALLACE

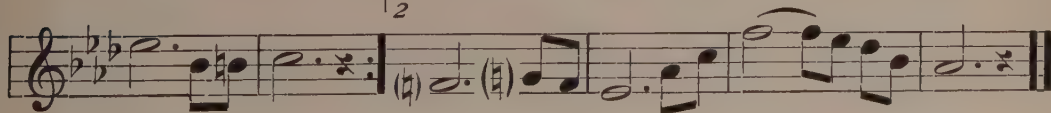
Moderato ♩ = 88

In *Maritana*



1. { Lo, the sun in glo - ry set - ting Bathes the ham - let
See: the corn-fields gold - en gleam - ing, (*Omit*)
2. { Now the chil - dren all are qui - et, Fold - ing hands in
Ves - per bells are soft - ly ring - ing, (*Omit*)
3. { Far a - bove us stars are peep - ing, Friend - ly signs of
Say - ing "All are in God's keep - ing, (*Omit*)

2

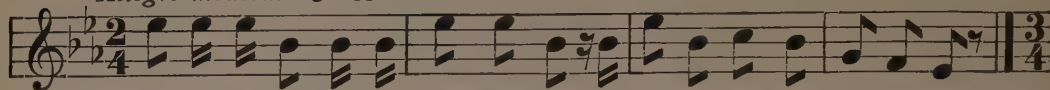


- all in red;
Omit See: the herds go home to bed.
eve - ning pray'r;
Omit On the breez - es ev - 'ry - where.
love and light;
Omit Lit - tle ones of earth, good - night."

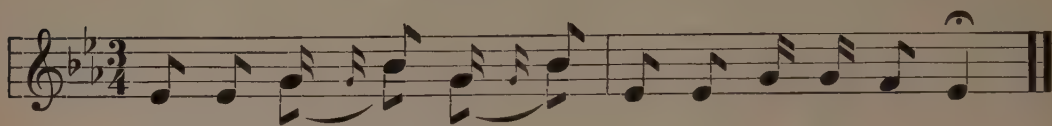
The Barnyard Song

Kentucky Mountains Folk Song

Allegro moderato ♩ = 84



1. I had a cat and the cat pleas'd me, I fed my cat by yon-der tree;
2. I had a hen and the hen pleas'd me, I fed my hen by yon-der tree;
3. I had a duck and the duck pleas'd me, I fed my duck by yon-der tree;
4. I had a goose and the goose pleas'd me, I fed my goose by yon-der tree;
5. I had a sheep and the sheep pleas'd me, I fed my sheep by yon-der tree;
6. I had a pig and the pig pleas'd me, I fed my pig by yon-der tree;
7. I had a cow and the cow pleas'd me, I fed my cow by yon-der tree;
8. I had a horse and the horse pleas'd me, I fed my horse by yon-der tree;
9. I had a dog and the dog pleas'd me, I fed my dog by yon-der tree;



(Omit this measure in the first stanza . . . Cat goes fid - dle - i - fee.
Hen goes chim-my chuck, chim-my-chuck, Cat goes fid - dle - i - fee.

Duck goes quack,— quack,*—

Goose goes swish - y, swash - y,

Sheep goes baa,— baa,—

Pig goes griff - y, gruff - y,

Cow goes moo,— moo,—

Horse goes neigh,— neigh,—

Dog goes bow, wow, bow, wow,

* With each stanza repeat the enumerations of the preceding stanzas, always ending with "Cat goes fid-dle-i-fee."

Forest Fires

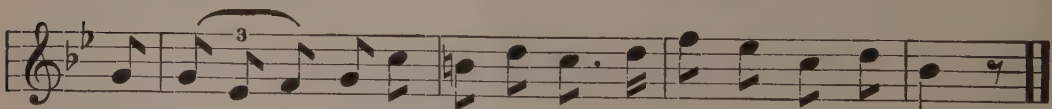
VICTOR N. PIERPONT

GEO. W. PENNINGTON

Allegretto ♩ = 63



1. "There nev - er is smoke with-out a fire," We've of - ten heard it said,
2. I sing of the love-ly wood-land flames That kin-dle thro' the fall
3. They flash in the breeze like liv - ing coals, Yet send no sparks a - bove,
4. And when, as the sun has gone to rest And for-est col - ors die,



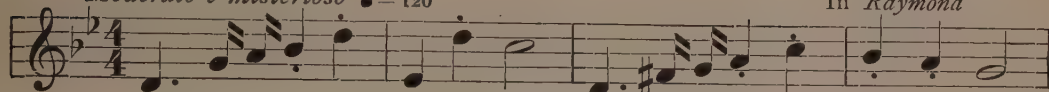
But think of the fires that yield no smoke And leave no em - bers dead!
On fo - li - age gold and green and red, With-out a smok - y pall!
And long as they burn they light our hearts With wondrous na - ture-love.
A glow, as of all the world a - fire, Il-lumes the eve - ning sky.

Witches' Night

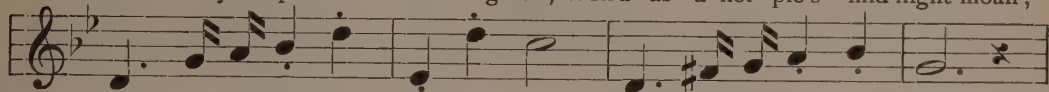
CHARLES HARVEY

(Hallowe'en Song)

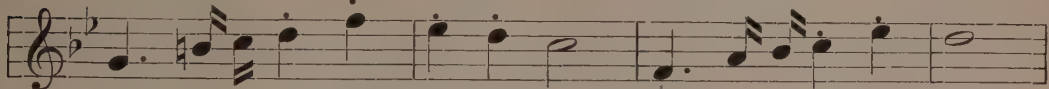
AMBROISE THOMAS

In *Raymond**Moderato e misterioso* ♩ = 120

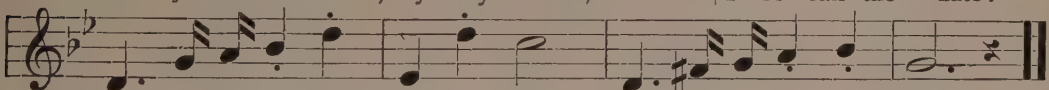
1. Out where the au-tumn night winds blow, Hark! there's a foot-fall, stealth - y, slow!
 2. Down by the pond I hear a groan, Weird as a kel-pie's mid-night moan;



Hush! do you hear that soft tip - tap? Oh, such a ghost - ly rap!
 Now there's an ee - rie, wail - ing howl, Sounds like a spec - tral owl!



See! there's a blue flame 'neath the trees Fanned by the sigh - ing breeze,
 Ah! Jack-o'-Lan - tern, just you wait, Now I re - call the date!



What do you think prowls round a - bout? Sprites are a - broad, no doubt!
 This is Oc - to - ber Thir - ty - First, Spooks, you may do your worst!

The Fairy Circle

CORDELIA BROOKS FENNO

JULES MASSENET

Moderato e leggiero ♩ = 120

1. { On the grass the fair - ies in the moon - light
 { Hare - bells chime their mel - o - dy en - tranc - ing,
 2. { If at dawn we wan - der in the din - gle,
 { Then al - tho' the fair - ies are a - sleep - ing,



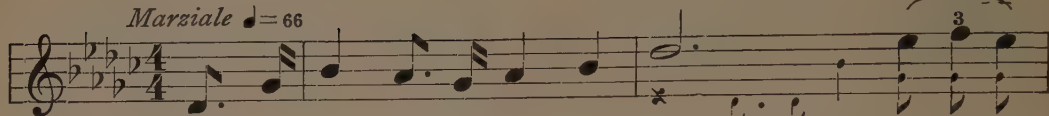
Make a mag - ic cir - cle for their feet, Light - ed by the
 Nim - ble sprites and el - fin crea - tures play; Comes the sun so
 While the dew still glis - tens on the flow'r, We per - chance, may
 We shall hear their mu - sic with de - light, Ti - ny tunes of



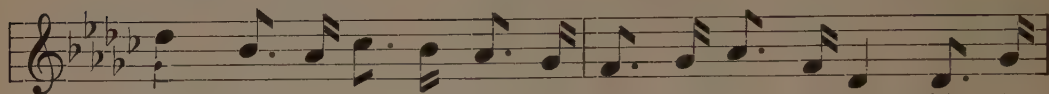
glim - mer of the fire - fly, They dance to fair - y mu - sic sweet.
 ear - ly in the morning, And quick - ly drives them all a - way.
 find the mag - ic cir - cle, Be - neath a green and shad - y bow'r.
 lit - tle el - fin pip - ers Re - hears - ing for the dance to - night.

The Trumpet Call

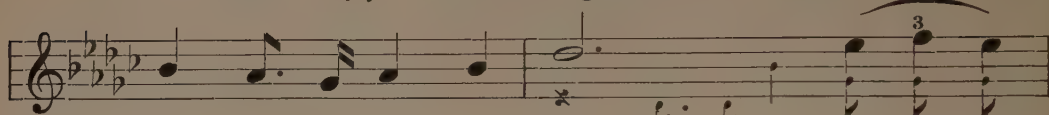
PAUL HASTINGS

JOACHIM RAFF
in *The Lenore Symphony**Marziale* ♩ = 66

1. When the notes of the trum - pet sound, (Tan - ta - ra,) Tan - ta - ra -
 2. When the notes of the trum - pet sing, (Tan - ta - ra,) Tan - ta - ra -



ta! There's a mag - ic that will stir the hearts of all; With the
 ta! What a joy to hear the gold - en mu - sic play; When it



ech - o our pul - ses bound, (Tan ta - ra,) Tan - ta - ra -
 sounds with a mar - tial ring, (Tan - ta - ra,) Tan - ta - ra -



ta! When we hear the sil - ver ca - dence of the call.
 ta! Let the call be one to du - ty ev - 'ry day.

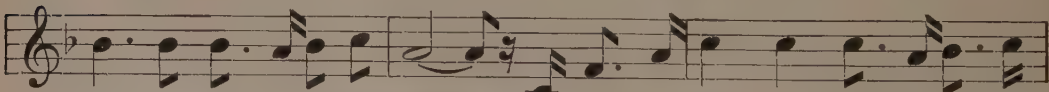
The Pearl

FREDERICK A. WINTHROP

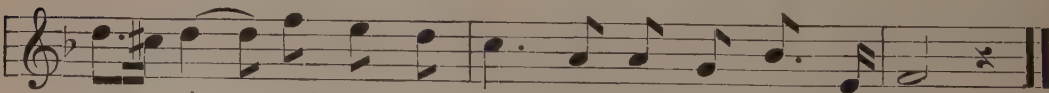
Spanish-American Folk Tune

Moderato ♩ = 69

1. 'Neath the deep blue wa - ters of the o - cean Lay a
 2. As a strain of mu - sic's haunt - ing meas - ure Is e -



pearl with - in a cav - ern's night, Un - til a div - er brav'd the sea's com -
 voked from shad - ow - realms un - seen, From out the dark - ness came the glow - ing



mo - tion, . And found a gem re - flect - ing heav - en's light.
 treas - ure, . At last to grace the brow of Beau - ty's queen.

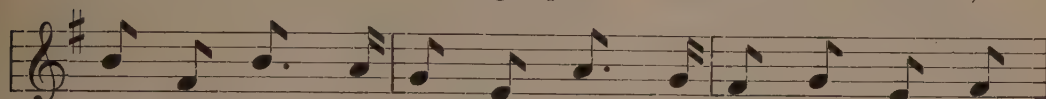
May

FREDERIC MANLEY

VICTOR N. PIERPONT

Allegretto con gioia ♩ = 58

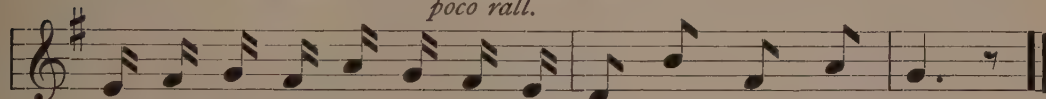
1. Vi - o - lets and col - um - bine, dai - sies on the way,
 2. Her - mits in the twi - light pine, veer - ies in the dawn,



Blue - birds call - ing, sun - light fall - ing warm - er ev - 'ry
 Rob - ins flut - ing mel - low tunes and danc - ing on the



day; . Or - chards white with blos - soms, and the clo - ver full of bees,
 lawn; Ros - es in the cheeks of hap - py chil - dren at their play,

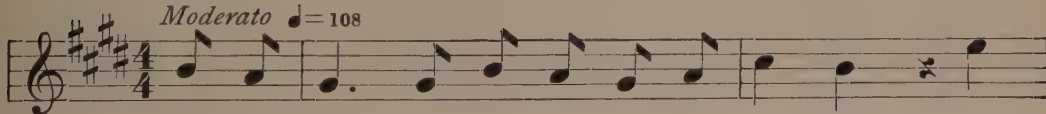
poco rall.

Swal - lows just ar - riv - ing from their jour - ney o - ver seas.
 Oh, the joy of liv - ing in the pleas - ant month of May!

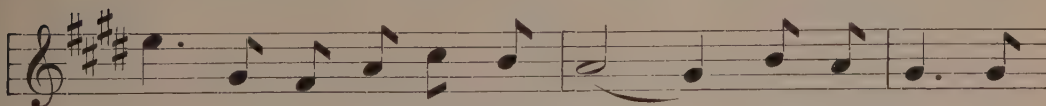
The Mountaineer

STUART PAUL

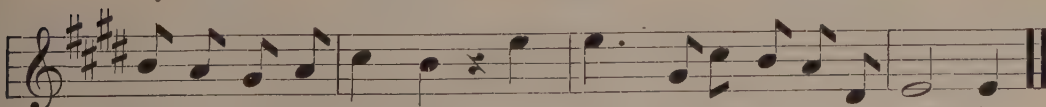
Bohemian Folk Tune

Moderato ♩ = 108

1. Let me live a life a - mong the moun - tains, Whose
 2. I would lie, when day is swift de - clin - ing, A -
 3. I would wake, while yet the vale is sleep - ing, Ere



state - ly heads are crowned with snow, . . By the side of
 loft, where ea - gles take their flight, . . Near the stars in
 day its won - der has be - gun, . . And up - on the

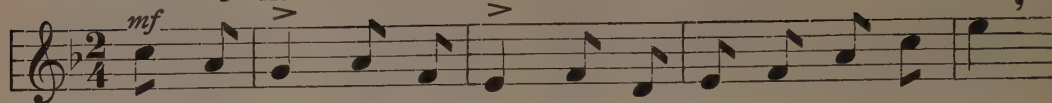


swift - ly gush - ing foun - tains, That feed the riv - ers far be - low. . .
 gold - en splen - dor shin - ing, And read the mys - ter - y of night. . .
 ut - most sum - mit leap - ing, Be first to greet the morning sun! . .

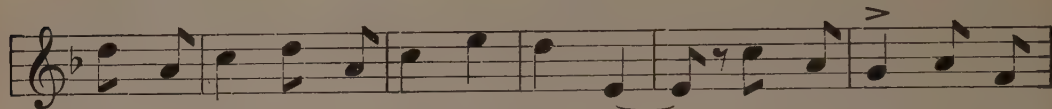
Marching Song

DAVID HARVEY

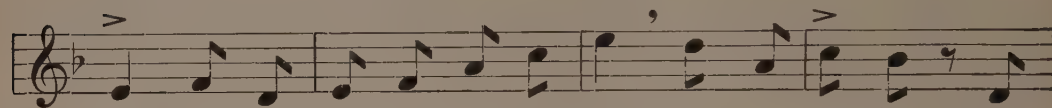
CARL ENGEL

Marziale ♩ = 120

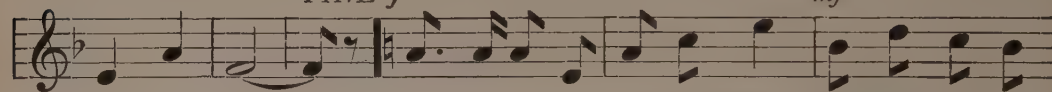
1. With a song swing a - long, In a meas - ure firm and strong,
 3. With a "left!" and a "left!" And a - gain an - oth - er "left!"
 5. Mile on mile, mile on mile, 'Neath the morn - ing's cheer - y smile,



Head e - rect, eyes in front, square shoul - ders; . Keep in tune, keep the
 Keep in touch with your neigh - bor's el - bow; . With a "hep!" and a
 We ad - vance to the live - ly ca - dence; . Life is joy, life is



time Of the mu sic's rhyth - mic rhyme, Keep a - mov - ing a -
 "hep!" Ev - 'ry march - er keep in step To the mu - sic that
 joy To each ea - ger girl and boy, As they're march - ing while

FINE *f**mf*

long our way. . . 2. Hear the bu - gle sound - ing "Halt!" Sweet the mel - low
 sounds so gay. . . 4. Once a - gain, com - mand - ing "Halt!" Bu - gles sound the
 bu - gles play. . .

D.C. al Fine

strain; Comes the sig - nal: "For - ward, march!" Now we're off a - gain!
 strain; Then we hear the "For - ward, march!" Now we're off a - gain!

Canzonet

EMILY LOWELL

OTTO NICOLAI

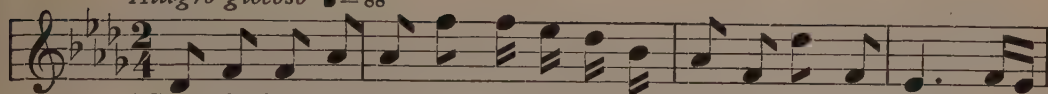
In *The Merry Wives of Windsor**Andantino* ♩ = 76

The gar - den's bright and gay For June is here to - day;
 So sing a can - zo - net Of rose and mi - gno - (Omit) nette.

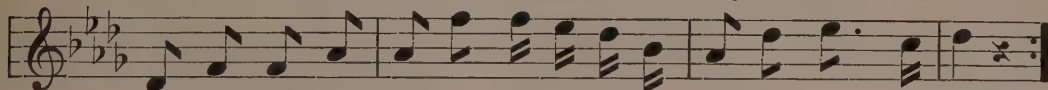
The Year of Jubilo

DAVID STEVENS

HENRY C. WORK

Allegro giocoso ♩ = 88

1. { Comrades, have you seen the banners That are float-ing in the air? And
 Young and old, they join the cho-rus Of the best old song we know, A
 2. { Chil-dren, there's a right good fel-low, And he lives next door to you, 'Twill
 Life, we know, is well worth liv-ing, And be sure you make it so, For



have you heard the sound of sing-ing in the na-tion ev - 'ry-where?
 song that's called "A good time coming in the year of Ju - bi - lo!"
 do you good to - mor - row morning if you give him "How - d' - do."
 that's what makes the good time coming in the year of Ju - bi - lo!

REFRAIN



Don't you look be - hind, Look straight a - head, ho, ho! For it

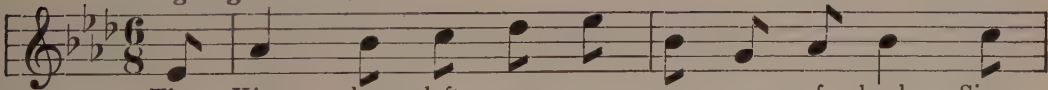


must be now there's a good time coming In the year of Ju - bi - lo!

Farming

Traditional (adapted)

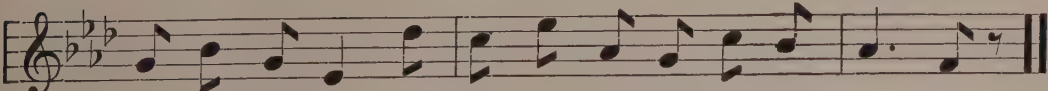
TERENCE DARRELL

Allegro giocoso ♩ = 84

1. The King he left me an a - cre of land, Sing
 2. I ploughed it well with a * crum - mie cow's horn, Sing
 3. Come time for har - vest, I gath - ered it up, Sing



i - vy, sing i - vy! I found the most of it
 i - vy, sing i - vy! And sowed it o - ver with
 i - vy, sing i - vy! And all it yield - ed would



bri - er and sand, Sing hol - ly, go whis - tle and i - vy!
 bar - ley and corn, Sing hol - ly, go whis - tle and i - vy!
 go in a cup, Sing hol - ly, go whis - tle and i - vy!

* Crummie-cow: A cow with a crumpled horn.

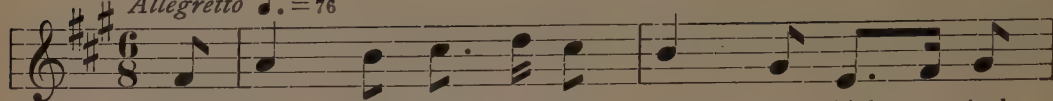
Note: the tune ends in F minor.

Ring the Bells

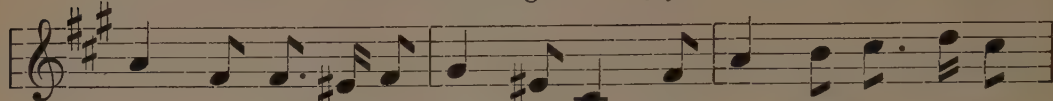
DAVID STEVENS

(New Year Song)

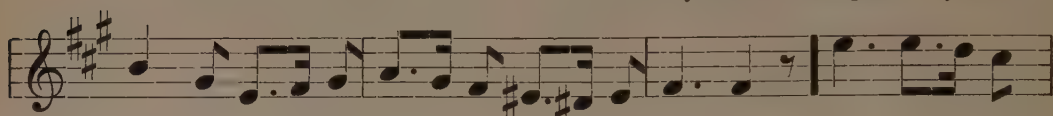
Old Carol

Allegretto ♩ = 76

1. Oh, ring the bells in the bel - fry high, . . And
 2. For - get the quar - rels of yes - ter - year, . . For -
 3. The bells are mak - ing a joy - ous sound . . In



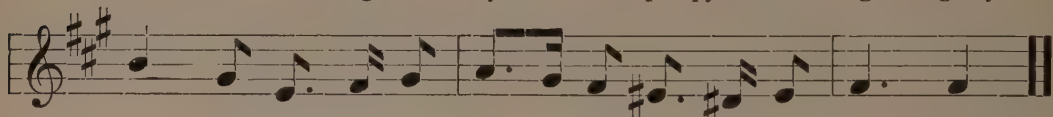
send a mes - sage a - cross the sky. The old year's dy - ing, and
 get the sigh and for - get the tear; Re - mem - ber naught but the
 all the na - tions the world a - round: May love and plen - ty and



let it die, . Nor breathe a word . of sor - row.
 word of cheer That drove a - way . your sor - row. Ring, ring, . ye
 peace a - bound And heal . the heart . of sor - row.



sil - ver chimes! Ring in a year . of hap - py times; Sing, sing . your



mer - ry rhymes, There's a new . year com - ing to - mor - row!

Ring Out, Wild Bells

ALFRED, Lord TENNYSON

(Four-part Round)

GEORGE V. HUME

I *Tempo giusto* ♩ = 108

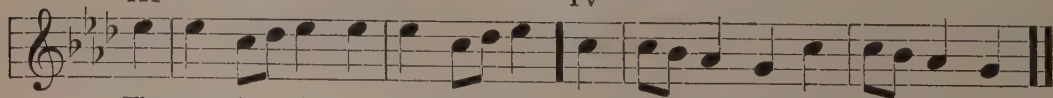
II



1. Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky, The fly - ing cloud, the frost - y light;
 2. Ring out the old, ring in the new, Ring hap - py bells, a - cross the snow;

III

IV



The year is . dy - ing in the night; Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.
 The year is . dy - ing, let him go; Ring out the false, ring in . the true.

The True Sportsman

OLIVER ORDEN

VICTOR N. PIERPONT

Vivace (2 beats in a measure) ♩. = 100

A fish - er went out to fish for fish, And this is the thought he
thought: It is bet - ter to bait the bass that bite, Than bite the bass that's
bought. Then ho for sport, For life is short, And man - y's the sort I've
caught; It is bet - ter to bait the bass that bite, Than bite the bass that's bought.

The Begging Dance *

English by FRANCES DENSMORE

Chippewa Indian Song

Slowly ♩. = 84

1. We come to you, Come with the Beg - ging Dance. We
2. Oh, bring to us, Bring out all your gifts of food; Oh,
come to you, See the stick be - fore your door; 'Twas
give to us, Give us rice and pem - mi - can. We'll
plant - ed there by our lead - er, Do not fail to give us all we want.
sing in praise of your good - ness, Do not fail to give us all we want.

* From Indian Action Songs by Frances Densmore, C. C. Birchard and Co.

A Roundelay

MOZART

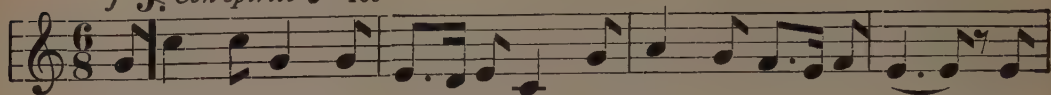
Moderato e grazioso ♩. = 132

The pupils may compete in writing words for this tune.

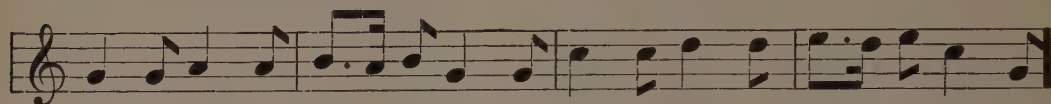
O'er the Hills Away

PAUL HASTINGS

Dr. ARNE

f *♩* *Con spirito* $\text{♩} = 100$ 

1. Come out, come out and breathe the air, And live the glo - rious day! . The
 2. Come out, come out and greet the flow'rs, The bloom is on . the may; . The
 3. Come out, come out the road . is free, For who shall say . us nay? . The



wind is sweet, the skies . are fair, The wind is sweet, the skies . are fair, Come
 blos - soms of the field . are ours, The blos - soms of the field . are ours, Come
 world was made for you . and me, The world was made for you . and me, Come



out and o'er . the hills . a - way, We'll o'er . the hills a - way! .
 out and o'er . the hills . a - way, We'll o'er . the hills a - way! .
 out and o'er . the hills . a - way, We'll o'er . the hills a - way! .

Fine
D.S. al fine

We'll o'er the hills a - way, . We'll o'er the hills a - way; . Come

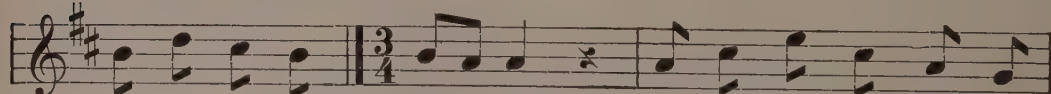
The Gentian

FOSTER B. MERRIAM

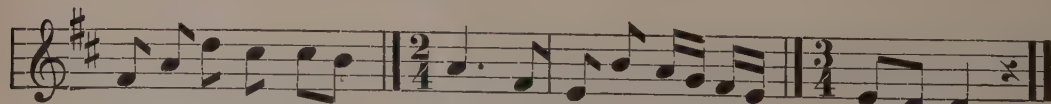
Ukrainian Folk Tune

Moderato ed espressivo $\text{♩} = 80$ 

1. Frost is gleam - ing on . the . gen - tian, Sil - ver
 2. Bright as heav'n's blue eye . the . gen - tian, Fringed the



decks the sap - phire gen - tian. Sum - mer flow'rs may toss their
 eye - lids of the gen - tian. Sweet as mu - sic in the

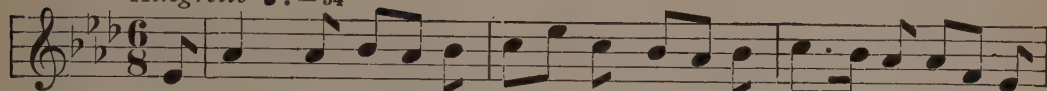


heads with queenly pride, None out - vies No - vem - ber's gen - tian.
 lone - ly au - tumn fields. God has set the love - ly . gen - tian.

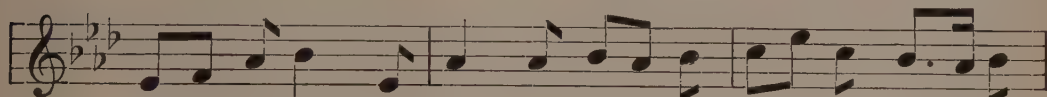
Bonnie Doon

STUART PAUL

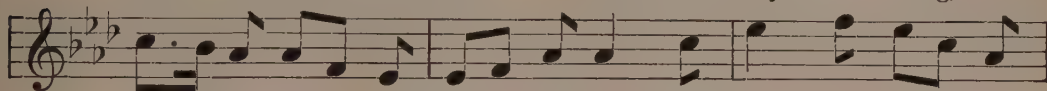
JAMES MILLER, 1788

Allegretto ♩. = 54

1. Ye banks and braes of, bon - nie Doon, Whose charms the po - et
2. And oft I'd rove by bon - nie Doon, To see . the rose and



count - ed vain, Thy beau - ty fair I'd call to mind With
wood - bine twine; And when I heard the sky - lark's song, No



ten - der joy in - stead of pain. Thy flow - 'ry mead, thy
joy would great - er be than mine. With light - some heart I'd



shad - ow'd bank, And all the grace of love - ly spring, I'd
take the rose, Still fresh with dew - y pearls of morn, I'd

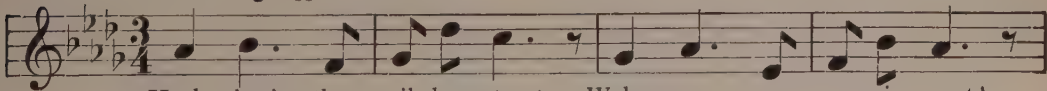


make a scene of hap - py hours That swift - ly flew on joy - ous wing.
ne'er for - get its blos - som rare, And ne'er re - call the po - et's thorn.

Old Songs

KATHARINE WHITMORE

RUSSELL M. DODGE

Moderato ♩. = 88

1. Hark thro' the vil - lage street, Wakes now a mu - sic sweet!
2. Tunes born when art was young, Soft airs by min - strel sung;



Folk - lore of van - ished times, . Home - songs of old,
Sad notes that dim the eye, . Old dreams re - new;



Quaint tunes with sim - ple rhymes, Loved more than gold.
Folk - songs can nev - er die . . . While hearts beat true.

The Half-Moon*

M. LOUISE BAUM

Fr. JAKMA

Allegro ♩ = 69

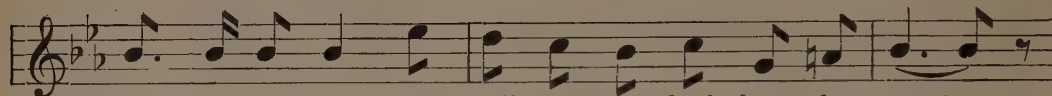
Dutch Popular Tune



1. With clat - ter and chat - ter the peo - ple ran out, All
 2. They'd found a great riv - er and tho't it a strait, But



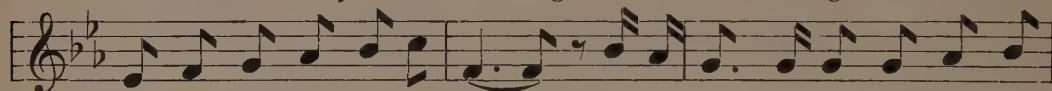
dressed in their bright - est and best, . For won - der - ful news had been
 soon it had turned to a brook; They'd brought a few In - dians, the



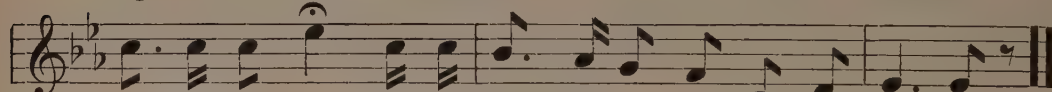
fly - ing a - bout: The Half-Moon was back from the west! .
 sto - ries re - late, To show how A - mer - i - cans look. .



They had seen her go sail - ing a - way to ex - plore A -
 And when next they went sail - ing a - cross the big blue, Their



mer - i - ca, might - y of girth, . To dis - cov - er a pas - sage ne'er
 flag at the miz - zen un - furled, . All the lads in the town said: "We



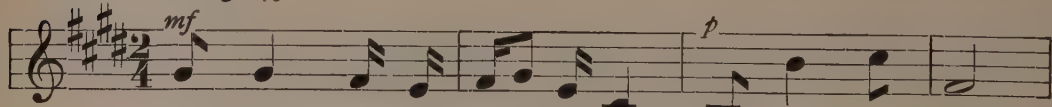
fol - lowed be - fore, To the op - po - site side of the earth. .
 want to go too! And ex - plore the mys - te - ri - ous world! .

* The name of Henry Hudson's ship in which he made his famous voyages.

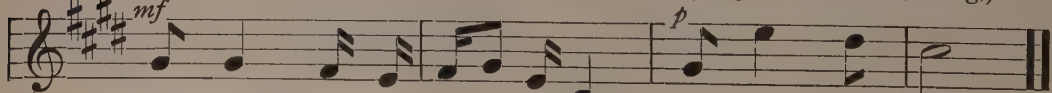
Down South

MARIAN GREY

VICTOR N. PIERPONT

Moderato ♩ = 76

1. Down South where the cot - ton grows, (Sing, chil - dren, sing,)
 2. Birds flash thro' the for - est aisles, (Sing, chil - dren, sing,)



Mag - no - lias, a - bloom in rows, Wake love - ly spring!
 Win - ter, with her gold - en smiles, Blooms fair as June.

Sun and Song

FREDERIC MANLEY

Allegro con gioia ♩. = 100

HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS

mf

Oh, my heart, my heart, to be out in the sun . and sing, . To

sing and shout in the fields a - bout, To sing and shout in the

fields a - bout In the balm and the blos-som-ing To shout and

FINE *mp.* *cresc.*

sing! . Sing low, oh bird in the tree! Sing loud, .

. . . O bird in the sky! . And hon - ey - bees dark - en the

clo - ver beds, Where ev - 'ry flow - er a ban - quet spreads,

f *D.C. al Fine*

There are none, . There are none of you glad as I! . . .

The Falls of Minnehaha

EDITH BATTELL

Vivace ♩. = 152

(Round)

ROBERT Z. GRAHAM

I **II**

Sprites and fays, mer - ry as a sky - ful of stars, laugh

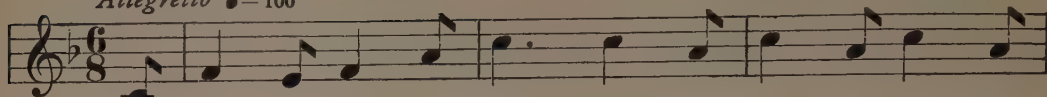
out from the falls of the Min - ne - ha - ha . . .

Captain Kidd

DAVID STEVENS

Allegretto ♩ = 100

D. F. E. AUBER

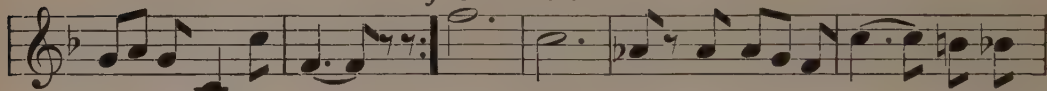
in *Fra Diavolo*

1. { Oh, I was once a pi - rate, And man - y wick - ed
In wa - ters e - qua - to - rial I sailed and sailed my
2. { I cap - tured man - y gal - leons, As o'er the Span - ish
Fine silks and cost - ly lac - es, The plate and jew - el
3. { But sad my lot and sor - ry, There's no one now to
I bu - ried all my treas - ure, And can't re - mem - ber

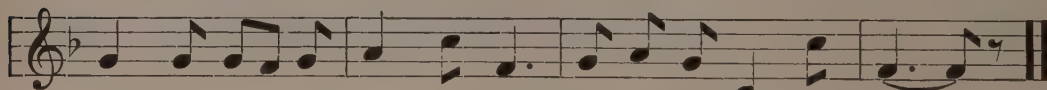


things I did; Fierce and bold, . And hard to hold, They
pi - rate craft; Ev - 'ry trip . We caught a ship And
Main I swept; All were rich . In car - go, which I
rich . and rare; Sil - ver spoons And gold doub-loons A -
sink . and rob; These are days . When noth - ing pays Ex -
where it's hid! Seems to me . That this will be The

f CHORUS



called me Captain Kidd. . All hands! jump! and jump they did; . For the
raked her fore and aft! . All hands! jump! and jump they did; . For the
took and safe-ly kept. . All hands! jump! and jump they did; . For the
plen-ty and to spare. . All hands! jump! and jump they did; . But they're
cept an hon-est job. .
end of Captain Kidd. .



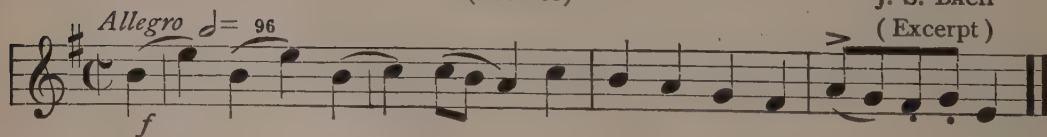
bo' - sun's word They al - ways heard, Sail - ing with Cap - tain Kidd! .
bo' - sun's word They al - ways heard, Sail - ing with Cap - tain Kidd! .
all be - low And ne'er will go Sail - ing with Cap - tain Kidd! .

A Violin Echo

(Bourrée)*

J. S. BACH

(Excerpt)

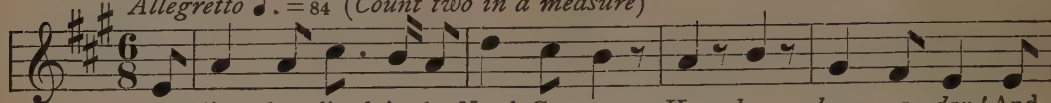


* An antique dance.

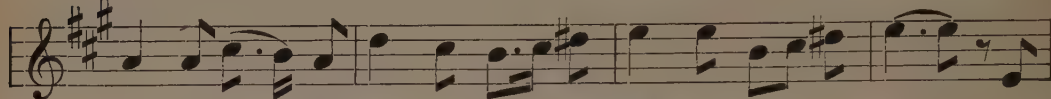
In the North Countree

Adapted by EMILY LOWELL

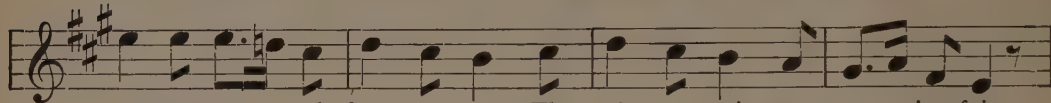
Lancashire Folk Tune

Allegretto ♩. = 84 (Count two in a measure)

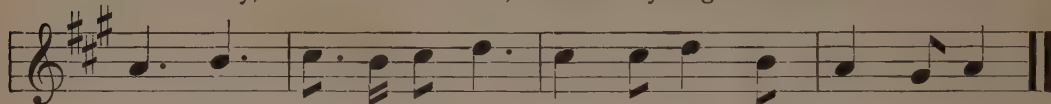
1. A King there lived in the North Countree, *Hey, hey, down - a - day!* And
 2. A Prince came out of a for - eign land, *Hey, hey, down - a - day!* And
 3. The Prince re - gard - ed the daugh - ters well, *Hey, hey, down - a - day!* But



he had daugh - ters one, two three, *The ough that bends to me.* The
 spake his plea at the King's com - mand, *The ough that bends to me.* "I'd
 which was fair - est he ne'er could tell, *The bough that bends to me.* So



young - est was . of beau - ty rare, The oth - er twain were pass - ing fair.
 wed the fair - est one," quoth he, "And bear my bride a - cross the sea."
 since that day, . I've heard it said, Those three young maids are still un - wed.



I'll prove true to my love Till the sun shall drink the sea!

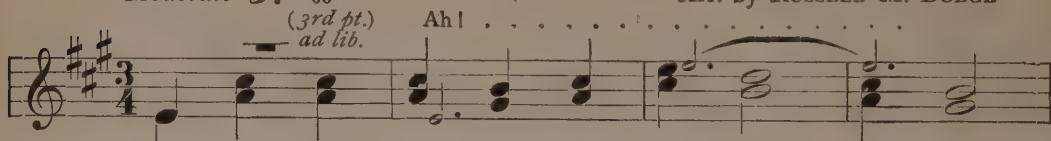
A Market Song

Adapted from the original

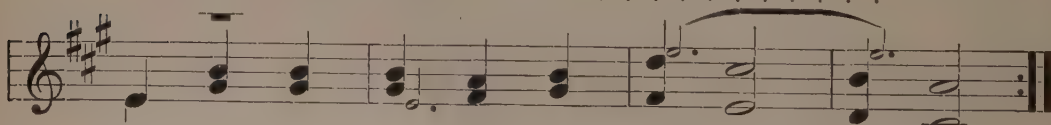
Czech Folk Tune

Moderato ♩. = 60

Arr. by RUSSELL M. DODGE



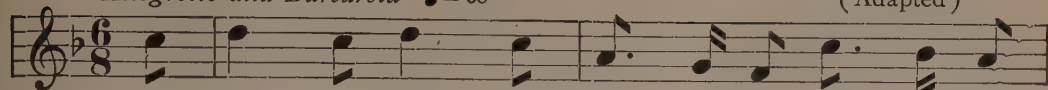
1. { I went to mar - ket with corn - meal, corn - meal,
 Mice gnawed a hole in my corn - bag, corn - bag,
 2. { Pi - geons ate all of my corn - meal, corn - meal,
 Next year I'll keep all my har - vest, har - vest,
 Ah!



Yel - low as gold was my corn - meal, corn - meal.
 Out poured the meal from my corn - bag, corn - bag.
 Now I've no mon - ey nor corn - meal, corn - meal.
 So I can live on my har - vest, har - vest.

Venice

CHARLES HARVEY

Allegretto alla Barcarola ♩ = 58Italian Canzonetta
(Adapted)

1. A - cross the world in love - ly I - ta - lia There
2. A fair - y place of flow - ers and mu - sic, And



dreams a town on the blue la - goon; Its pa - la - ces white are
oh, the song of the do - lier, When out to the list - 'ning

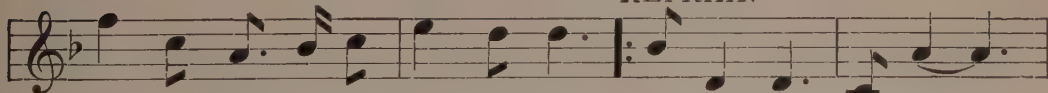


fair as morn - ing, Tho' cen - tu - ries old they be. . . .
stars of heav - en Its ca - dence is ech - oed free!

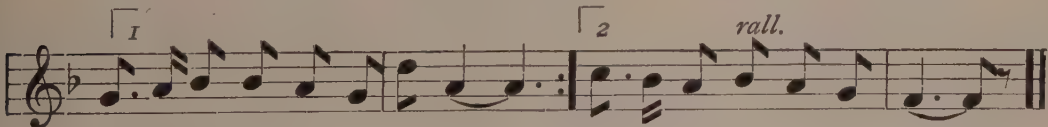


Its won - ders cast a mag - i - cal con - ju - ry,
In all the world no town is so mar - vel - lous,

REFRAIN



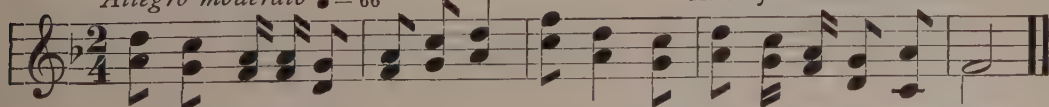
All its pleas - ures take flight too soon; Ve - nice, . Ve - nice, .
Mar - ble mir - rored in wa - ters clear!



Ve - nice, the jew - el of cit - ies! . "Ve - nice, the Bride of the Sea!"
(Omit)

Topsy Turvy*

OLIVER ORDEN

Allegro moderato ♩ = 66Chinese Music
Arr. by TERENCE DARRELL

Hi lo sing a ring, Chi - na - town! Who said that Chi - na was up - side down?
Hi lo sing a ring, U. S. A.! That's up - side down in the night, they say.

* The Sop. and Alto are separate tunes; The Altos sing 1st stanza alone.

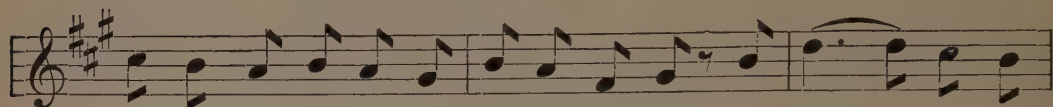
White Daisies

BLISS CARMAN

TERENCE DARRELL

Con gioia (Count two) ♩. = 80

1. O - ver the shoul - der and slopes of the dune I
 bob - o - links ral - lied them up from the dell, The



saw the white dais - ies go down to the sea, A host . . in the
 o - ri - oles whis - tled them out of the wood; And all . . of their



sun - shine, . an ar - my in June, . . The
 say - ing . . was, "Earth, . . it is well!" . . And



peo - ple God . sends us to set our hearts free. 2. The
 all of their . danc - ing was, "Life, thou art (Omit) good!"

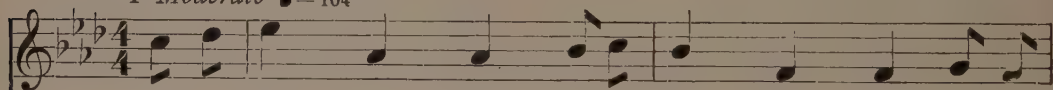
A Song and a Smile

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

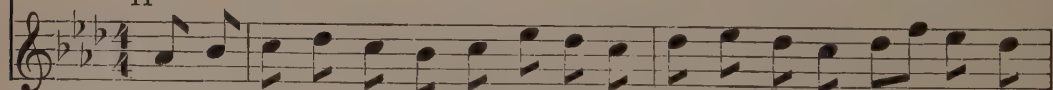
(Round)

2nd stanza by OLIVER ORDEN

RUSSELL M. DODGE

I Moderato ♩ = 104

It's the song ye sing and the smile ye wear, That's a



There's a lot o' hap - py mu - sic float - in' all 'a - round a - bout, And there's



mak - in' the sun - shine ev - 'ry - where.



tunes in yer heart . 'f you'll on - ly fetch 'em out.

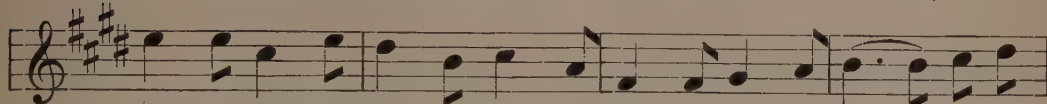
Evening

M. LOUISE BAUM

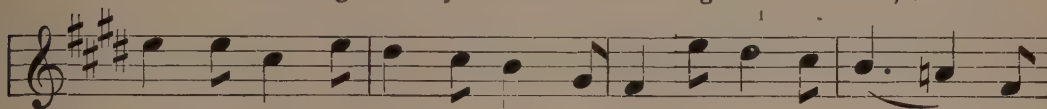
Irish Folk Song

Grazioso ♩. = 84

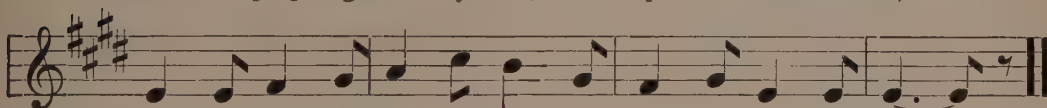
1. At eve-ning when the thrushes call and crick - ets chirp, un - seen, 'Tis
 2. And when the danc-ing time is done, to - geth - er home we turn; The



forth I fare where lads and maids are danc - ing on the green; While the
 dew is fall - ing soft - ly down on nod - ding leaf and fern; . And the



sun - set turns the sky to gold and twi - light shad-ows wait, . We
 stars come peep - ing one by one, to sleep the flow'rs are fain, . Yet



twirl and trip it light and free till fair - ly half - past eight.
 still we love to lin - ger all a - long the leaf - y lane.

Meg Merrilies*

JOHN KEATS (abridged)

GEORGE Y. HUME

Moderato ♩ = 80

1. Old Meg she was a gip - sy, And lived up - on the moors; Her
 2. Her ap - ples were swart black-b'ries, Her cur - rants, pods o' broom; Her
 3. Her Broth - ers were the craggy hills Her Sis - ters, larch - en trees; A -
 4. And ev - 'ry morn, of wood - bine She made her gar - land - ing, And



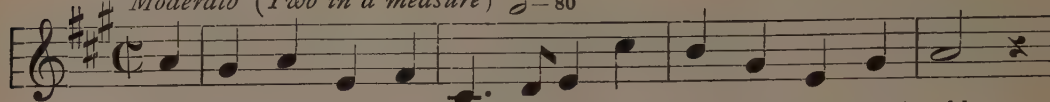
bed it was the brown heath turf And her house was out of doors.
 wine was dew o' the wild white rose, Her book a church-yard tomb.
 lone with her great fam - i - ly She lived as she did please.
 ev - 'ry night the dark glen yew She wove, and she would sing.

*A character in Sir Walter Scott's novel *Guy Mannering*.

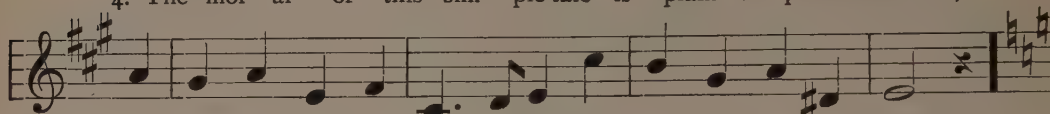
The Wind and the Sun

MAURICE TALBOT

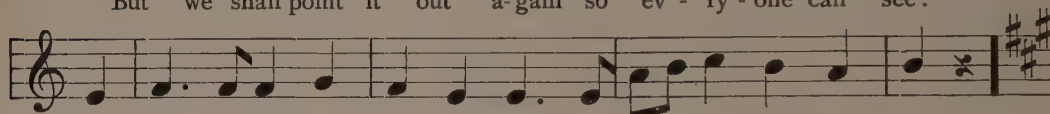
TERENCE DARRELL

Moderato (Two in a measure) ♩ = 80

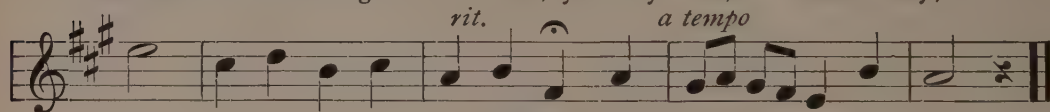
1. Oh, once up - on a time there lived a man, as Ae - sop* told,
2. So Mis - ter Wind be - gan to blow, and blew, and blew, and blew!
3. But when the Wind had gone a - way, the tor - rid Sun came out,
4. The mor - al of this sim - ple tale is plain as plain can be,



Who wore a heav - y wool - sey cloak to keep a - way the cold.
 But could not blow it off in spite of all that he could do!
 And gen - tly shed a ge - nial heat on ev - 'ry thing a - bout.
 But we shall point it out a - gain so ev - 'ry - one can see:



One day the East Wind came a - long, and he be - gan to scoff:
 The man just held it tight and close un - til, the wind had gone;
 The man grew ner - vous when he saw the sun had come to stay;
 When-e'er there's something to be done, you'll try it, I dare say;



"That cloak is much too warm," said he, "I'll make you take it off!"
 "My cloak is just the thing," said he, "I think I'll keep it on!"
 "I've had e - nough of this," said he, And threw the cloak a - way.
 But don't use Force to gain your end, Per - sua - sion wins the day.

* This lyric is a rhymed version of one of Aesop's Fables. (620-560 B.C.)

Coaching

DAVID HARVEY

Ukrainian Folk Tune

Con spirito ♩ = 104

1. Down the hill the coach is com - ing, Who will drive a - far to - day?
2. Swift - ly dash a - long the high - way, O'er the hill and thro' the glen;



Hark! the song of trav - lers gay. Crack the whip and start a - way!
 Rest the team a while and then Crack the whip and off a - gain!

The Town Crier

FOSTER B. MERRIAM

Moderato ♩ = 84

German Folk Tune*

Arr. by JAMES F. CALDWELL

Hark, the stroke of midnight sounding ! An - oth - er day thus

Boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom,

round-ing ; And while the hours thro' shad - ows creep, May hap - py

boom, boom, boom,

dreams en - chant your sleep ! Twelve o'clock, and all's well !

boom, boom, boom.

* Introduced in Wagner's "The Mastersingers of Nuremburg."

Ten Miles from Home

Anon.

(Hiking Song)

Old English Folk Tune

Allegro moderato ♩ = 100

1. We're ten miles from home, We're ten miles from home; We
2. We're nine miles from home, We're nine miles from home; We

walk a mile, we rest a while, We're nine miles from home.
walk a mile, we rest a while, We're eight miles from home.

(Repeat, subtracting a mile each verse, till the last : " And now we're at home ! ")

Sunny May

CHARLES HARVEY

VICTOR N. PIERPONT

Andantino ♩ = 69

1. 'Tis here, the sun - ny May! . All fled the time when skies were
2. Light clouds are sail - ing by, . . Like fair - y fleets with - in the

gray, . Now green The bright sheen, Where gems twin - kle ra - diant
sky, . Fair blooms In warm glooms,* Out - breathe musky wood - land

rit. *a tempo*
o'er the vel - vet lawn, And rob - ins call thro' the dawn.
per - fume on the air, What month with May can com - pare?

* Gloom: a shady place.

The Eyes of God

GABRIEL SETOUN

TERENCE DARRELL

Moderato ♩ = 88

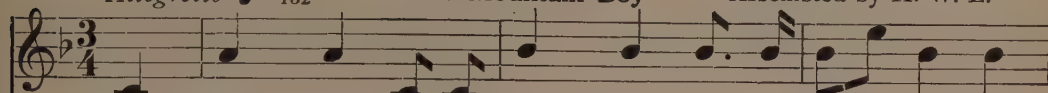
God watches o'er us all the day, At home, at school and at our play; And
when the sun has left the skies He watch - es with a . mil - lion eyes.

The Lucky Number

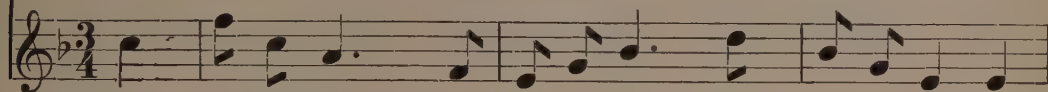
DAVID HARVEY

Allegretto ♩ = 132

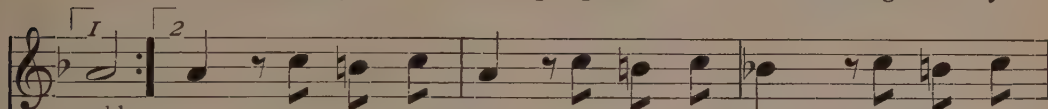
and The Mountain Boy*

Two Alpine Folk Tunes
Assembled by H. W. L.


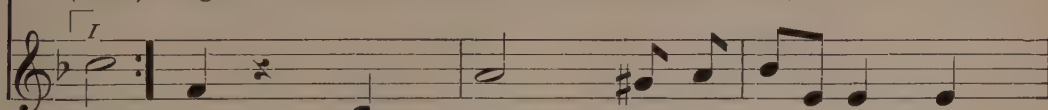
1. { White sheep came down the hill - side, as the eve - ning grew
 Their shep - herd came to count them as they lay . in the
 2. { A maid stood fond - ly gaz - ing at the first . stars of
 "If sev - en be their num - ber, all my dreams will be




{ A yo - del song is good to hear Up - on the Al - pine
 The moun - tain boy is sing - ing clear In eve - ning's ros - y




cold;
 (Omit) fold. He count - ed one, he count - ed two, he count - ed
 night:
 (Omit) bright." She count - ed one, she count - ed two, she count - ed



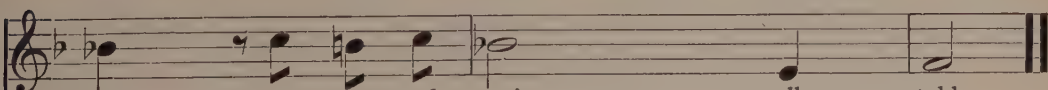
height;
 (Omit) light. O hark! from the hill - side, where




three, he count - ed four, he count - ed five, he count - ed
 three, she count - ed four, she count - ed five, she count - ed



hap - py ech - oes play; . The song of the



six, he count - ed sev'n; all told.
 six, she count - ed sev'n, all's right!



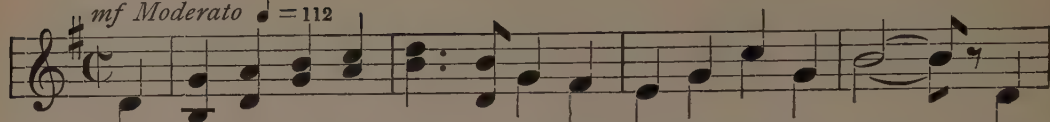
moun - tain - eer, With its u - le - ay - le - i - le - ay!

* *The Mountain Boy* to be sung with the 2nd stanza of "The Lucky Number."

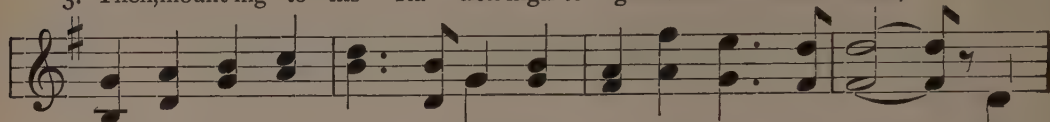
Washington

DAVID STEVENS

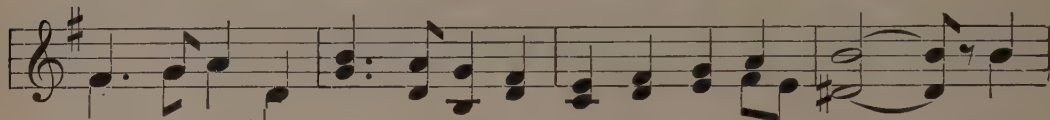
LOUIS ADOLPHE COERNE

mf Moderato ♩ = 112

1. To - day we sing of Wash - ington, whose name shall ev - er stand . A
2. His deeds of dauntless cour - age sing, when boldness saved the day; . . His
3. Then, mount - ing to his sta - tion high to guide an in - fant state, . . His



sym - bol for the faith that built the bul - warks of the land . . The
read - y plan and coun - sel wise, when wis - dom held her sway; . The
just and right - eous rea - son led in coun - cils of the great . . To -



love of God, the love of man, that raised its stan - dard high, . . And
pains of strife and sac - ri - fice, the years of bit - ter woe, . . When
day we set his death - less name from oth - er names a - part, . . 'Tis

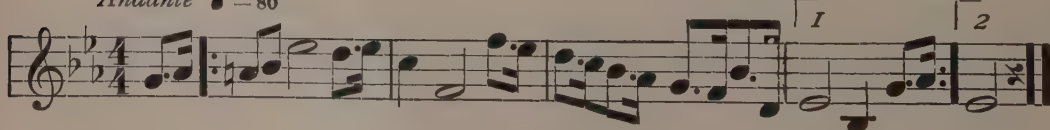


made a home where Lib - er - ty may live and nev - er die, . . And
thro' the long and griev - ous night he kept his faith a - glow, . . When
first in war and first in peace and first in Free - dom's heart, . . 'Tis

broadly

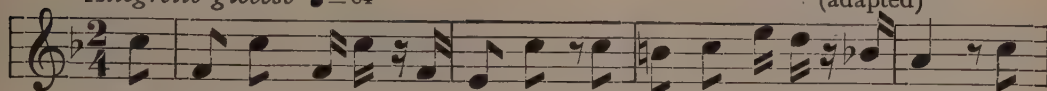
made a home where Lib - er - ty may live . . and nev - er die! . .
thro' the long and griev - ous night he kept . . his faith a - glow! . .
first in war, and first in peace, and first . . in Free - dom's heart! . .

Cavatina

C. M. VON WEBER
In Der Freischütz*Andante* ♩ = 80

The Habañera

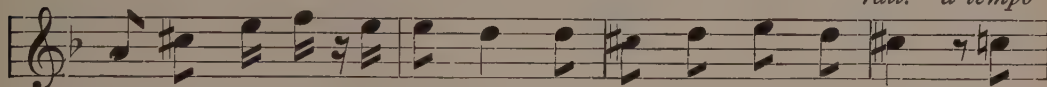
DON MAITLAND

Allegretto giocoso ♩ = 84Portuguese Folk Tune
(adapted)

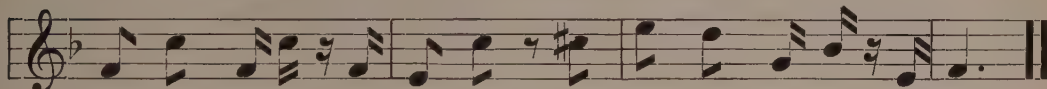
1. This tune is hap-py and care-free, And oh, how mer-ry the sound! I
2. 'Twas first in Pon-ta Del-ga-da,* That sea-girt is-land of flow'rs, Fair



take my fid-dle and play it, The dan-cers trip-ping a-round. Or
maid-ens car-olled the ca-dence My thoughts re-ech-oed for hours. I
rall. a tempo



else I whis-tle the mu-sic, This Ha-ba-ñe-ra gay, But
set its meas-ures to Eng-lish, This tune like song of birds, But



played or whis-tled or war-bled, 'Tis good for fro-lic and play.
now we're sing-ing it this way, For I've for-got-ten the words!

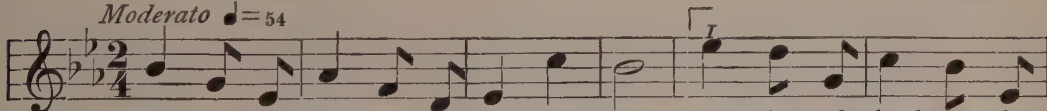
* The largest of the Azores Islands, Portuguese Possessions.

Castles in the Air

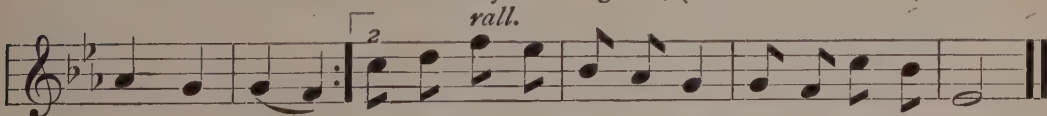
FREDERICK A. WINTHROP

Moderato ♩ = 54

Russian Tune



High in the heav'ns at the sun-set hour Rose-tint-ed cloud-cas-tles
Fair as the dawn in the day's last gleam, (*Omit*)



rall.
proud-ly tow'r; Soon their glo-ry melts a-way like a gold-en dream.

A Flower Song

GEORGE HERBERT (1539)

Allegretto ♩ = 100

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH



I got me flow'rs to strew thy way, I got me boughs off man-y a tree.
But thou wast up at break of day, And brought thy sweets a-long with thee.

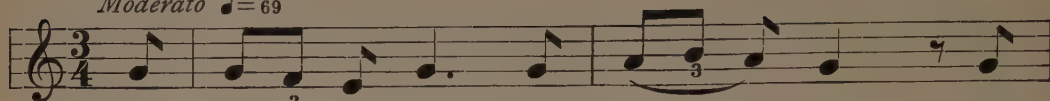
We Thank Thee

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

(3rd stanza: S. F.)

Moderato ♩ = 69

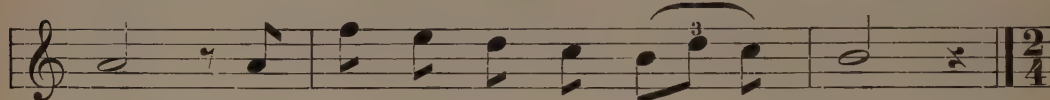
ROBERT Z. GRAHAM



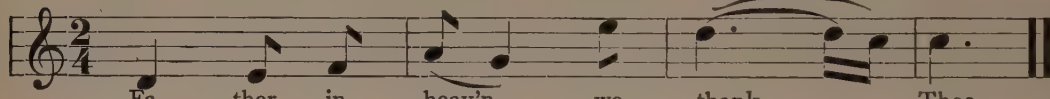
1. For flow'rs that bloom a - bout our feet; For
 2. For blue of stream and blue of sky; For
 3. For au - tumn fruits in plen - ty stored; For



ten - der grass, so fresh and sweet; For song of bird and hum of
 pleas - ant shade of branch - es high; For fra - grant air and cool - ing
 shel - ter warm and am - ple board, For win - ter's cold but live - ly



bee; For all things fair we hear or see,
 breeze; For beau - ty of the bloom - ing trees,
 cheer That brings to us an - oth - er year,



Fa - ther in heav'n, we thank . . . Thee.

Adapted

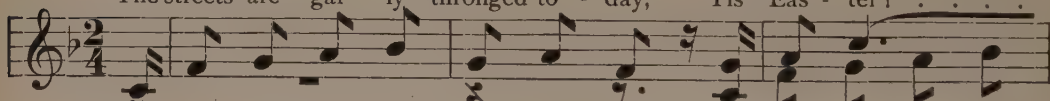
Easter

Con spirito ♩ = 88

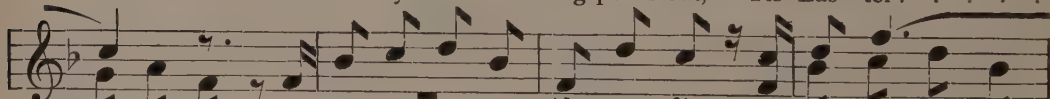
RENE DE CHOLLEUX

Arr. JOHN V. NAUGHTON

The streets are gai - ly thronged to - day, 'Tis Eas - ter! . . .

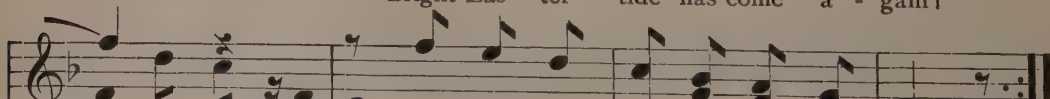


Or rich or poor in .
 From ev - 'ry heart a song pours out, 'Tis Eas - ter! . . .



glad ar - ray,

Bright Eas - ter - tide has come a - gain!



all a - boat, They ring, "Bright Eas - ter - tide has come a - gain!"

Daisies

FREDERIC MANLEY

LOUIS ADOLPHE COERNE

Spiritoso ma leggiero ♩ = 144

They . trip a - cross {the hills of June. In .
 ev - 'ry field their arm - ies rise To . light the earth with .
 gold - en eyes And pet - als whit - er than the moon.

The Bear Dance*

From the original V. N. P.

Utah Indian Tune

Moderato ♩ = 72

Ma - ma - ko - nee nit - kap, Wi - nip pam - pon.
 For - ward and back we dance to flute and drum;
 Sak - wee - a - gant, Wi - nip pam - pon.
 Out of the woods a bear has come.

* This dance is performed at the season when the bears come from their hibernating.

Mazurka

Andante rubato ♩ = 100Fr. CHOPIN
Prelude No. 7

Cherry Ripe

ROBERT HERRICK

Moderato ♩ = 80

Old Tune

Counterpoint by OLIVER ORDEN

Cher - ry ripe, cher - ry ripe, Ripe, I cry! Full and

Full and fair . ones, come and buy! Oh, come and

fair ones, come and buy! Cher - ry ripe, cher - ry ripe, ripe I

buy! Oh, come and buy! Full and . fair . ones, come and

cry! Full nd fair ones, ones and buy!

buy! Oh, cher - ry, cher - ry, cher - ry ripe! Come and buy!

Shadow Pictures

MARIAN GREY

Allegretto ♩ = 112

FRANK EDWARDS

mp

1. There are pic - tures, Shad-ow pic - tures, In the flick-'ring play Of the
2. In the pic - tures, Shad-ow pic - tures, See the gob - lins creep And the
3. There are sto - ries, Mag-ic sto - ries Of the fays and elves, Make them

fire - light ray, There are pic - tures on the wall. . .

drag - ons leap, In the pic - tures on the wall. . .

up your - selves, For the pic - tures on the wall. . .

The Mocking Bird

PAUL HASTINGS

ALICE HAWTHORNE

Moderato ♩ = 96

1. I love to roam in the wood-land, in the wood-land, I love to roam in the wood-land, in the wood-land, I hear the song of the rob-in, of the rob-in, of the rob-in, of the rob-in.

2. I hear the song of the rob-in, of the rob-in, of the rob-in, of the rob-in.

wood-land, in the wood-land, I love to roam in the wood-land, in the wood-land, I hear the song of the rob-in, of the rob-in, of the rob-in, of the rob-in.

wood-land, When the mock-ing-bird is sing-ing in the glen, And the mock-ing-bird re-peats it once a-gain.

(Whistle)

Lis-ten to the mock-ing-bird, Lis-ten to the mock-ing bird; The mock-ing-bird is sing-ing all the day; Lis-ten to the mock-ing-bird, Lis-ten to the mock-ing-bird, Oh, I love to hear his mer-ry rounde-lay.

Li'l 'Liza Jane

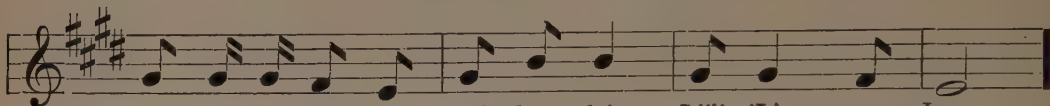
OLIVER ORDEN *

Old Southern Tune

Allegro ♩ = 104

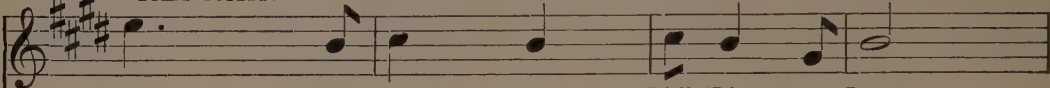


1. I had a cat, her name was Jane, Li'l 'Li - za Jane,
2. She was a mal - tese, round and plump; Li'l 'Li - za Jane,

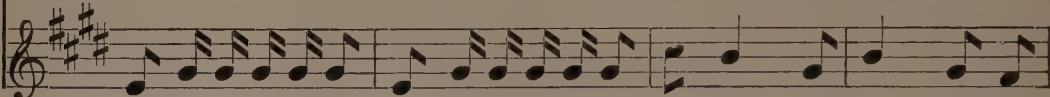


She was a nice cat, good, but plain, Li'l 'Li - za Jane.
Slept on a great, big hick - 'ry stump, Li'l 'Li - za Jane.

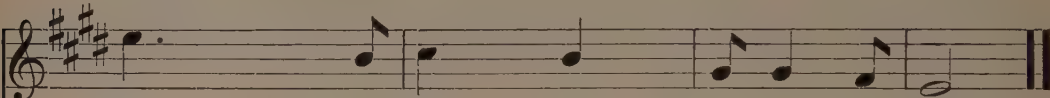
REFRAIN



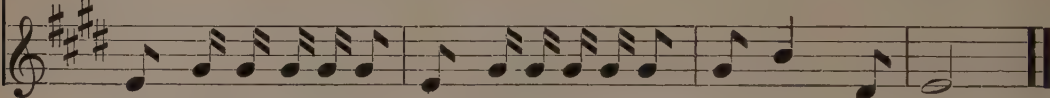
Oh, E - li - za! Li'l 'Li - za Jane!



Oh, Miss E - liz - a - beth, Oh, Miss E - liz - a - beth, Li'l 'Li - za Jane! Lis - ten,



Oh, E - li - za! Li'l 'Li - za Jane!



Oh, Miss E - liz - a - beth, Oh, Miss E - liz - a - beth, Li'l 'Li - za Jane!

* The children may be encouraged to write original verses for this song.

The Candle

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS

Allegro ♩ = 108

(Canon in Three Voices) *

I

II



How far . . . that lit - tle can - dle throws its beams! . . .

III



So shines . . . a good . . . deed in a naugh - ty . world.

* To be sung only once through.

It is Good to be Alive

CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON

J. REMINGTON FAIRLAMB

Allegro spiritoso ♩ = 152

1. It is good to be a - live when the trees shine
2. It is good to be a - live when the strong winds

green, . . And steep red hills stand up a - gainst the
blow, . . The strong, sweet winds that blow straight off the

az - ure sky; O big sky, O blue sky! with
rest - less sea. O great sea, O green sea! with

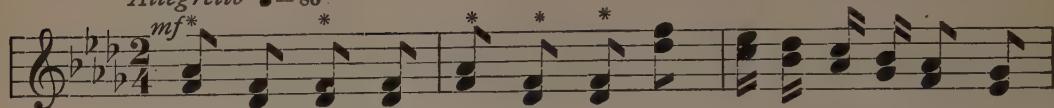
fly - ing clouds be - tween, . . It's good to be a - live, It's
swing - ing ebb and flow, . . It's good to be a - live, It's

rit. *a tempo*

good to be a - live, And see the fly - ing clouds drive by. . .
good to be a - live, And see the swing - ing waves roll by. . .

Cooper's Song

SIDNEY ROWE

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN
in Ruins of Athens*Allegretto* ♩ = 80

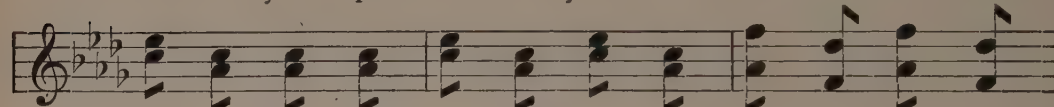
1. Tap - ping, tap - ping, rat - tat - tat! The jol - ly, jol - ly coop - er
 2. By and by the bar - rel grows, As mer - ri - ly the coop - er



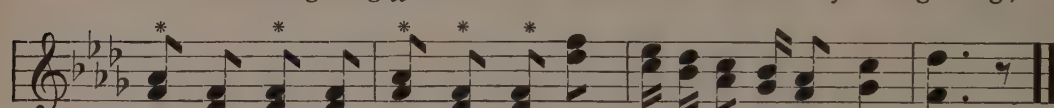
- works all day; Tap - ping, tap - ping, just like that, As
 sings all day; *f* Loud - er sound the coop - er's blows, As



- mer - ri - ly he sings his lay. Here are staves with
 mer - ri - ly he pounds a - way. Hear the sound a -



- hoops a - round them, Now with mal - let smart - ly pound them,
 bove the sing - ing: *ff* Boom - ta! Boom - ta! loud - ly ring - ing;



- mf* Tap - ping, tap - ping, rat - tat - tat! As mer - ri - ly he sings his lay.
ff Boom - ta - boom - ta, boom - ta - boom! As mer - ri - ly he sings his lay.

*Pupils tap on desks with pencil or ruler with the notes indicated by *.*

Possessions

OLIVER ORDEN

(Inverted Melodies)

JAMES V. NAUGHTON

Moderato ♩ = 108

1. Sun and moon and earth and sky Dwell with-in each mor - tal eye. .
 2. Joy and beau - ty, love and art Spring to life with - in . the heart.

A Spring Dance

KATHARINE WHITMORE

mp Allegro grazioso ♩ = 160Old Tune (adapted)
Arr. by PAUL LEROUX

1. Let us dance on the lawn In the dew of the dawn, And join in the
2. Let us run by the brook To a cool, fragrant nook, Or find a wild

wood - lark's re - frain; There's a song in the
grape - vine and swing; There's a laugh in the

re - frain, tra - la - la, tra - la - la,
and swing, tra - la - la, tra - la - la,

sky, And an ech - o close by, All the world is as sweet as the
glade From a sil - ver cas - cade, All the world is in tune with the

woods aft - er rain, What so sweet as the woods aft - er rain? Ho la!
mu - sic of spring, All the world is in tune with the spring. Ho la!

ohl . . .

The Swan

SAINT SAËNS

(Excerpt) from *The Carnival of Animals**Andante espressivo* ♩ = 80

woods aft - er rain, What so sweet as the woods aft - er rain? Ho la!
mu - sic of spring, All the world is in tune with the spring. Ho la!

ohl . . .

The Organ-Grinder

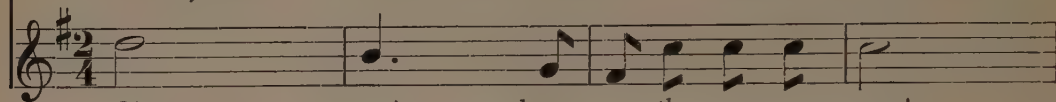
Adapted from the Bohemian
by KATHARINE WHITMORE

Bohemian Folk Tune
Arr. by HECTOR SPAULDING

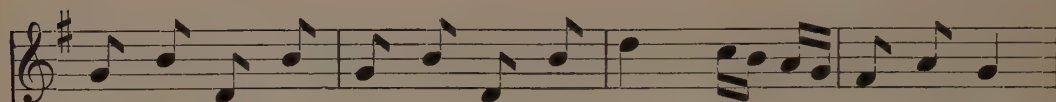
Allegro ♩ = 88



1. Mon-key in a vel-vet jack-et, Friend of the or-gan man,
2. Mon-key holds a cup for pen-nies, Who'll help the or-gan man?



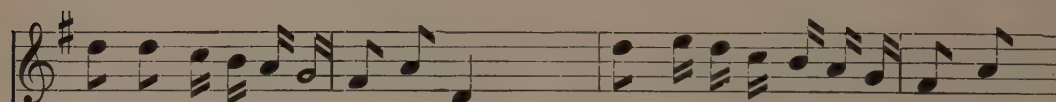
Oh! see! here comes the or-gan man!



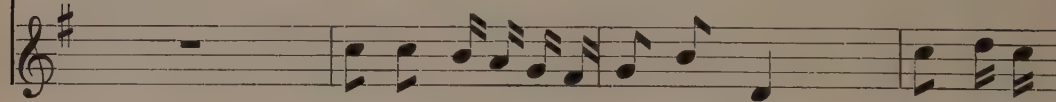
Climb-ing up the white ve-ran-da, Works for the or-gan man.
Pen-nies are such eas-y pay-ment, Spare for the or-gan man.



Grind - - ing mu - - sic all . day, or-gan man.



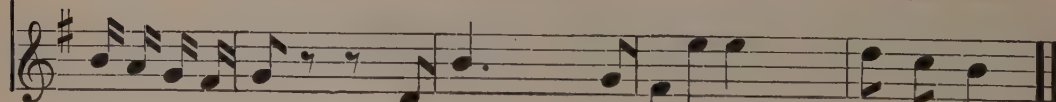
Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,



Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la,



la. Mon-key smiles at ev-'ry-bod-y, So does the or-gan man.
Mu-sic sweet is well worth mon-ey, So pay the or-gan man.



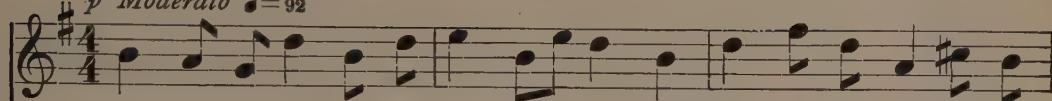
la, la, la, la, la. Good mu - sic all . day, or-gan man.

Wonders

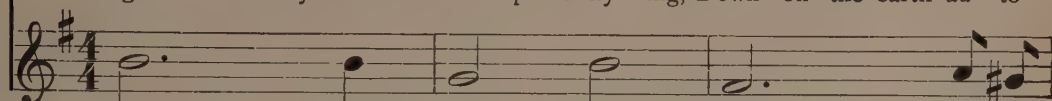
M. TERESA ARMITAGE

(Optional Alto)

MARIAN GREY

p *Moderato* ♩ = 92

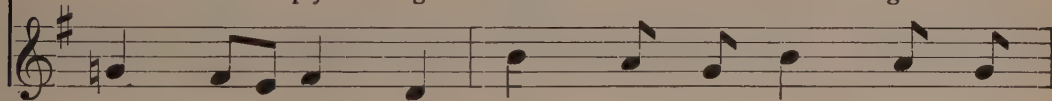
1. High in the sky see the white cloud soar - ing, Down on the earth hear the
 2. High in the sky see the air - plane fly - ing, Down on the earth au - to -



There, white cloud soars, Here, here the
 There, great planes fly, Here, au - to -



wild waves roar - ing! Songs of the wind and the
 mo - biles ply - ing! Steam - ers and trains go to



laugh of the brook - let; Beau - ti - ful things are these, to me.
 far - off plac - es; Won - der - ful things are these, to me.

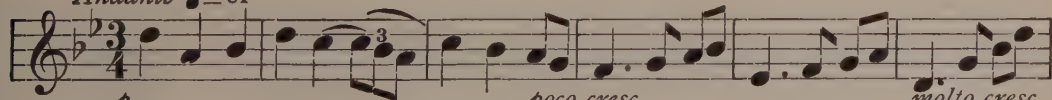


Love - ly things are these! . .
 Won - drous things are these! . .

The Prize Song

(The Mastersingers of Nuremburg)

RICHARD WAGNER

Andante ♩ = 84*p**poco cresc.**molto cresc.**f**dim.**p*

After the Storm

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

Norwegian Folk Tune
Harmonized by VICTOR N. PIERPONT

Moderato ♩ = 63

The harm-less storm was end-ed, And as the sun-rise
splen-did Came blush-ing, came blush-ing o'er the sea, I
tho't, as day was break-ing, My lit-tle girls were wak-ing,
And smil-ing, and mak-ing A prayer at home for me.

Blossom Time

MARY HOWITT

HECTOR SPAULDING

Allegretto ♩ = 132

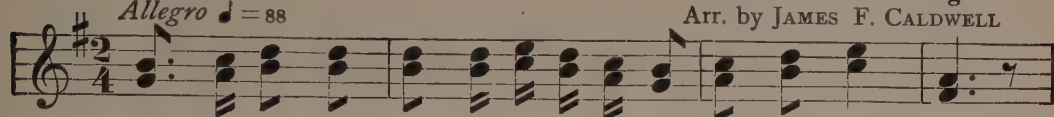
1. See the yel-low cat-kins cov-er All the slen-der wil-lows
2. 'Mid the clus-t'ring leaves be-low, . . White and pur-ple vio-lets
o-ver; On the banks of moss-y green, Star-like
grow; Ev-'ry run-ning stream is bright, All the
wind-flow'rs now are seen, now are seen,
orch-ard trees are white, trees are white.

A Song for August

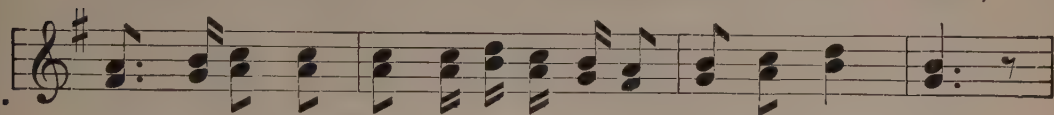
EDITH BATTELL

Slavonian Folk Song

Arr. by JAMES F. CALDWELL

Allegro ♩ = 88

1. See the plough-boy down by the riv-er-side, Hear his gay pipe!
 2. Bright as sun-light, all thro' the meadow-land, Gold-en-rod shines;



There's a tree-toad up in the ap-ple-tree! Corn is now ripe;
 Balls of gold are hung where the bit-ter-sweet Ev-er-green twines;



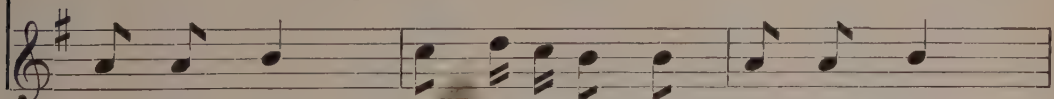
Here in the gar-den dah-lia grow,
 Now is the month when shad-ows cool



Here in the gar-den
 Now is the month when



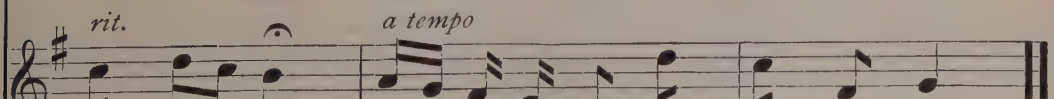
Out in the or-chard pears hang low; Now we can hear the
 Lead to the tempt-ing wood-land pool; O-ver the hills a



dah-lia grow, Out in the or-chard pears hang low,
 shad-ows cool Lead to the tempt-ing wood-land pool,



Ka-ty-did High in the ma-ple where he hid.
 mel-low haze; Sweet is the air on Au-gust days.

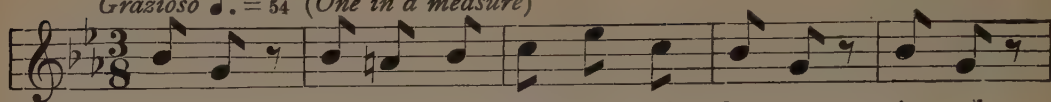


pears hang low; Now we can hear the Ka-ty-did.
 wood-land pool; Sweet is the air on Au-gust days.

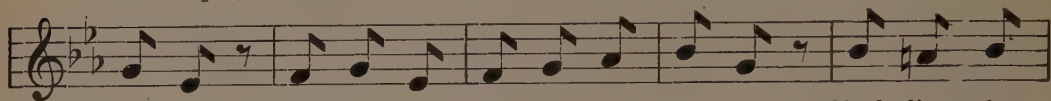
April

CHARLES H. FAIRFAX

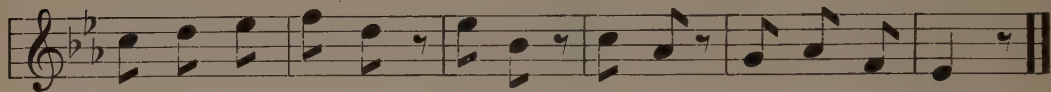
ARTHUR EDWARD JOHNSTONE

Grazioso ♩. = 54 (One in a measure)

1. A - pril, Twin - ing a gar - land of flow - ers, A - pril,
 2. A - pril, Clouds in the heav - ens are pil - ing, A - pril,



A - pril, Wak - ing a song in the bow - ers, Shed - ding thy
 A - pril, Lure the bright sun with thy smil - ing, All with thy



sil - ver - y show - ers; A - pril, A - pril, Blue is thine eye,
 beau - ty be - guil - ing; A - pril, A - pril, Child of the sky!

Sunrise Song

EDITH BATTELL

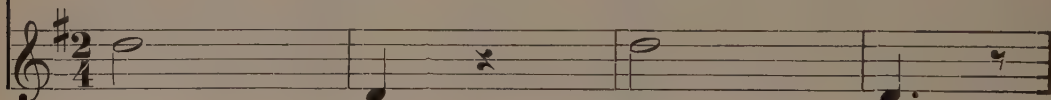
Scottish Tune

> Allegro ♩. = 108

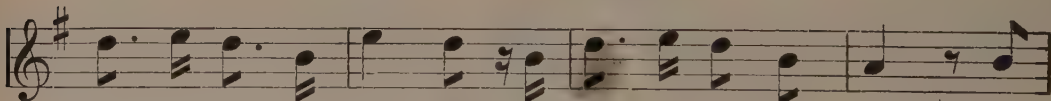
Arr. A. T. H.



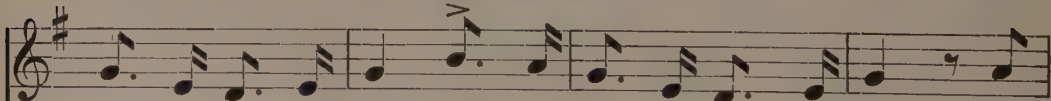
1. Wake, hear the birds whis - tle, Wake, greet the morn!
 2. Wake, see the leaves frolic, Winds woke them up!



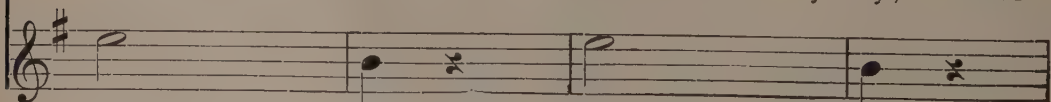
Ding - - - dong, Ding - - - dong!



Hark! the bells a - ring - ing! The day is new - ly born. There's
 Sil - ver dew is gleam - ing In Daf - o - dil - ly's cup. The



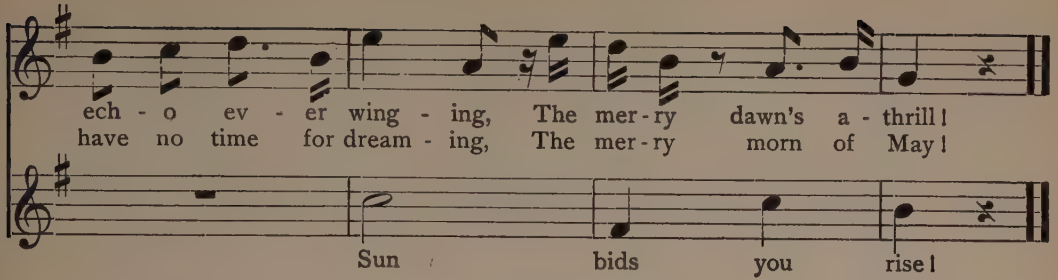
laugh - ter in the rill, There's a song on ev - 'ry hill, With
 sun has made the day, There's a smile in ev - 'ry ray; We



Wake, then! Wake, then!

Sunrise Song

51



ech - o ev - er wing - ing, The mer - ry dawn's a - thrill!
 have no time for dream - ing, The mer - ry morn of May!

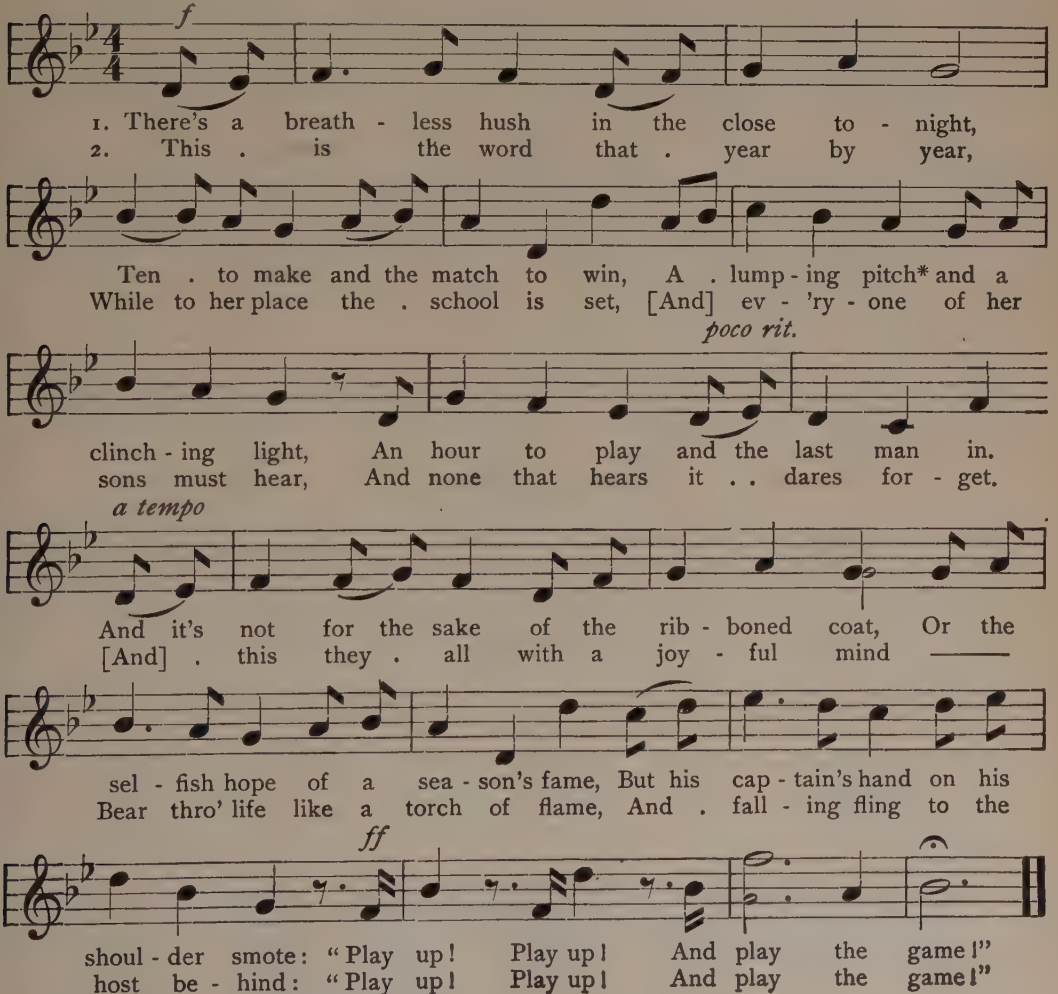
Sun bids you rise!

Play the Game!

HENRY NEWBOLT

Allegro con fuoco ♩ = 66

LOUIS ADOLPHE COERNE



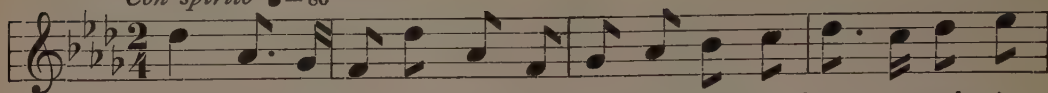
f
 1. There's a breath - less hush in the close to - night,
 2. This is the word that year by year,
 Ten to make and the match to win, A lump - ing pitch* and a
 While to her place the school is set, [And] ev - 'ry - one of her
poco rit.
 clinch - ing light, An hour to play and the last man in.
 sons must hear, And none that hears it . . dares for - get.
a tempo
 And it's not for the sake of the rib - boned coat, Or the
 [And] this they all with a joy - ful mind
 sel - fish hope of a sea - son's fame, But his cap - tain's hand on his
 Bear thro' life like a torch of flame, And fall - ing fling to the
ff
 shoul - der smote: "Play up! Play up! And play the game!"
 host be - hind: "Play up! Play up! And play the game!"

* A term used in the game of cricket.

The Rising of the Lark

From the Welsh of TAL HAIRN

Welsh Folk Song

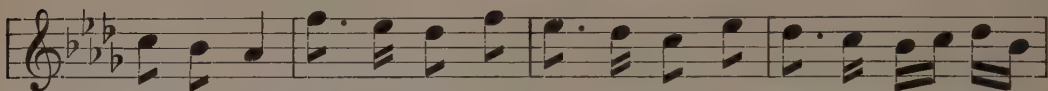
Con spirito ♩ = 80

1. { Rise, rise, thou mer - ry lark, Whose up - ward flight I love to mark At
Leave, leave the mos - sy lair; With light wing cleave the yield - ing air And
2. { Night's ling - ring shades are fled, And Phoe - bus, from his o - cean bed, Thro'
Oh, let thy mu - sic sweet His pres - ence with glad wel - come greet In

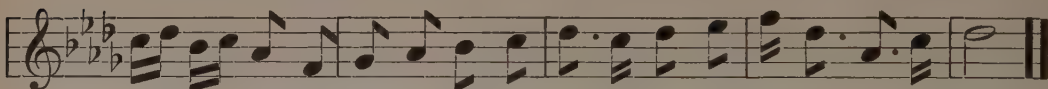


ear - ly dawn of day;
car - ol forth thy lay!
eth - er wings his flight.
measures of de - light.

Rare and sweet the hon - ied note That swells within thy
High - er yet, and high - er fly, Still soaring up - ward



war - bling throat, Ah, the stream of mel - o - dy That steals the rap - tured
thro' the sky; Like as when, o'er E - den's grove, Un - to the flow'rs and



soul a - way! Glad her - ald of the gold - en day, My blessing go with thee!
crea - tures there, You first did tune to mu - sic rare, A mer - ry song of love!

Sweet and Twenty

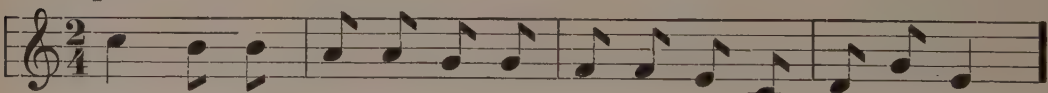
H. W. L.

Allegro giocoso ♩ = 76

(Round)

HILTON

I



Twice one, with four times sev - en, mi - nus ten, Co - rin - na's age!

II



Add a lit - tle ci - pher, then sub - tract twice nine - ty, if you care to prove the guage.

III



Still we find her years no more Di - vid - ing ten times eight by four.

Early and Late

Old French Adage

Tr. OLIVER ORDEN

Moderato ♩ = 100

(Canon in the Fifth below)

HECTOR SPAULDING

Ris - ing at five, With break - fast at nine, And din - ing at
Le - ver à cinq, dè - jeu - ner à neuf, puis sou - per à

Ris - ing at five, with break - fast at nine, And
Le - ver à cinq, dè - jeu - ner à neuf, puis

five, Re - tir - ing at nine, You'll be a -
cinq, et cou - cher à neuf, Fait vi - vre

din - ing at five, Re - tir - ing at nine,
sou - per à cinq, et cou - cher à neuf,
rall.

live At nine - ty - and nine, (Or ten!)
d'ans no - nan - te et neuf, (ou dix!)
rall.

You'll be a - live at nine - ty and nine, (Or ten!)

Fait vi - vre d'ans no - nan - te et neuf, (ou dix!)

Elfland Horns

MARIAN GREY

Moderato ♩ = 108

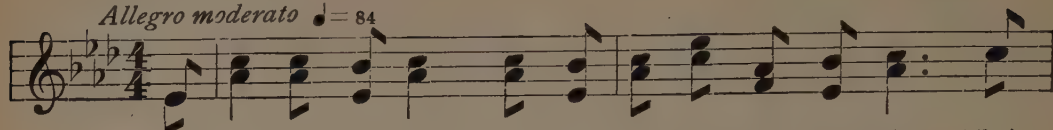
JAMES V. NAUGHTON

Horns of Elf - land faint - ly sound To call the ech - oes hov - ring round.

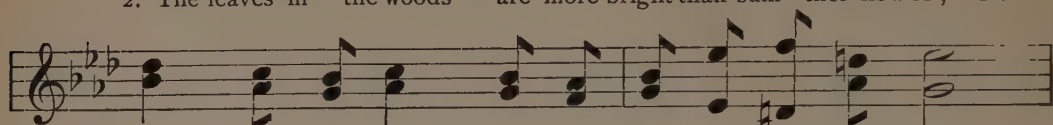
October Music

KATHARINE WHITMORE

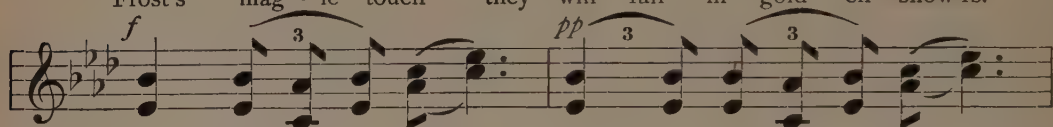
LOUIS ADOLPHE COERNE

Allegro moderato ♩ = 84

1. Oh, hark, hear the horns thro' the crisp Oc - to - ber air! Their
 2. The leaves in the woods are more bright than sum - mer flow'rs; At



mu - sic at - tunes with the beau - ty ev - 'ry - where;
 Frost's mag - ic touch they will - fall in gold - en show'rs.



Full mel - low the sound Soft - ly ech - oes a - round,
 Cool breez - es of morn Bear the tune of the horn:

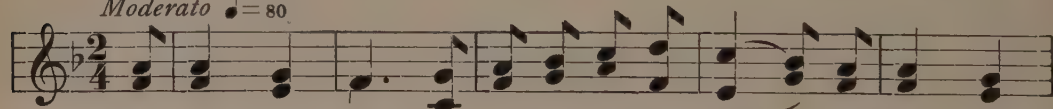


"Time to seek a moun-tain trail!" the glad notes de - clare.
 "Au - tumn crowns the year with joy and bright fes - tal hours."

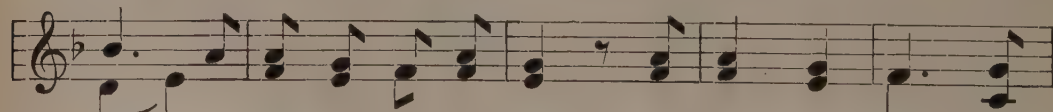
The Song of the Breeze

RUSSELL M. DODGE

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU

Moderato ♩ = 80

1. A rose - vine grew Up - on the trel - ised wall, . The skies were
 2. 'Tis au - tumn time, My rose a mem - ry now, . In warm - er



blue, . I heard a rob - in call; A rose - bud pink was
 clime . The rob - in seeks a bough. A wan - d'ring breeze is



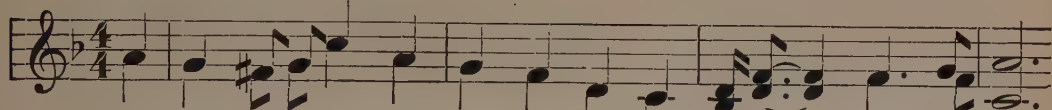
tapping at my case - ment: Gold was the sun, For June was new be - gun.
 sing - ing at my case - ment: "Maid, wherefore sigh? My song can nev - er die."

In Scotland

HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS

ARTHUR EDWARD JOHNSTONE

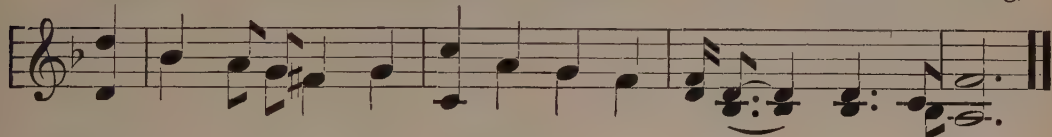
Allegro grazioso ♩ = 144



1. Oh, sweet is a High-land morn - ing, with the weath - er . soft and clear,
2. Oh, fair are the downs of Scot - land when the heath - er . comes in spring;



And ah, but the pi - per's mu - sic, 'tis a bon - ny . sound to hear,
Right gay is the vil - lage green, as lads and las - sies . dance and sing,



When o - ver the fra - grant hill - side it is ech - oed . far and near!
And there you may find the blue - bell, is there a - ny . dear - er thing?

The Pear Tree

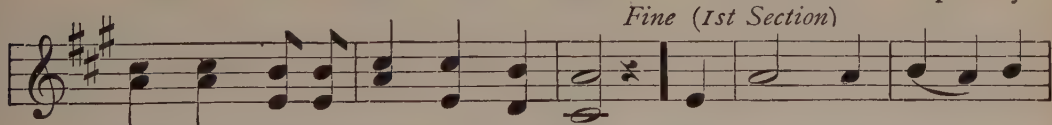
Traditional

Old Vermont Song

Moderato ♩ = 56

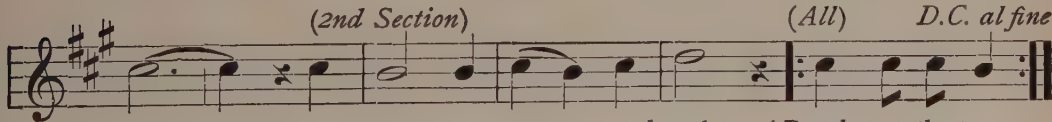


Out in a beau - ti - ful field . There stands a pret - ty



pear - tree, With the grass all a - round. 1. What is there on . the

2. What is there on . the



tree? . A ver - y pret - ty bough.

bough? A ver - y pret - ty nest.

{ Bough on the tree,
Tree in the ground,
Nest on the bough,
Bough on the tree,
Tree in the ground.

3 What is there in the nest?

A very pretty egg.

Egg in the nest, Nest on the bough, etc.

4 What is there in the egg?

A very pretty bird.

Bird in the egg, Egg in the nest, etc.

A Travelogue

Adapted from the original

by OLIVER ORDEN

German Folk Tune

Allegro alla Mazurka ♩ = 120



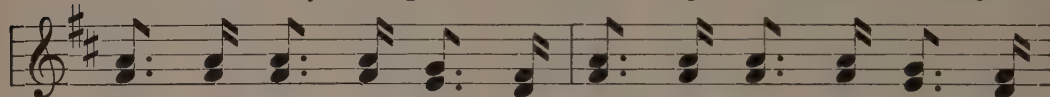
1. Have you ev - er trav - elled on an un - ac - com - mo - da - ting,
2. Then you leave the car, and in the res - tau - rant you ask the



slow, ac - com - mo - da - tion train? Have you no - ticed how the en - gi -
wai - ter for the bill of fare; You're so hun - gry you're in - clined to



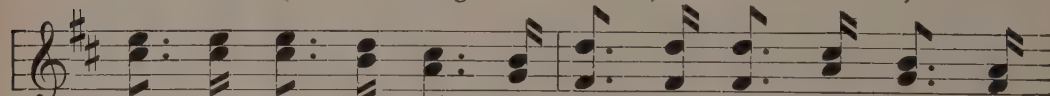
neer de - lights to pause at ev - 'ry in - ter - sect - ing lane? Soon, how -
or - der ev - 'ry sin - gle i - tem that is print - ed there. While you're



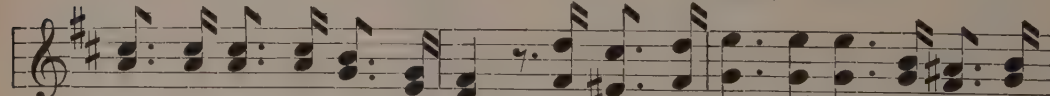
ev - er at a dust - y rail - way sta - tion, as the
mak - ing up your mind, the whis - tle blows, and so you



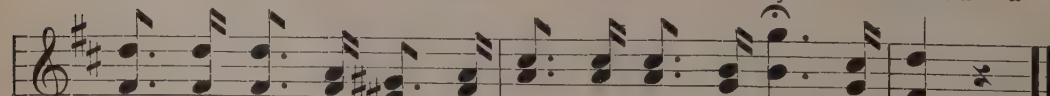
brakes give out a grind - ing crunch, You hear the
has - ten out with might and main, But oh, a -



old con - duc - tor shout the cheer - y news, "We're stop - ping
las! you hav - n't had a bite of lunch, and in - ci -



sev - en min - utes here for lunch!" You hear the old con - duc - tor shout the
den - tal - ly, you've lost the train! A - las, a - lack! you hav - n't had a

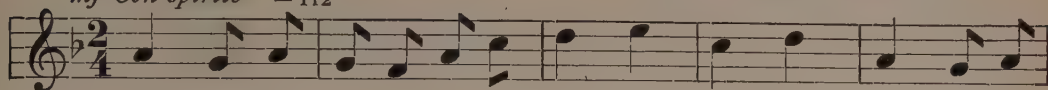


cheer - y news, "We're stop - ping sev - en min - utes now for lunch!"
bite of lunch, and in - ci - den - tal - ly you've lost the train!

Salute the Flag!

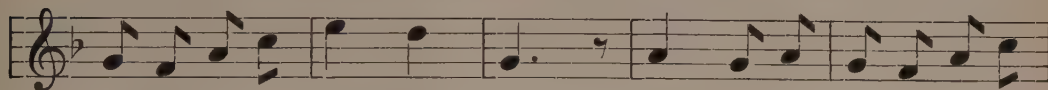
DAVID HARVEY

HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS

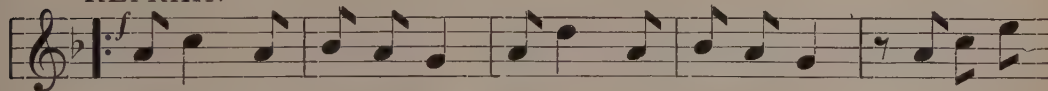
mf Con spirito = 112

1. Brave, mar-tial mu-sic on the high-way sound-ing, Fife, drum and

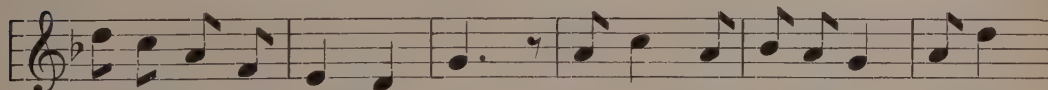
2. Mile aft-er mile, the stur-dy men ad-vanc-ing, March where our

bu-gle, in a meas-ure bold! Swift-ly the puls-es of the
star-ry ban-ner proud-ly leads. Thrilled by its col-ors in thethrong are bound-ing, Borne high a-loft, the Stars and Stripes be-hold!
bright sun glanc-ing, Stirred by its his-to-ry of gal-lant deeds.

REFRAIN



Hats off! Sa-lute the flag! Hats off! Sa-lute the flag! The no-ble



ban-ner that is yours and mine! Hats off! Sa-lute the flag! Hats off!



Sa-lute the flag! 'Twill wave as long as sun and star-light shine!

Sleep, Soldiers!

BAYARD TAYLOR

CHARLES H. FAIRFAX

Andante ♩ = 72

Sleep, sol-diers! Still in hon-ored rest Your truth and val-or wear-ing;



The brav-est are the ten-der-est, The lov-ing are the dar-ing.

The Land of the Midnight Sun

RALPH SUYDAM

Norwegian Folk Tune

Allegro con espressione ♩ = 112

Arr. by ASA D. HUNT

1. Be - yond the roll - ing o - cean, In Nor - way Land, in
 2. Yet in that rug - ged coun - try, In Nor - way Land, in

Vi - king Land, Where rock - y hills and moun - tains Like
 Vi - king Land, Whose az - ure lakes and in - lets Re -

sa - cred tem - ples rise, Thro' - out the days of win - ter - time, The
 sound with mu - sic light, When June is there with birds and flow'rs, The

sun for-sakes that dis - tant clime And star-light fills the skies.
 sun, thro' - out the joy - ful hours, Is glow - ing, day and night.

The Cuckoo's Career

Old Rhyme

HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS

Allegretto ♩ = 126 *mp*

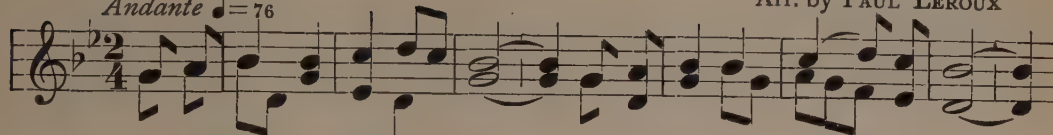
In A - pril, come he will; (Cuckoo!) In May, he sings all day; (Cuckoo!) In

June, he changes his tune; (Cuckoo!) In Ju - ly, he makes read - y to

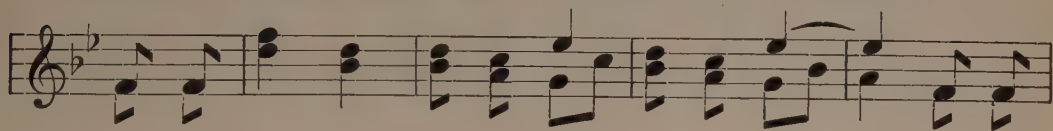
fly; (Cuckoo!) In Au - gust, go he must, (Cuckoo!) In Au - gust, go he must. *rall.*

A Song of Araby

FOSTER B. MERRIAM

 Arabian Folk Tune
 Arr. by PAUL LEROUX
Andante ♩ = 76

1. Oh, the stars burn bright as fire . . In the Land of Heart's De - sire! .
 2. Man-yā bard has tuned his lyre . . In that Land of Heart's De - sire! .



There the palm - trees ev - er sway, ev - er sway, . . Near at
 There the or - chids glow and gleam, glow and gleam, . And the



hand cool foun-tains play, foun-tains play . . Where car - a - vans may rest,
 gold - fish haunt the stream,haunt the stream, . Soft mu - sic weaves a spell
rall. *a tempo*

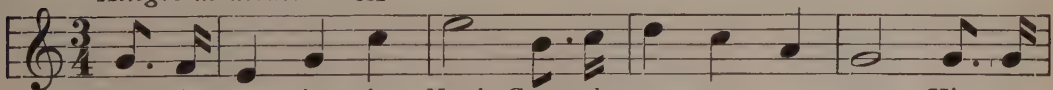


Fair A - ra - by the blest! 'Tis the Land of Heart's De - sire. . .
 O'er trop-ic hill and dell In the Land of Heart's De - sire. .

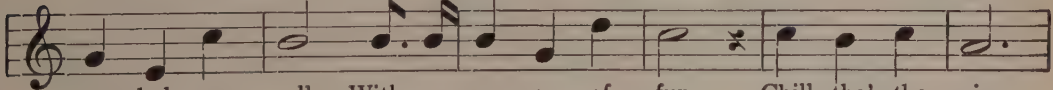
The Young Voyageur

OLIVER ORDEN

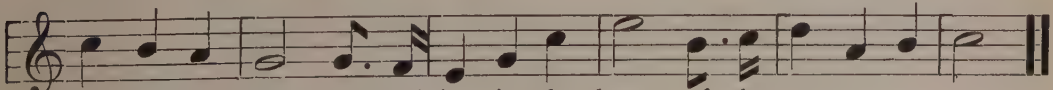
Canadian Voyageur Tune

Allegro moderato ♩ = 132

1. From his home in the North Comes the young voy - a - geur, His ca -
 2. There's a smile on the lips Of the young voy - a - geur, And the



noe lad - en well With a car - go of fur. Chill tho' the air,
 sound of his voice Sets the for - est a - stir. Pad - dle keeps time,



Naught should he care, For there's joy in the heart of the young voy - a - geur.
 Sweet ech - oes rhyme, There's a song in the heart of the young voy - a - geur.

The La-La Song

EMILY LOWELL

Finnish Tune

Allegretto moderato

Counterpoint by EDITH BATTELL

1. I know a song, the words so queer Are "La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
2. It seems to be a cheer-ful song, This "La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

1. I know a song, . . . "Tra, la, la, la, la,
2. A cheer - ful song, . . . This "La, la, la, la,

la, la," And that is all you ev - er hear, This "La, la, la, la,
la, la," It's not too hard, nor yet too long, This "La, la, la, la,

la, la," A queer old song, . . . A "La, la, la,
la, la," It's not too long, . . . This "La, la,

la, la, la, la, la, la," Will some kind friend ex-pound for me, This
la, la, la, la, la, la," So, af - ter all, per-haps it's best To

la, la, la, la," Oh, when you see . . . This
la, la, la, la," Per-haps it's best . . . To

"La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la," Or tell what lan - guage
"La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la," And let the mean - ing

"La, la, la, la, la, la," Ex-pound for
"La, la, la, la, la, la," And leave un

The La-La Song

61

it may be, This "La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la."
go un-guessed, Of "La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la."

me, . . . This "La, la, la, la, la, la."
guessed . . . "Tra, la, la, la, la, la."

The Sailors

CHARLES HARVEY

Con spirito ♩ = 108 (E minor)

Norwegian Folk Tune

Arr. by RUSSELL M. DODGE

1. Safe at home in port a - gain, Trim and heart - y, trim and heart - y
2. Wea - ry of a for - eign clime, Glad re - turn - ing, glad re - turn - ing

(E major)

sail - ors! Gath - er, all ye maids and men, Hey! ho!
sail - ors! Now we'll have a joy - ous time, Hey! ho!

1. Safe at home in port a - gain, Trim and heart - y sail - ors!
2. Wea - ry of a for - eign clime, Glad, re - turn - ing sail - ors!

Sing tra-la-la! For Jack is back a - gain! Wel-come home the hearty sail-ors!

Hey! ho! Sing tra-la-la! For Jack is back a - gain, Hey! ho! .

Moonlight

CHARLES HARVEY

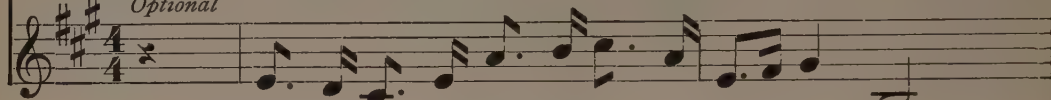
(Canon*)

Roumanian Folk Tune

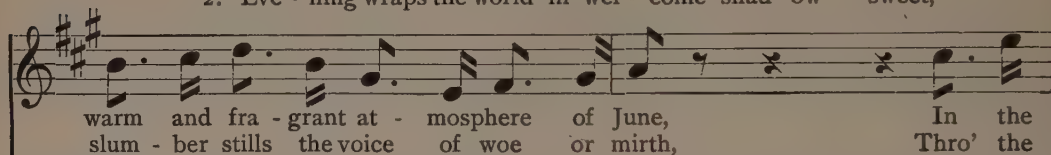
Arr. by HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS

Andante tranquillo $\text{♩} = 100$ 

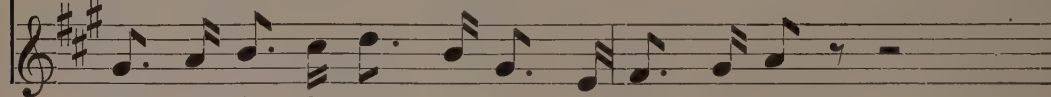
1. When the tran- qu'il eve de-scends up-on the wood-land, Thro' the
 2. When the eve-ning wraps the world in wel-come shad-ow, And in

Optional

1. Tran- qu'il eve de-scends up-on the wood-land fair,
 2. Eve-ning wraps the world in wel-come shad-ow sweet,



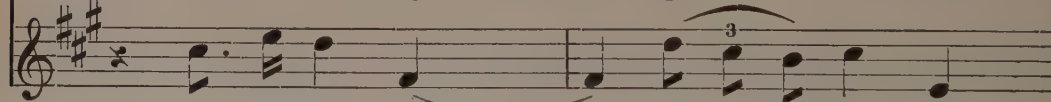
- warm and fra-grant at-mosphere of June, In the
 slum-ber stills the voice of woe or mirth, Thro' the



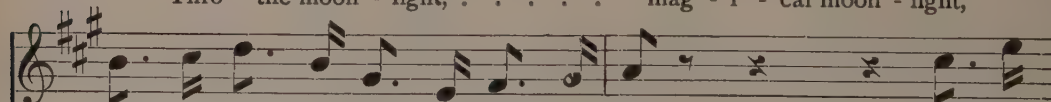
- Warm ex-hales the at-mos-phere of fra-grant June;
 Slum-ber stills the voice of woe or light-some mirth;



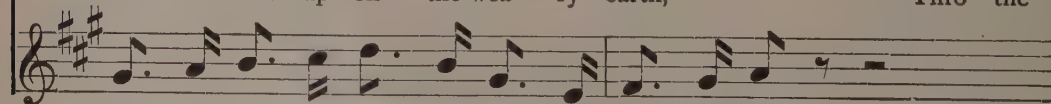
- moon-light, glit-ter-ing moon-light, Love-ly
 moon-light, mag-i-cal moon-light, Gold-en



- In the moon-light, glit-ter-ing moon-light,
 Thro' the moon-light, mag-i-cal moon-light,



- night-in-gales re-hearse a gold-en tune, In the
 dreams de-scent up-on the wea-ry earth, Thro' the

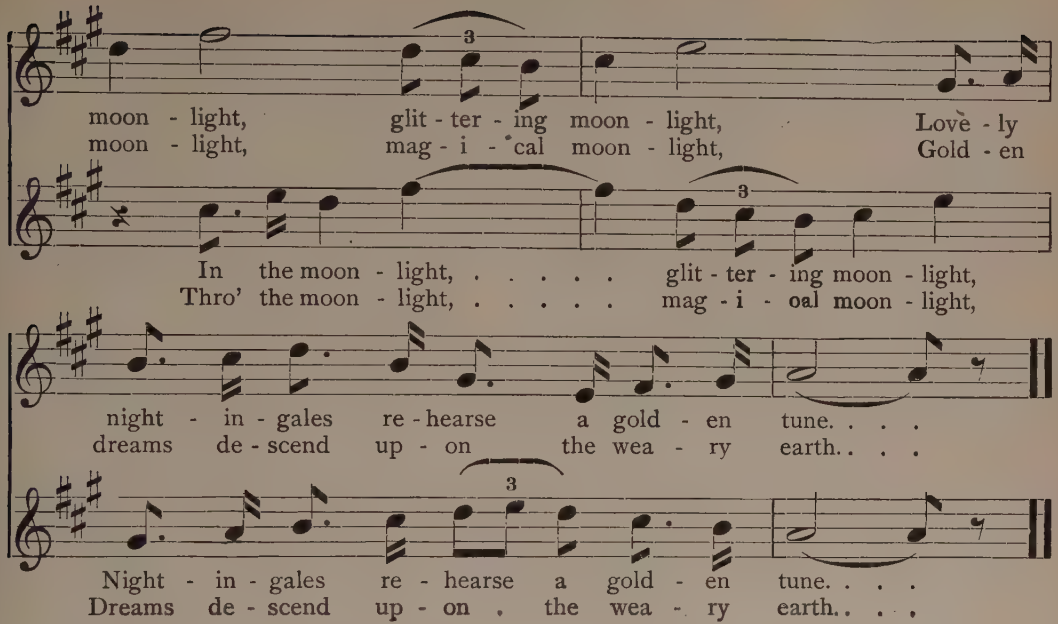


- Night-in-gales re-hearse their most en-chant-ing tune,
 Gold-en dreams de-scent up-on the wea-ry earth,

* If desired, the music of the upper staff only may be sung.

Moonlight

63



moon - light, glit - ter - ing moon - light, Lovè - ly
moon - light, mag - i - cal moon - light, Gold - en

In the moon - light, glit - ter - ing moon - light,
Thro' the moon - light, mag - i - oal moon - light,

night - in - gales re - hearse a gold - en tune. . . .
dreams de - scend up - on the wea - ry earth. . . .

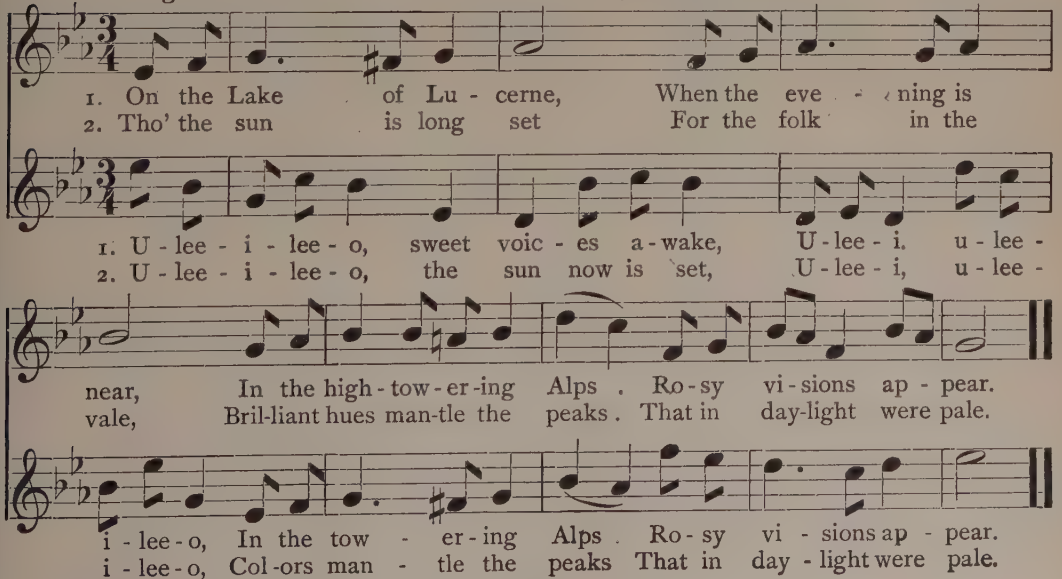
Night - in - gales re - hearse a gold - en tune. . . .
Dreams de - scend up - on . the wea - ry earth. . . .

Afterglow

Alpine Tune

Allegretto ♩ = 120

*Counterpoint by HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS



1. On the Lake of Lu - cerne, When the eve - ning is
2. Tho' the sun is long set For the folk in the

1. U - lee - i - lee - o, sweet voic - es a - wake, U - lee - i, u - lee -
2. U - lee - i - lee - o, the sun now is set, U - lee - i, u - lee -

near, In the high - tow - er - ing Alps . Ro - sy vi - sions ap - pear.
vale, Bril - liant hues man - tle the peaks . That in day - light were pale.

i - lee - o, In the tow - er - ing Alps . Ro - sy vi - sions ap - pear.
i - lee - o, Col - ors man - tle the peaks That in day - light were pale.

* The two melodies should be learned separately.

The Hare and the Tortoise

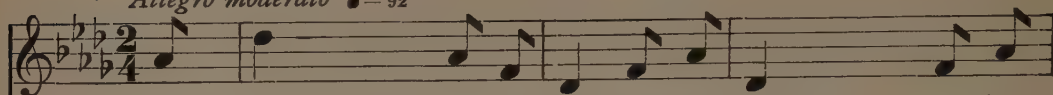
Adapted from Aesop's Fables

by DAVID HARVEY

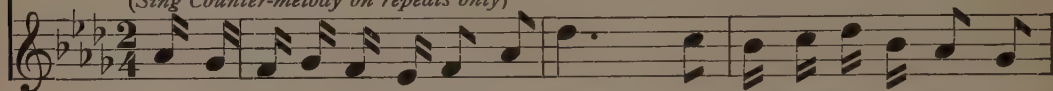
Allegro moderato ♩ = 92

Danish Folk Tune

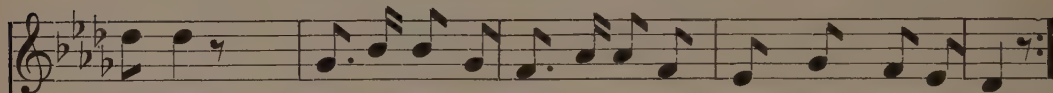
Counter-melody* by H. W. L.



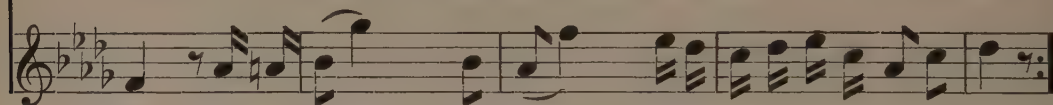
1. { A fleet - - foot-ed Hare met a slow - go - ing
 { The Tor - toise was slow there is no doubt a -
 { The Hare start-ed off in a flash like an
 3. { He ran till his ri - val was lost in the

(Sing Counter-melody on repeats only)

You have of-ten heard it said of course, The Tor-toise is - n't rat - ed
 So he chuckled as he ran, to think He'd set a ver - y clev - er



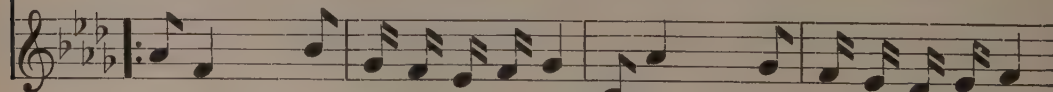
Tor-toise; Mis-ter Hare was ver - y proud be - cause he was so fast.
 bout it, He was al-most al-ways sure to be the ver - y last.
 ar-row, Fill'd with glee be-cause the Tortoise fell in - to the trap;
 dis-tance, Then he tho't he'd stop a while and take a lit-tle nap.



fast, So we know He's slow, And he's ver-y apt to come in last.
 trap, Till he thought He ought To al-low him-self a lit-tle nap.



2. { So the Hare pro-posed a race, Sly - ly tho't to set the pace,
 { Mis-ter Tor-toise wagged his head, He was will-ing, so he said,
 4. { Tor-toise then, with time to spare, Pass'd the sil - ly sleep - ing Hare,
 { Here is where the point comes in: Speed a-lone won't al - ways win;

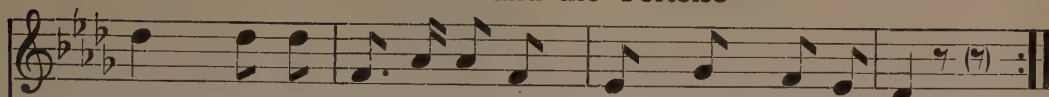


Tor-toise was will-ing, so he said, Said so by wag-ging of his head;
 Here's where we get the mor-al in: Some-times the speed-er does-n't win;

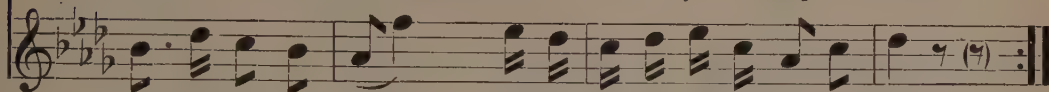
* The two melodies should be learned separately.

The Hare and the Tortoise

65



He tho't the Tor-toise was a sim - ple - mind - ed dunce.
 Tho' he was slow, he tho't he'd try it just for once.
 First at the goal was he and past the win - ing stake;
 Stick to your pur - pose and be sure you keep a - wake.



Tho' they call him slow, Still he had a mind to try it once.
 Trav - el right a - long, And be sure to keep your wits a - wake.

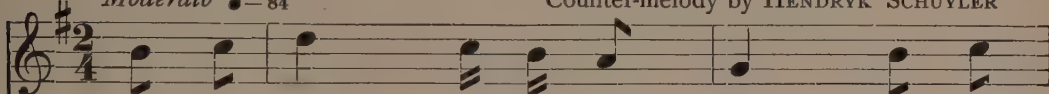
Coasting

CANON BROOKINGFORD

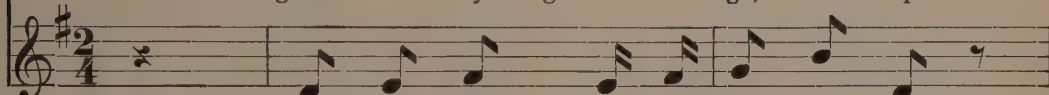
Moderato ♩ = 84

Russian Folk Tune

Counter-melody by HENDRYK SCHUYLER



1. Run your sleds o - ver the snow, While your
 2. Down the grade fly - ing we go, Up once



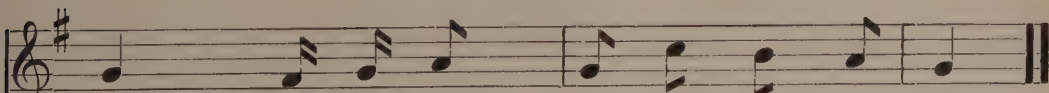
1. Sing a song of a win - ter's day,
 2. All day long on the sleds we go,



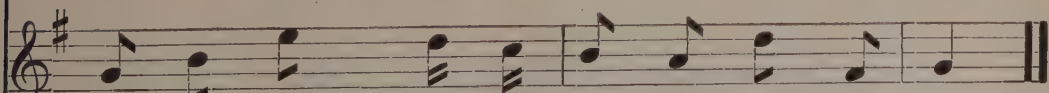
cheeks tin - gle and glow! Mer - ri - ment ech - oes on the
 more, plod - ding and slow; What do we care if breath runs



Fields all white and a sky of gray, Sleds hur - ry - ing
 Gay and free as the fly - ing snow. Hil out o' the



air, Shout - ing and laugh - ter ev - 'ry - where.
 short? Noth - ing we know can beat this sport.



down the hill To the ice - pond near the mill.
 way, be low! There's a crowd be - hind, you know.

Music in the Air

Anon.

GEORGE F. ROOT

Moderato ♩ = 104

Counterpoint by HARVEY W. LOOMIS

1. There's mu - sic in the air, . . . When the in - fant morn is
2. There's mu - sic in the air, . . . When the twi-light's gen - tle

1. There's mu - sic in . the air At morn - ing . and at
2. There's mu - sic in . the air At twi - light's gen - tle

nigh; And faint its blush is seen . . .
sigh Is lost in eve-ning's hush, . . .

noon, And oh, there's mu - sic in . the . air, Be -
sigh, And oh, there's mu - sic in . the . air, As

On the bright and laugh-ing sky. Man - ya harp's ec -
As its pen-sive beau - ties die.

neath the . sil - ver moon. And man - ya harp's ec - sta - tic
eve - ning's beau - ties die. And man - ya harp's ec - sta - tic

sta - tic sound Thrills us with a joy pro - found,

sound . Gives a thrill of . joy pro - found, . . While we .

While we list en - chant - ed there To the mu - sic in the air.

list en - chant - ed there . To the mu - sic in the air. . .

The musical score is written on two staves in G major (one sharp). The melody is simple and melodic, with lyrics written below the notes. The first staff ends with a double bar line. The second staff continues the melody and ends with a double bar line.

The Tree-Toads

Anon.

mf Allegro giocoso $\text{♩} = 88$

FRANK EDWARDS

A tree - toad loved a wee toad That lived up in a

tree; She was a three-toed tree - toad, But a two - toed toad was

he; The two - toed tree - toad tried to win The wee toad's friend-ly

nod, For the two - toed tree - toad loved the ground That the

three - toed tree - toad trod; But in vain the two - toed

tree - toad tried, He . could not please her whim; In her

tree-toad bow'r, With her ve - to pow'r, The wee toad ve - toed him!

The musical score is written on seven staves in B-flat major (two flats). The tempo is marked 'Allegro giocoso' with a quarter note equal to 88 beats per minute. The dynamics include 'mf' (mezzo-forte) and 'f' (forte). The score includes various musical notations such as rests, slurs, and articulation marks. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words aligned with specific notes or rests. The piece ends with a double bar line on the seventh staff.

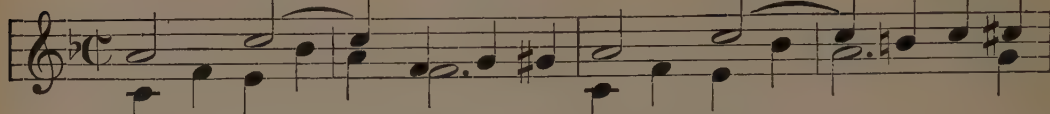
Twilight

EMILY LOWELL

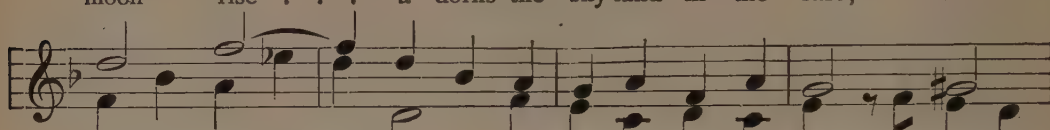
SEUMAS O'FARRELL

Tranquillo ♩ = 66

Two - light, . . . O peace-ful two - light! . . . The mel-low



Comes the hour of two - light, earth from care re - leased, The
moon - rise . . . a - dorns the sky-land in the east; Glad



calm and splen-did moon-rise is glow-ing in the east; The orb of
day - light . . . must yield to star - shine, . . . While thro' the



wood-land and mead-ow the songs of toil have ceased.



. . . thro' wood and mead now are si-lenced for the night.

Skating

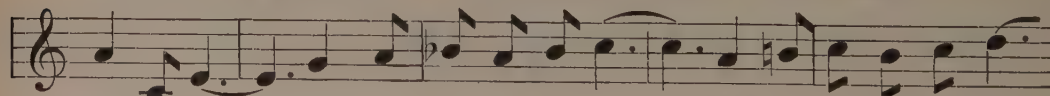
OLIVER ORDEN

(Round)

PAUL LEROUX

I Con grazia ♩ = 63 II

O-ver the ice we glide on sil-ver skates, None de-lays nor waits . . . For his



tar-dy mates; . Who will join in a race? . . . Who will set us the pace,



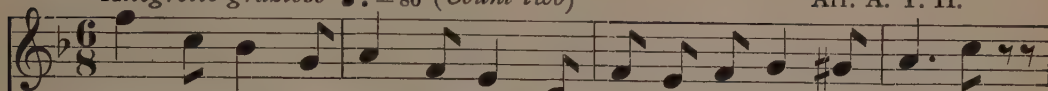
. . . As swal-low flies? First to reach the goal shall win a rare prize.

Masquerades

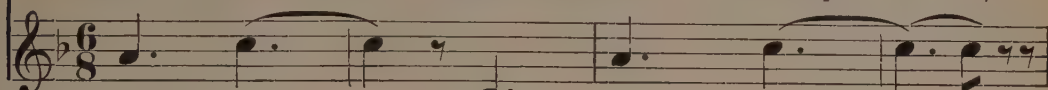
KENNETH DOUBLEDAY

ANTON RUBINSTEIN
in *Bal Costumé*
Arr. A. T. H.

Allegretto grazioso ♩. = 80 (Count two)



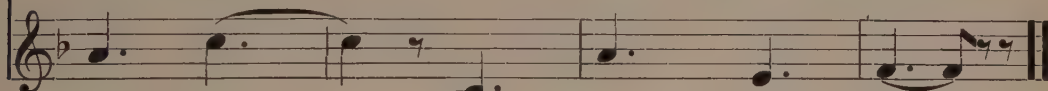
1. "Tur - keys strut in pea - cock feath - ers," That is an an - cient pro - verb;
2. "Wolves have prowld in lamb - kins cloth - ing," This we have learned in Scrip - ture;
3. "Truth at last will come to light," How - ev - er we mas - quer - ade it;



(Each time) Wise men . . . de - ceive not,



"Wa - tered milk may pose as cream," How of - ten it's been the case!
 "All that glit - ters is not gold," Much coun - ter - feit coin is passed.
 Lin - coln said, "You can't fool all the peo - ple all the time."



They know . . . that "Truth will out!"

Mizpah

Adapted

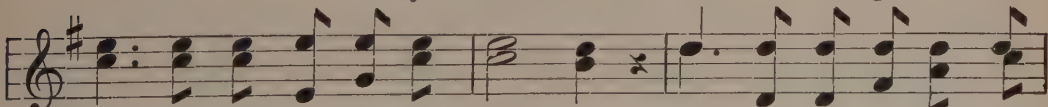
Andantino espressivo ♩. = 84

W. G. TOMER

Arr. by WALTER F. SCOLLARD



1. God be with you till we meet a - gain,
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain,



'Neath His wings pro - tect - ing hide you, Dai - ly wis - dom still pro -
 By His coun - sel guide, up - hold you, Safe with - in his heart en -



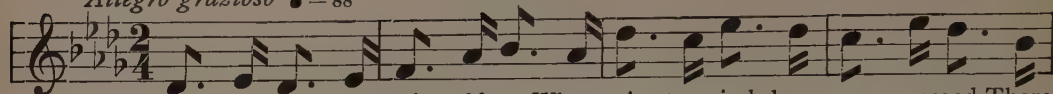
vide you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 fold you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.

The Land of Flowers

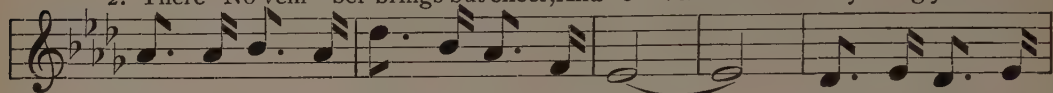
(Humoresque)

MARIAN GREY

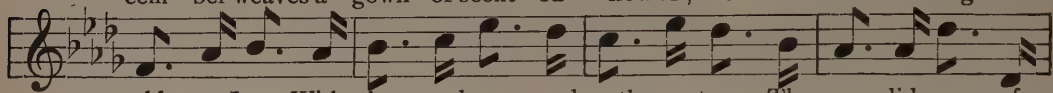
ANTONIN DVOŘÁK

Allegro grazioso ♩ = 88

1. Down be-yond the realm of frost, Where win - try winds have never crossed, There
 2. There No-ven - ber brings but cheer, And e - ven for the dy - ing year De -

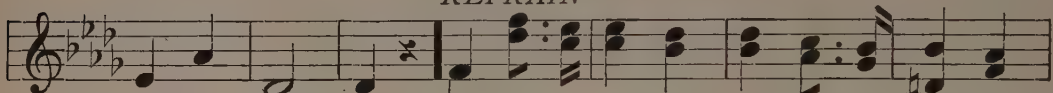


lies a land of bright e - ter - nal spring, . . There from June to
 cem - ber weaves a gown of scent - ed flow'rs; . There a-mong the



gold - en June, With sky and sea and earth a - tune, The sor - did cares of
 sing - ing birds, Whose mes - sage has no need of words, The God of Youth has

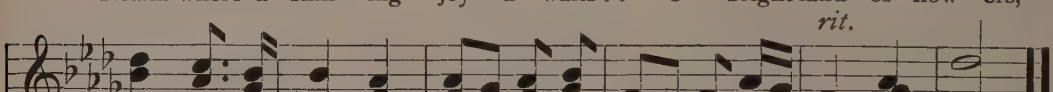
REFRAIN



life take wing. . . O land of sun-shine! Fair land of sun-shine!
 built his bow'rs. .



Realm where a smil - ing joy a waits! . O bright land of flow - ers,



Sweet land of flow - ers! "Welcome!" is bla - zoned up - on thy gates!

O Had I Jubal's Lyre

GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL (abridged)

Moderato ♩ = 76In *Joshua*

1. ||: O, had I Ju - bal's lyre, Or Mi-riam's tune-ful voice, :||
 2. ||: My hum - ble, hum - ble strains But faint - ly, faint - ly show :||



1. ||: O, had I Ju - bal's lyre, Or Mi-riam's tune-ful voice, :||
 2. ||: My hum - ble, hum - ble strains But faint - ly, faint - ly show :||

To sounds like his I would as-pire, In songs like hers re -
 How much to heav'n and thee, how much To heav'n and thee I .

To sounds like his I would as - pire, In .
 How much to heav'n and thee, how much To .

joice, To sounds like his I would as-pire, In songs like her's re-joice.
 owe, How much to heav'n and thee, how much To heav'n and thee I owe.

songs like hers re - joice, In songs like hers, I would re - joice.
 heav'n and thee I owe, How much to heav'n and thee I owe.

Jack and Jean

DAVID STEVENS

Scottish Tune

Allegretto ♩. = 66

Harmonized by ASA T. HUNT

1. Young Jack was a hard - y High - land - er free, As
 2. Young Jean was a milk - maid, bon - nie and sweet, As
 3. In spite of it all they mar - ried one day, And

like - ly a lad as ev - er you'd see; He wore the clan tar - tan and
 †son - sie a lass as ev - er you'd meet; But she was Mac-greg - or as
 lived a long life as hap - py as May; For love, it is said, and it's

bon-net of blue, And fol - lowed the ban - ner of Cam - e - ron Dhu.*
 all the town knew, And they were at odds with the Cam - e - ron Dhu.
 prob - a - bly true, Is neith - er Mac-greg - or nor Cam - e - ron Dhu.

* Dhu: Gaelic for black. † Sonsie: happy; good-natured.

Leaves

(Canon in the 2nd above)

EMILY LOWELL

HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS

Allegretto ♩ = 63

1. Blades of grass and fern - fronds Shin - ing 'mid the wood - land,
2. Some are sharp as knife - points, Some are shaped like bird - wings,
Blades of grass and fern - fronds Shin - ing 'mid the
Some are sharp as knife - points, Some are shaped like
Ev - er - y leaf that grows there Is wrought by na - ture's art!..
Some are like star - ry snow - flakes, And oth - ers like a heart..
wood - land, Beau - ti - ful all the leaves that grow;
bird - wings, Some are like star - ry flakes of snow.

Sweet Wild April

WILLIAM FORCE STEAD
(abridged)

GEORGE Y. HUME

Moderato ♩ = 84

1. O sweet wild A - pril Came o - ver the hills, He . skipped with the winds
2. O sweet wild A - pril, Wher - ev - er you went The . bond-age of win -
3. O sweet wild A - pril, The blithe, the brave, Fell a - sleep in the fields
And he tripped with the rills; His rai - ment was all of the
ter Was bro - ken and rent; Sank elf - in ice - cit - y and
By a wind - less wave, And Jack - in - the - Pul - pit preached
rit. *f* *pp* *f*
daf fo - dils, Sing hi, . . sing hey, . . sing ho!
frost-gob - lin's tent, Sing hi, . . sing hey, . . sing ho!
o - ver his grave, Sing hi, . . sing hey, . . sing ho!

Winter and Spring

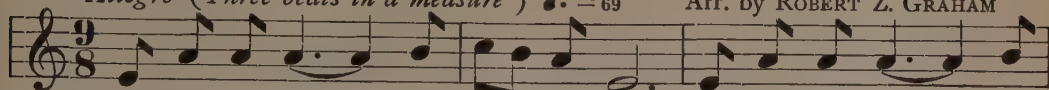
73

KATHARINE WHITMORE

Albanian Folk Tune

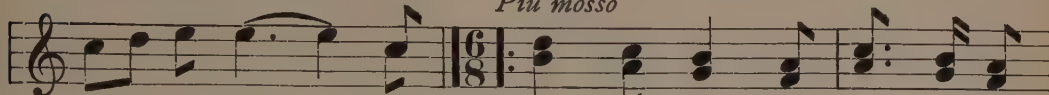
Allegro (Three beats in a measure) ♩ = 69

Arr. by ROBERT Z. GRAHAM



1. Win - ter must come, . the sun . grow pale, Win - ter must come . with
2. Win - ter must come, . the year grow old, Win - ter must come . with

Piu mosso



snow and hail, . . But soon shall fol - low won - der - ful,
cru - el cold, . . Yet May re - turns, when beau - ti - ful,



won - der - ful days of spring, When lark and white - throat
beau - ti - ful fan - cies throng, In ev - 'ry heart a



sing. . . Full lark and white - throat sing. . .
song. . . Soon ev - 'ry heart a song. . .

The Swiss Boy

Adapted from the original

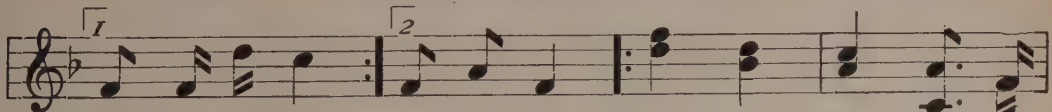
Swiss Folk Tune

Tempo di polka ♩ = 88

Arr. by ASA T. HUNT



1. { Fair Lu - cerne is An - ton's home, Di - ay, di - ri - di - a,
O'er the moun - tains he will roam, Di - ay, di - ri - di - a,
2. { Bare - foot up the hills he'll climb, Di - ay, di - ri - di - a,
Be it spring or win - ter time, Di - ay, di - ri - di - a,
3. { He can run or swim a race, Di - ay, di - ri - di - a,
An - ton al - ways sets the pace, Di - ay, di - ri - di - a,



hol - di - ri - ay! hol - di - ay! Hol - di! Hol - di! Di -

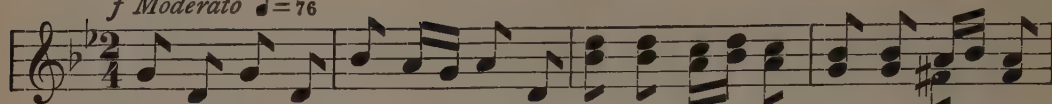


ay, di - ri - di - a, hol - di - ri - ay! hol - di - ay!

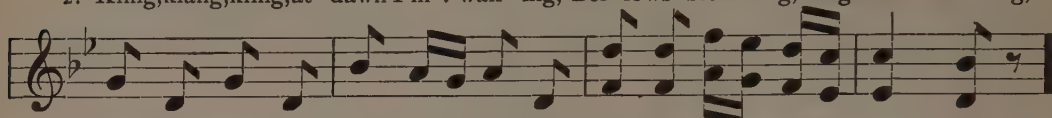
Song of the Forge

HENRY SNOW

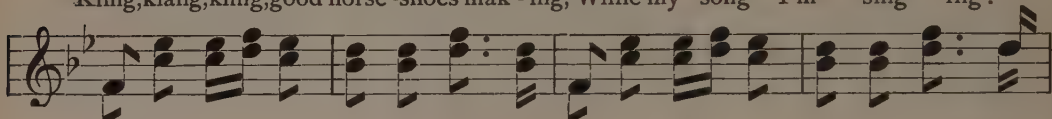
Serbian Folk Tune

f Moderato ♩ = 76

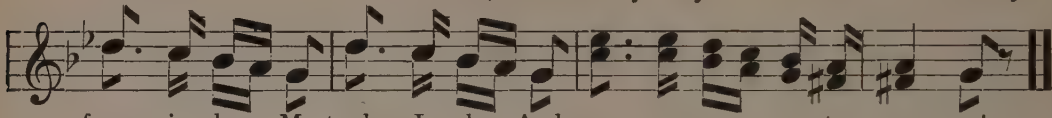
1. Kling, klang, kling, now loud-ly . . ring - ing, Hear the blacksmith's ham-mer swing-ing,
 2. Kling, klang, kling, at dawn I'm . wak - ing, Bel - lows blow - ing, forge-fire rak - ing,



Kling, klang, kling, the bright sparks flinging, Hear the black-smith sing - ing:
 Kling, klang, kling, good horse-shoes mak - ing, While my song I'm sing - ing:



What care I . . for rain or shine, For ev - 'ry day to me is fine, My



forge is dry, My trade I ply, And owe no pen - ny to an - y!

Awake!

H. W. L.

HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS

Allegro con gioia (two beats in a measure) ♩ = 96

1. A - wake! (A - wake!) while all the for - est is still, . . Be
 2. A - wake! (A - wake!) the brook is hur - ry - ing by, . . Oh,
 3. A - wake! (A - wake!) the wind is hap - py at play, . . A -



first (Be first) to hear the bob - o - link trill, . . And
 look! (Oh, look!) the clouds that daz - zle the eye, . . Like
 wake! (A - wake!) the dark has hid - den a - way, . . For



see the top o' the morn - ing o - ver the hill, . .
 white pro - ces-sions of an - gels cross-ing the sky. . .
 God, the King of the world has o - pened the day. . .

Westward Ho!

CORDELIA BROOKS FENNO

Italian Folk Tune
(abridged)*Allegro (count two)* ♩. = 100

1. Up - on the rest - less o - cean . . . so wide, .
2. The breeze is gent - ly blow - ing, . . . all fair; .

The rest - less o - cean wide, . With
The breeze is blow - ing fair; . No

To catch the swell - ing tide, Oh,
No shad - 'ow an - y - where, Oh,

gen - tle sway - ing mo - tion . . . we ride, Oh,
cloud of gloom is show - ing, . . . no care, Oh,

Sail, sail, sail, We will steer for magic lands a - far, Up - on the boundless
sail sail, sail, To that hap - py land, Hes - pe - ri - a,*Where dreams and marvels

pur - ple sea That stretches to the West, Mer - ri - ly.

all come true, To (*Omit*) crown our golden quest.

*Hesperia: the Western Land

The Lame Crane

(Round)

MARSHALL

I ♩. = 84 II III

My Dame had a lame, tame crane, My Dame had a crane that was lame, Oh,

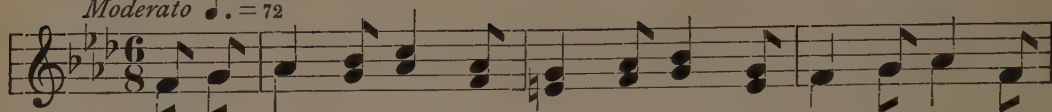
IV

pray, gen - tle Jane, let my Dame's lame, tame crane Drink and come home a - gain.

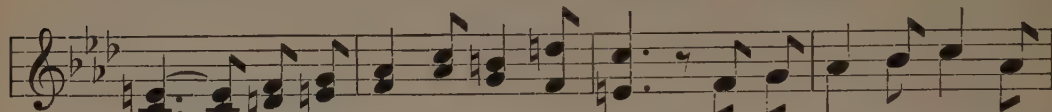
Hallowe'en

HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS

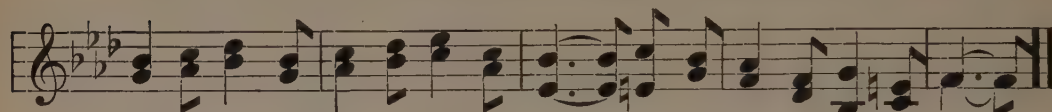
ARTHUR EDWARD JOHNSTONE

Moderato ♩. = 72

1. When the moon is hid and winds are whist And fold - ed in the
2. You will hear a harp up - on the air, That's played by hands un -
3. You for - sake your couch, and then em - ploy The bright e - lec - tric



clouds, . On the mys - tic Hal - low - e'en, You may see the spooks a -
 seen . . At the witch - ing noon of night; There'll be hol - low groans, and
 torch, . . Tho' your soul be sick with dread, And you find that ev - 'ry

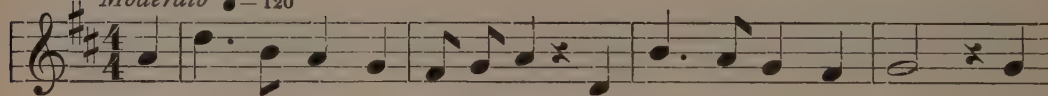


mid the mist, And spec - ters trail - ing shrouds, And you'll hear the banshee keen.
 lights will flare A pale and poi - son green, Such an ee - rie bale - ful sight!
 ghost's a boy, Who's lurk - ing 'round the porch, With a pump - kin on his head!

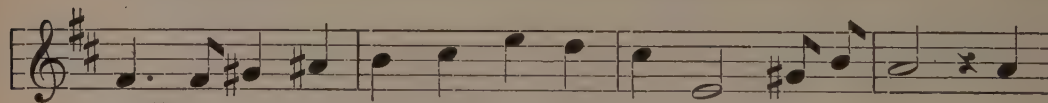
Lincoln's Land

BLISS CARMAN

HECTOR SPAULDING

Moderato ♩. = 120

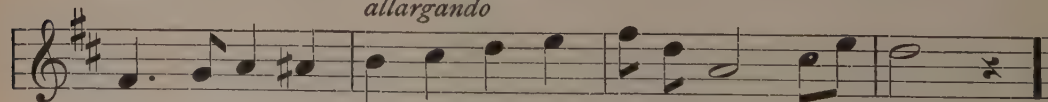
O South, bring all your chiv - al - ry; And West, give all your heart; And



East, your old un - tar - nished dreams Of prog - ress and of art! Bid



waste and war to be no more, Bid wan - ton ri - ot cease; At

allargando

your com - mand give Lin - coln's land To Par - a - dise and Peace.

Good Morning

MAURICE TALBOT

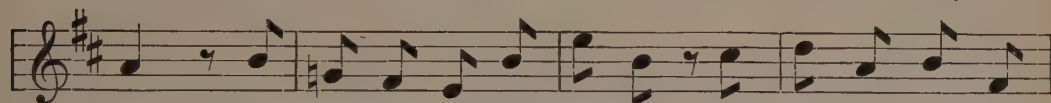
ARTHUR EDWARD JOHNSTONE

Con spirito ♩ = 96

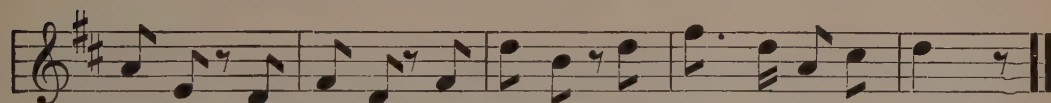
1. Good morn-ing! Good morn-ing! And here is come an - oth - er day, With
 2. Good morn-ing! Good morn-ing! An - oth - er day to dare and do The



time for work and time for play; Good morn-ing! The world be-gins a -
 things that make our dream-ing true; Good morn-ing! To - day's the day to -



new! Good friends a - gain we're meet - ing, A - gain we hear the
 strive! There's much that needs be - gin - ning, The try - ing and the

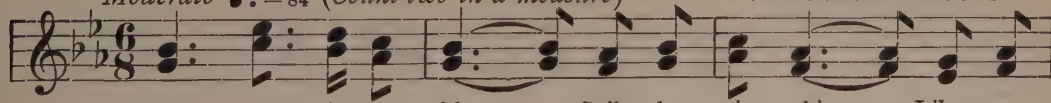


greet - ing: Good morn-ing! Good morn-ing! A hap - py day to you!
 win - ning; Good morn-ing! Good morn-ing! It's good to be a - live!

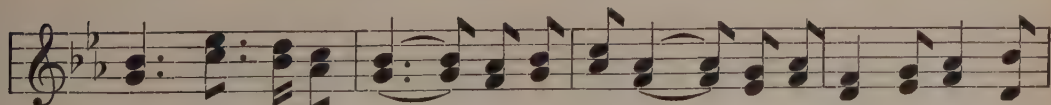
An Air Voyage

Albanian Folk Tune

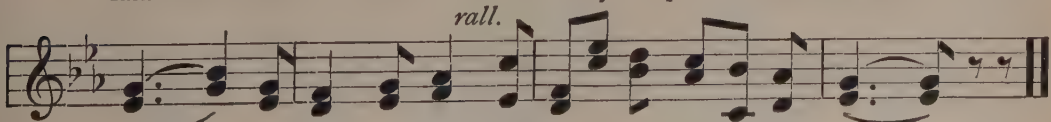
ARR. FRANK EDWARDS

Moderato ♩ = 84 (Count two in a measure)

1. High, high in the blue . . Sails the air - ship; . . Like a
 2. Far, far from the crowd . . See the sky - ship; . . I would



gay flow - er its hue; . 'Tis a fair ship . In a realm the ea - gle
 fain race with a cloud. . Were it my ship . I would span the o - cean

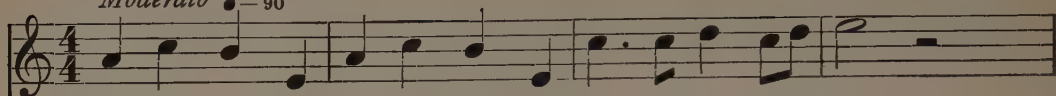


knows . . It clears a path thro' ev - 'ry wind that blows. .
 ways, . And all the world would lie . be - neath my gaze. .

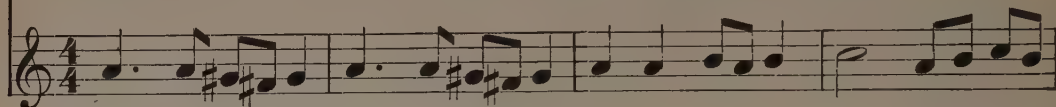
Song to Ivan

CORDELIA BROOKS FENNO

Russian Folk Tune

Moderato ♩ = 90

1. Sleep, my dar - ling, sleep, *I - van, And I will watch thee, dear ;
 2. When thou art a man, †ba - bush - ka, Thou shalt watch o'er me ;



Sleep, my dar - ling, Sleep, my dar - ling,
 Sleep, my dar - ling, Sleep, my dar - ling,

On this
 Sleep, oh,



On this feast of Saint Ste - fan, Oh, sleep and nev - er fear.
 Sleep and grow, my lit - tle †dush - ka, I will wait for thee.



ho - ly feast of Saint Ste - fan, Oh, sleep and nev - er, nev - er fear.
 sleep and grow, my lit - tle dush - ka, I will wait, will wait for thee.

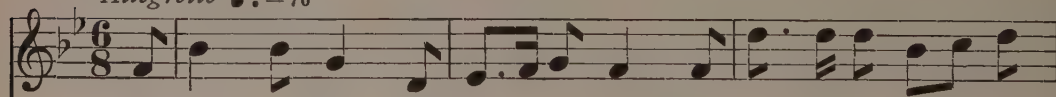
* *Ivan* : pronounced E-vahn'.

† A Russian term of endearment.

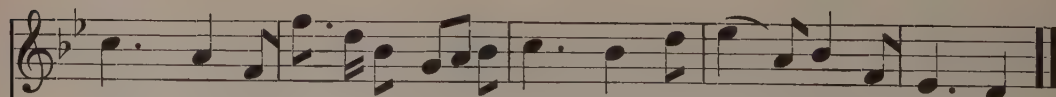
A Charm

GEORGE HERBERT

WALTER F. SCOLLARD

Allegretto ♩ = 76

Who shuts his hand hath lost his gold ; Who o - pens it, hath it



twice - told, Who o - pens it, hath it twice - told, O hey . . ho O hey ho !

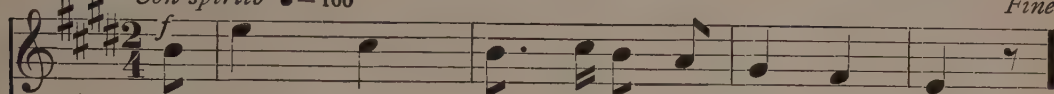


Carrillon

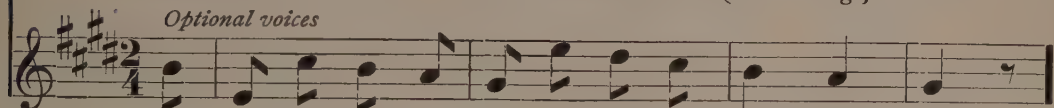
FRANK EDWARDS

(For Christmas or Easter)

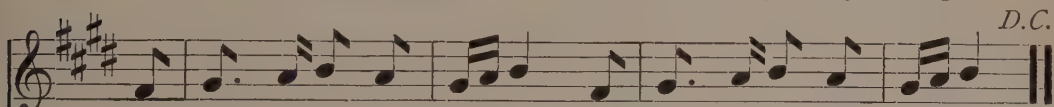
Old German Carol

Con spirito ♩ = 100*Fine*

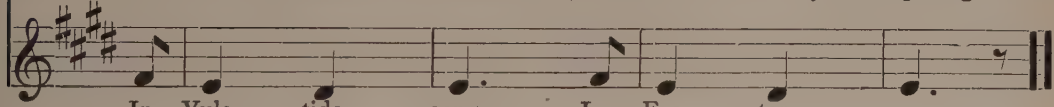
Ring out, sweet car - il-lon, with { Yule - tide } cheer!
 Ring naught but joy to crown the { Eas - ter } year!
 { pass - ing }
 { wak - ing }

Optional voices

Let all the world give ech - o to the dong, ding dong,

D.C.

Let love at-tune your message, Fair hope be in your presage.



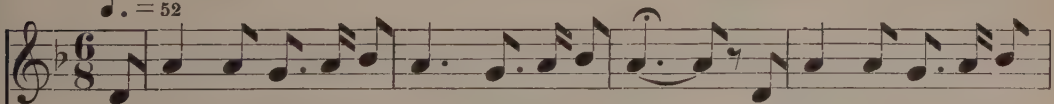
In Yule - tide song, In Eas - ter song.

The Bell Buoy

OLIVER ORDEN

FREDERICK A. WINTHROP

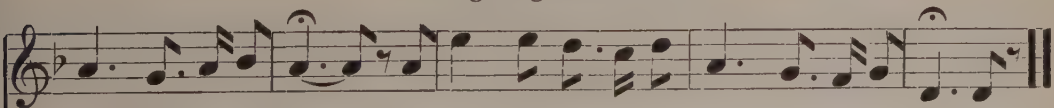
♩ = 52



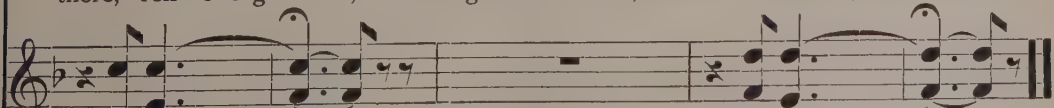
A fog was chok-ing the air, chok-ing the air, . A bell was ech - o-ing



Ding-dong,



there, ech - o-ing there, It rang: "O sail - or, be - ware! Sail - or, be - ware!"



Ding-dong,

Ding-dong!

The Highland Fling

DAVID STEVENS

Scottish Dance Tune

Allegro ♩. = 112

(nasal tone)

1. If you should go to Ab - er - deen, Ah,
 2. The bright - est eyes will bright - er grow, Ah,

And see the sports up -
 And cheeks will shine with

. You'll find it quite the prop - er thing, The
 A dance for peas - ant, knight or king, The
 (nasal tone)

on the green, Ah, To
 ros - y glow, Ah, Is

High - land Fling. . . For oh! it is a bon - nie dance, .
 learn to dance the High - land Fling. Ah, You
 Scot-land's mer - ry High - land Fling.

Ah, ah, To learn the lilt and
 can't af - ford to miss the chance, Ah,

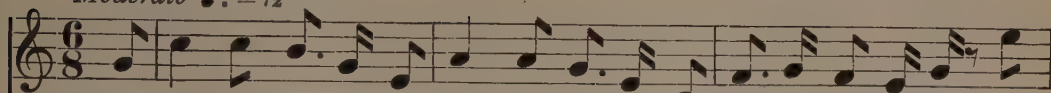
step and swing, The High - land Fling!
 Of Scot - land's mer - ry High - land Fling!

The Grasshopper

CORDELIA BROOKS FENNO

(Canon)

WALTER F. SCOLLARD

Moderato ♩. = 72

1. There was a grass-hop-per, Proud young grasshop-per, Hopped to the riv - er one
2. Said this young grasshop-per, Fool - ish grass-hop - per, "I will hop o - ver the
3. So this young grasshop-per, Sil - ly grass-hop - per, Hopped, but fell in - to the
4. A word to all of you, Great and small of you: "Look be - fore leap-ing," is



1. There was a grass-hop-per, Proud young grass - hopper,
2. Said this young grasshop-per, Fool - ish grass - hopper,
3. So this young grasshop-per, Sil - ly grass - hopper,
4. A word to all of you: Great and small of you:



morn - - - ing, A - lone by the riv - er - side.
 riv - - - er, Right o - ver the riv - er wide!"
 riv - - - er, Right in - to the riv - er wide!
 saf - - - er, A fall of - ten fol - lows pride!

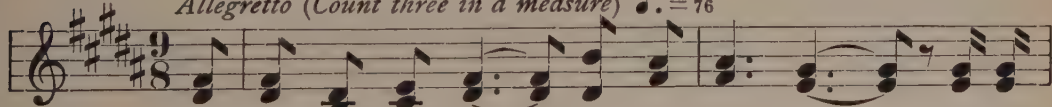


Hopped to the mead - ow one morn - - - ing, a - lone.
 "I will hop o - ver the riv - - - er so wide!"
 Hopped, but fell in - to the riv - - - er so wide!
 "Look be - fore leap-ing," is saf - - - er for pride!

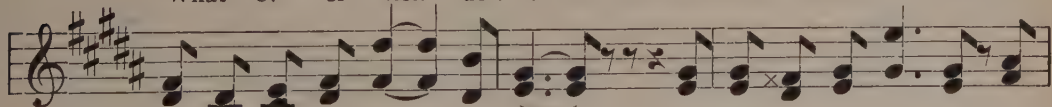
Nobility

ALICE CARY

HECTOR SPAULDING

Allegretto (Count three in a measure) ♩. = 76

What - ev - er men do . . in their blind - ness . And in



spite of the fan - cies of youth, There's noth - ing so king - ly as



kind - ness, . And noth - ing so roy - al as truth. .

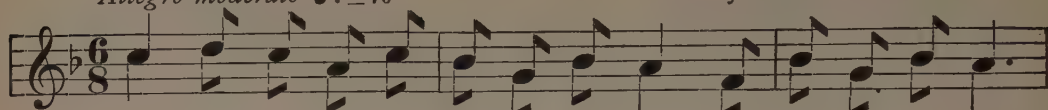
Follow the Leader

EMILY LOWELL

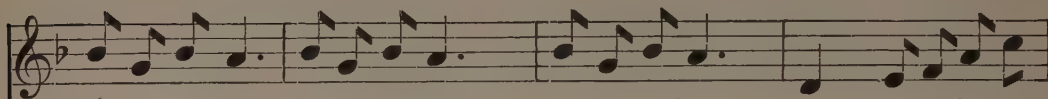
(Game Song)

Norwegian Folk Tune

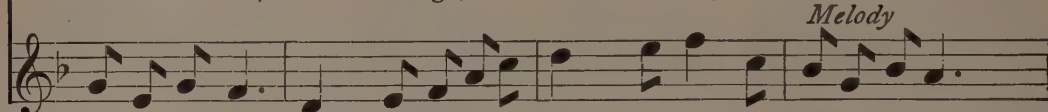
Arr. by VICTOR N. PIERPONT

Allegro moderato ♩. = 76

Play this morn-ing at "Fol-low the Lead-er," Fol-low me fast,



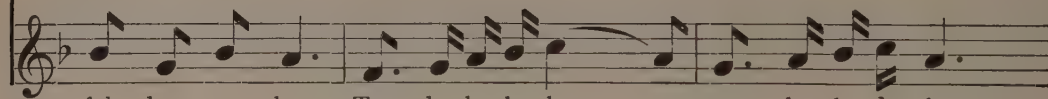
fol-low me slow, Fol-low me high, fol-low me low, Do as I do wher-



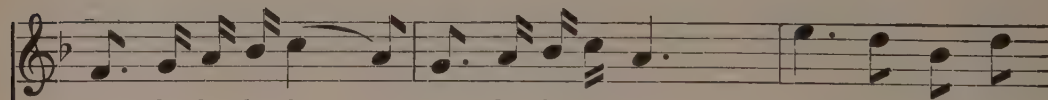
fol-low me slow, Do as I do wher-e'er I go, And fol-low me high,



e'er I go! Fast or slow.



fol-low me low, Tra la la la la, . . . tra la la la la.



Tra la la la la, . . . tra la la la la, all fol-low, come



High and low, . . . Let us all fol-low, come



fol-low a-long, Fol-low the lead-er, all sing-ing a song.



Fast or slow, Do as I do wher-e'er I go!

Tra la la la la, . . tra la la la la! Fol-low me high, fol-low me low

At the Spinning Wheel

DAVID HARVEY

Andante ♩ = 76

THOMAS FISCHER

Arr. by KENNETH DOUBLEDAY

1. Spin, maid - en, spin, The gold - en thread twirl in;
3. Sing, maid - en, sing, Let hap - py mu - sic ring

Swift the whir - ring wheel goes round, Fast the flax - en
Song will make the wheel more fleet, Song will make your

ball is wound, Spin, maid - en, spin, Spin, maid - en, spin
la - bor sweet, Sing, maid - en, sing, Sing, maid - en, sing.

Ah, love - ly maid - en, spin.
Ah, love - ly maid - en, sing.

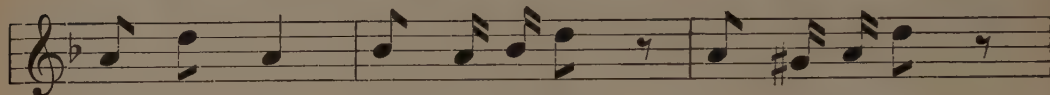
The Gipsy's Life

CORDELIA BROOKS FENNO

FRANZ BEHR

Allegro ♩ = 84

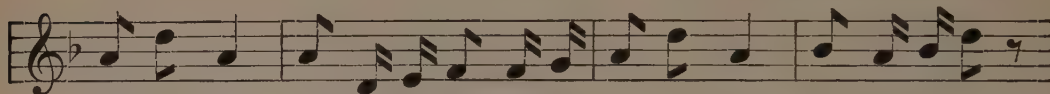
1. Deep in the shade of the wood-land trees, Cool in the dusk we will
 2. Off once a - gain when the dawn shows pale, Out on the wold lies the



take our ease; La - bor is done, Now for the fun!
 gip - sy trail; Shoul - der the pack, Yon - der the track,



Rol - lick - ing, fro - lick - ing folk are wel Smooth is the turf where we
 *Pat - ter - an, pat - ter - an, fol - low wel None may dis - pute where the



gai - ly dance, Soft is the moss when our feet ad - vance; Sor - rows de - part,
 gip - sy goes, Home is the place where the camp - fire glows; Short is the way,



Light is the heart, Mer - ri - ly, cheer - i - ly, one, two, three!
 Hap - py the day, †Rom - a - ny, Rom - a - ny, proud and free!

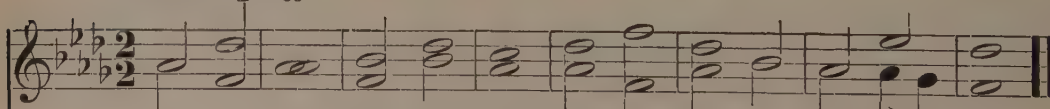
* *Patteran*: a sign, usually of grass or twigs, left on the road at intervals by gipsies to indicate their course to other gipsies.

† *Romany*: Gipsy.

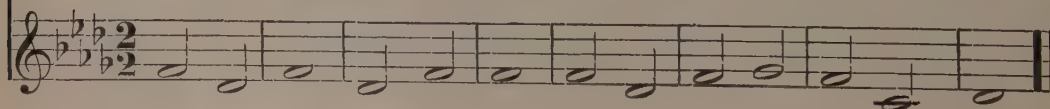
Morning Song

FR. HOGUE

PAUL LEROUX

Andantino ♩ = 66

1. Shines o'er all morn's bright ray; God hath sent us one more day.
 2. Sun and joy hold their sway; Night and dreams have flown a - way.
 3. Work and win while ye may; God hath sent us one more day.



Romeo and Juliet

(To accompany the representation in

STUART PAUL

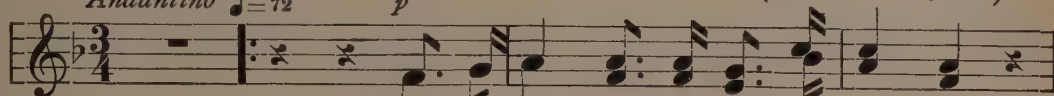
tableau of the painting *Romeo and Juliet*.)

CHARLES GOUNOD

(in *Romeo and Juliet*)

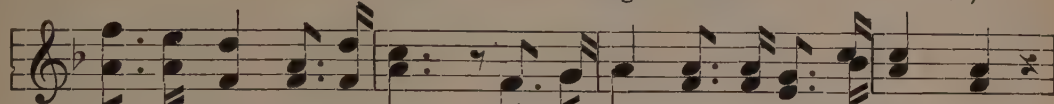
Andantino ♩ = 72

p

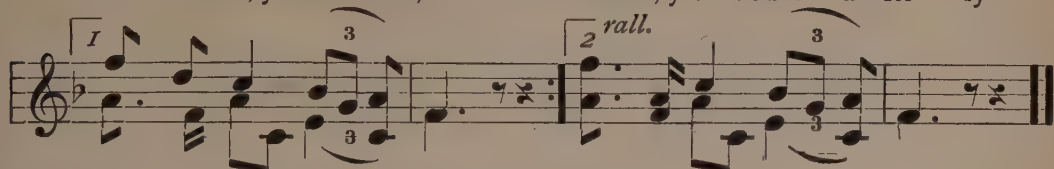


1. 'Tis a scene laid in old Ve ro - na,

2. 'Tis a tale fraught with faith un - bro - ken,



Ro - me - o, Ju - li - et; Hap - less pair, sev - ered by their kins - men,
Maid - en fair, youth for-lorn; Sad the theme, yet 'tis but a sto - ry



Mon - ta - gue, Cap - u - let.

(Omit.)

Told of days past and gone.

Singin' Johnny

Anon.

Allegro ♩ = 88

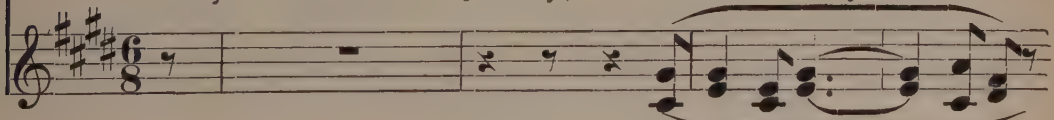
Old Sailor Chantey

Arr. 3 voices

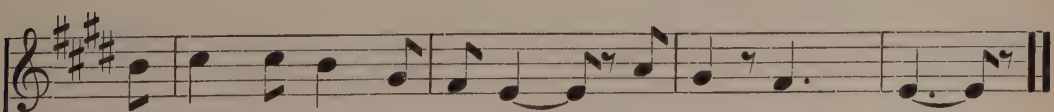


1. They call me sing - in' John - ny; . Yo ho, . . yo ho, . .

2. They call me smil - in' John - ny; . Yo ho, . . yo ho, . .

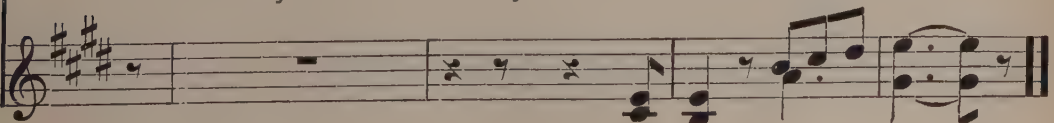


O ho!



Be - cause my tunes are bon - ny, . . Yo ho, ho, ho! .

Be - cause my face is bon - ny, . . Yo ho, ho, ho! .



A Valentine

CHARLES HARVEY

Martinique Folk Tune

mf Moderato ♩. = 52

Counterpoint by HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS

1. Tap, tap, tap! Who's knock - ing there? 'Tis the
 2. Break the seal, What does it say? 'Tis a

p

1. Some - one I hear knock - ing there, . . . The
 2. O - pen it, what does it say? . . . A

post - man, ah, 'tis the post - man, O! . . . "Let me
 se - cret, yes, 'tis a se - cret, O! . . . "Dear - est
 (Melody)

post - man, yes, the post - man; . . . "Let me in,
 se - cret, yes, a se - cret, . . . "Dear - est one,

in, for I bear One val - en - tine for you!" .
 one, Love me, pray! My heart will e'er be true!" .

See what I bear: . . . A val - en - tine for you!" .
 Love me, I pray! . . . My heart will e'er be true!" .

Tardy Gratitude

Anon.

(Three-part Canon)

GEORGE Y. HUME

I Moderato ♩. = 120 II III

Sev - en great Towns of Greece, 'tis said, Claimed Ho - mer's birth when
 he was dead, Thro' which, a - live, he begged . . his bread.

A Cavalier Song*

(Round)

ROBERT BROWNING (abridged)

HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS

Spiritoso ♩. = 84

Boot, sad-dle, to horse, and a - way! ~ Res - cue my cas - tle be -
 Boot, sad-dle, to
 fore the hot day Bright - ens to blue from its sil - ver - y gray,
 horse, and a - way! Res - cue my cas - tle be - fore the hot day
 Boot, sad-dle, to horse, to horse, and a - way! . . . A -
 Bright - ens to blue from its sil - ver - y gray, Boot, sad-dle, to
 way!
 horse, to horse, and a - way! . . . A - way! . . .

* The singers must strictly follow their respective lines, observing the repeat marks as shown. The empty measures at the end of the upper part are to be disregarded by the singers.

Ballad*

Moderato ♩ = 92
 F. HEROLD in Zampa

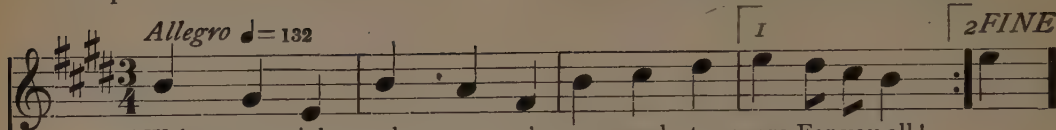
* The pupils may compete in writing words for this tune.

The County Fair *

Czech Folk Tune

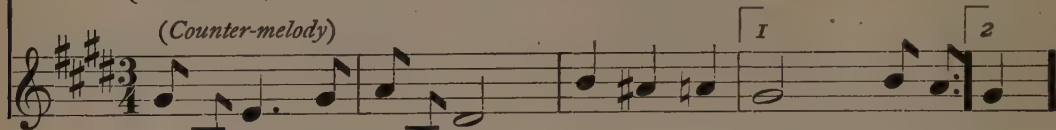
Adapted

Counter-melody by HAROLD V BROMLEY

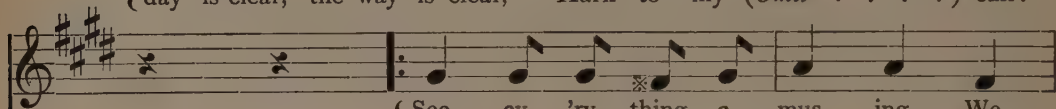
Allegro ♩ = 132

{ Wel - come, right wel - come, we've room and to spare For you all!
 { En - ter, come en - ter, we've o - pened the (Omit) Fair!

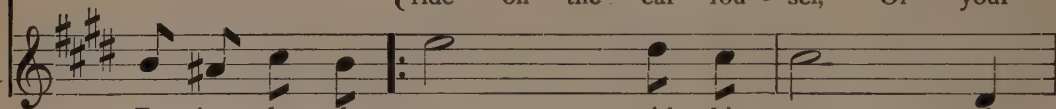
(Counter-melody)



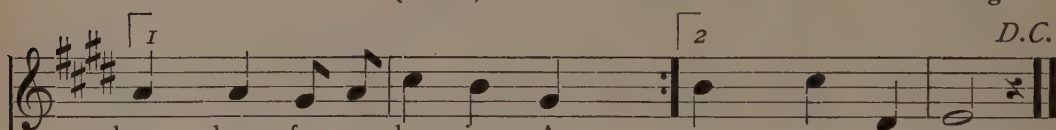
{ En - ter here, come, en - ter here! Wel - come to all! O the
 { day is clear, the way is clear, Hark to my (Omit) call!



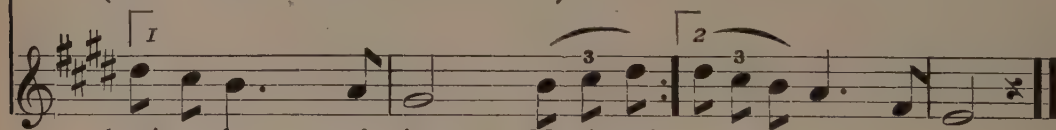
{ See, ev - 'ry - thing a - mus - ing We
 { ride on the car - rou - sel, Or your



Ev - 'ry - bo - dy { come with his com - rades,
 { dance, hear them call - ing



have here for your choos - ing, A D.C.
 (Omit) for - tune we'll tell.



here's a day of joy, Mu - sic and
 (Omit) ev - e - ry girl and boy!

* The whole tune should be sung first in unison, then with the counter-melody.

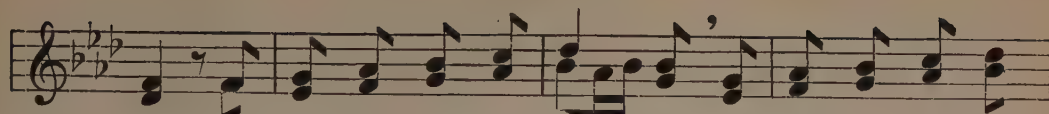
Aspirations

RUSSELL M. DODGE

EUGÈNE d'ALBERT

Allegro ♩ = 80

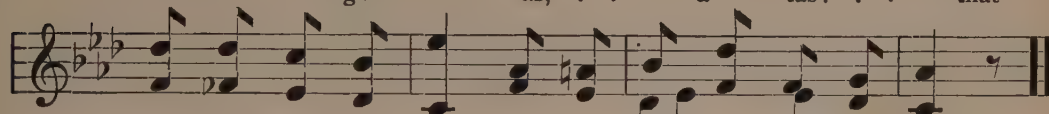
1. A rose - bud in the gar - den With cheek of crim - son
 2. A wave - let on the o - cean That tossed the live - long
 3. A fire - fly of the wood - land That twink - led in the



hue, Once loved a low - ly vio - let, A sweet - ly fra - grant
night, Once loved a wan-d'ring moon - beam, A bright - as - sil - ver
dark, Once loved the star of eve - ning, The gold - en star of



vio let: A - las, . . . a - las! . . . how
moon - beam: A - las, . . . a - las! . . . a
eve - ning: A - las, . . . a - las! . . . that



much the rose - bud loved her The vio - let nev - er knew.
cloud came out of sky - land And hid the moon-beam white.
jew - elled orb re - splend - ent Ne'er saw the ti - ny spark.

Spirit of Summertime

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM

Allegretto ♩ = 96

Irish Folk Tune

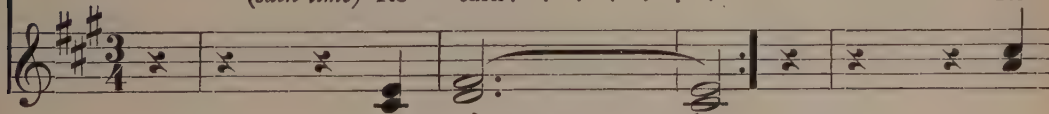
Arr. EDITH BATTELL



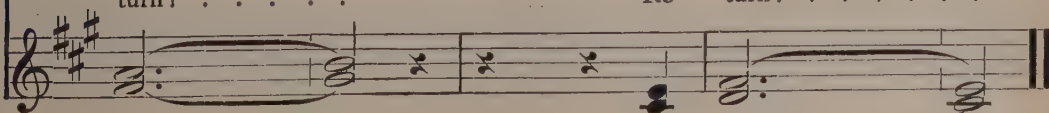
- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1. { O spir - it sweet of hap - py sum - mer - time,
Bring back a - gain the ros - es to the dells,
2. { Bring back the song, and bring the spic - y scent
Of mead - ow - lands at morn - ing's dew - y prime; }</p> | <p>The swal - low from her
Oh, bring a - gain my
Re -</p> |
|---|---|

(each time) Re - turn!

Re -



far dis - tant clime, The hon - ey - bees from drow - sy nec - tar - cells,
heart's full con - tent, Thou spir - it sweet of hap - py sum - mer - time!
turn! Re - turn!



All Through the Night

From the Welsh

(Ar Hyd y Nos)

DAVID OWEN

Andante amabile ♩ = 88

Harmonized by EDITH BATTELL

1. Sleep, my child, and peace at-tend thee, All thro' the night;
 2. While the moon her watch is keep-ing All thro' the night;

Oh, sleep, my child, All thro' the night;
 Fair moon keeps watch, All thro' the night;

Guard-ian an-gels God will send thee, All thro' the night;
 While the wea-ry world is sleep-ing All thro' the night;

Sweet peace be thine, All thro' the night;
 While sleeps the world, All thro' the night;

Soft the drow-sy hours are creep-ing, Hill and vale in
 O'er thy spir-it gen-tly steal-ing, Vi-sions of de-

SOLO VOICE
Soft chime, ring

I, my lov-ing vig-il keep-ing All thro' the night.
 Breathes a pure and ho-ly feel-ing All thro' the night.

slum-ber steep-ing, Sleep, my child, All thro' the night.
 light re-veal-ing, Peace at-tend, All thro' the night.

out, Oh, sleep, my child, All thro' the night.
 May peace at-tend All thro' the night.

A Pageant

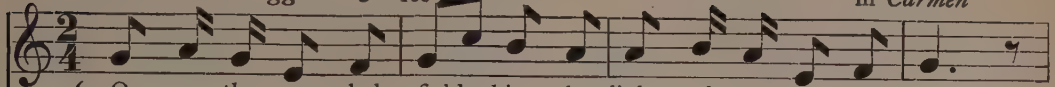
91

EDITH BATTELL

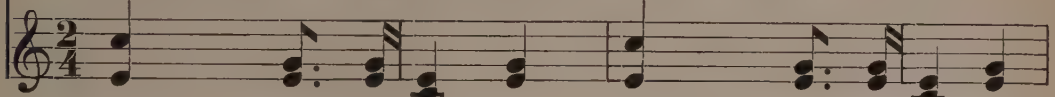
GEORGES BIZET

Marziale ma leggiero ♩ = 108

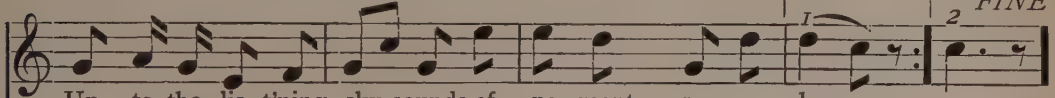
in *Carmen*



{ O - ver the span - gled field shines the light of a sum - mer morn,
Tan - ta - ra - tal the proud bu - gles call to the joy - ous throng,
D.C. Haste to the fes - tive scene while the dew o' the dawn is gay!
*Sing at repeat and at D.C. only.**



Hark, now the bu - gles, Bright sil - ver bu - gles!
D.C. Haste, join the pa - geant; Gay, splen - did pa - geant!



Up to the lis - t'ning sky sounds of pa - geant - ry are borne;
All are a - thrill with life that must tell its joy in (Omit) song.
Bide till the eve - ning hour brings a moon as bright as (Omit) day.



One and all o - bey, When they blow, Ta - ra - ta - ta - (Omit) tay!
Young, or old and gray, Take your part in the joy to - (Omit) day!



{ "Ho, ta la la!" the maid - ens sing, "Ho, ta la la!" the ech - oes ring,
Rub - dub - a - dub, the beat - ing drum, Timed to the pulse of all who come,
Sing at repeat only.



Come! Hear the sound of beat - ing drum, While the ech - o thun - ders D.C.



Out of the air - y floats Pours a bright cas - cade of notes,
Leads to the way of mirth, Driv - ing shad - ows from the (Omit) earth.



grum! And the fife and flute Are nev - er mute On a fes - tal (Omit) hol - i - day.

* The two sections should learn their music separately, the bugle motive must always be subordi - nated to the prime melody.

JAMES F. CALDWELL

Allegro grazioso ♩ = 100

Allegro grazioso ♩ = 100

{ Out from the . shores . we strike . With
Swim - ming wher - e'er . . we like . . Thro'

grace - ful . sweep, —
(*Omit*) wa - ters deep.

The Woodsman

VINCENT D'INDY

Moderato ♩. = 58

[illegible]

1. The good brown earth shall be my bed, (Ho, for the fra-grant pine-bough!)
2. The spic - y wind shall weave a dream (Ho, for the fra-grant pine-bough!)

Naught but star - light o - ver my head, Crick-ets for ser - e - nade.
Near my side a sil - ver - y stream Loi-ter-ing thro' the glade.

The Weather-Vane

GERALD STANLEY

Allegro ♩ = 144

- | | | | | | |
|----|---|-------------------|---------------------|----|---|
| 1. | { | North winds blow, | Look for snow ! | So | says the weath - er - vane. |
| | | East winds roar, | Rain will pour ! | So | says the (<i>Omit . .</i>) weath - er - vane. |
| 2. | { | West wind's here, | Skies will clear ! | So | says the weath - er - vane. |
| | | South winds blow, | Flow'rs will grow ! | So | says the (<i>Omit . .</i>) weath - er - vane. |

(Each time) Winds blow, winds blow,

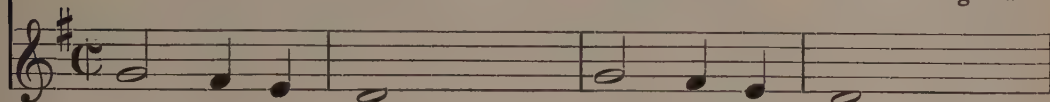
Rovers

PAUL LEROUX

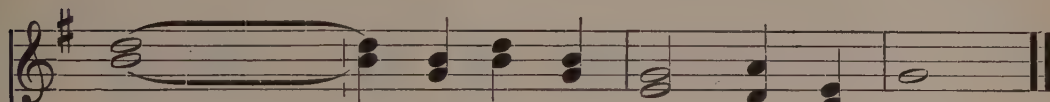
GERALD STANLEY

Moderato ♩ = 72

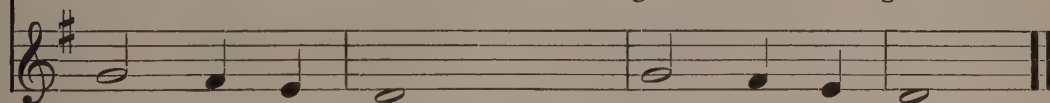
Strong we ply the oar; A - cross the
There with - in the shade Our song shall



Pull on the oar, Pull on the oar,
Skim o'er the lake, Skim o'er the lake;



lake There lies a cool, wood - ed shore.
wake And e - cho glad thro' the glade.

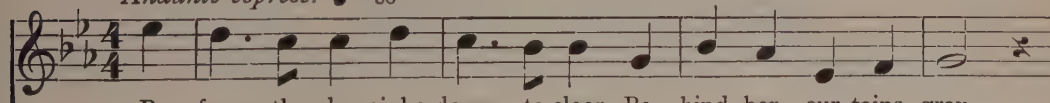


Steer for the shore, Steer for the shore.
Mu - sic will wake, Mu - sic will wake.

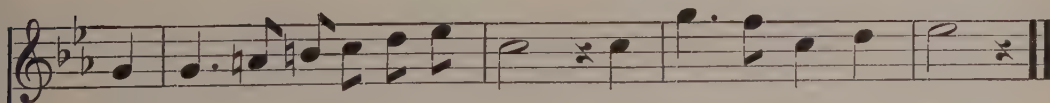
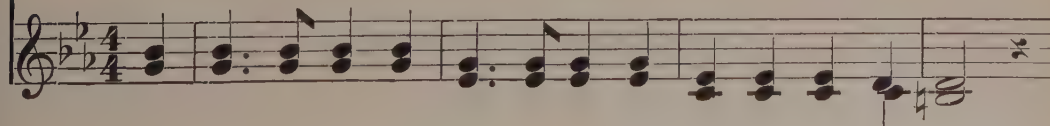
The Beacon

HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS

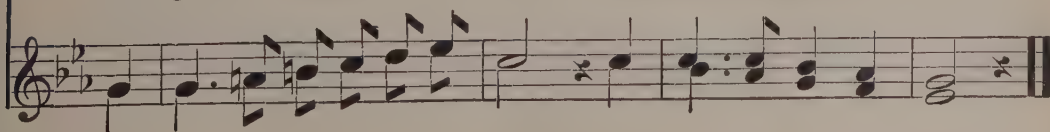
TERENCE DARRELL

Andante espress. ♩ = 88

Be - fore the day sinks down to sleep Be - hind her cur - tains gray,



She lights a can - dle in the sky To show the night the way.



The Apple Tree

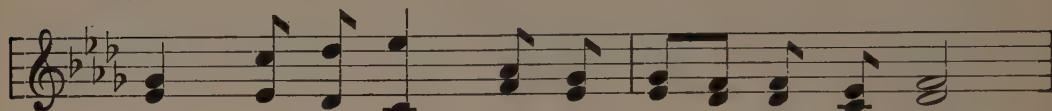
From the Norwegian of
BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON* by H. W. L.

HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS

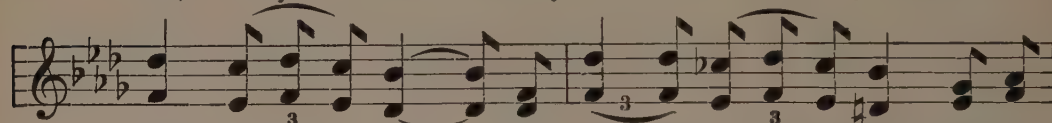
Moderato espressivo ♩ = 76



1. The leaf - buds of A - pril showed green thro' the brown; "Let me
2. The flow'rs woke to beau - ty in May's gold - en light; "Shall I
3. The tree bore its fruit - age, Ju - ly . kept her vow; Said a



touch them, I pray," said the frost, . steal - ing down;
waft them a - way?" said the wind . in the night;
maid, "May I feast on your ripe . boun - ty, now?"



"Nay, leave them to grow . Till fra - grant blos - soms un - fold!" Cried the
"Nay, spare them for fruit, . Ju - ly her har - vest shall reap!" Spoke the
"Share, maid - en, my gold, . 'Tis free for all who may pass!" Sang the



tree, as it trembled for fear, . for fear . . of the cold. .
tree, while its leaf - lets all sighed, all sighed . in their sleep. .
tree, as its branches hung low, . . hung low . . o'er the grass. .

* Pronounced: Be-örn-stē-er'-ne Be-yörn'-son.

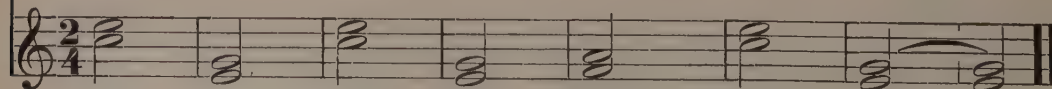
The Hawker

Moderato ♩ = 66

† Old London Street Cry



1. Wa - ter-cess-es! Wa - ter-cess-es! Buy my nice wa - ter-cess-es! . .
2. Fresh horse-rad-ish! Fresh horse-rad-ish! Buy my nice fresh horse-rad-ish! . .



Who'll buy? Who'll buy? Buy! Who'll buy? . . .

† It was an old London custom for pedlers (hawkers) to walk the streets crying their wares.

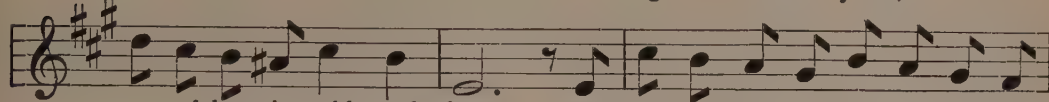
The Real New Year

RALPH SUYDAM

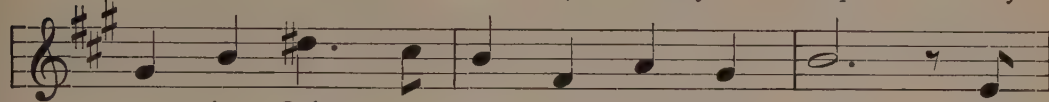
STANISLAO GALLO

Allegro ♩ = 120

1. The New Year al - ways comes a - round in snow - time When
 2. If Na - ture had the christ - en - ing of new years, The



out-of-doors is cold and drear; And so 'twould seem that really there is
 cal-en-dar could be mis-laid; (It real-ly is com-par-a-tive-ly



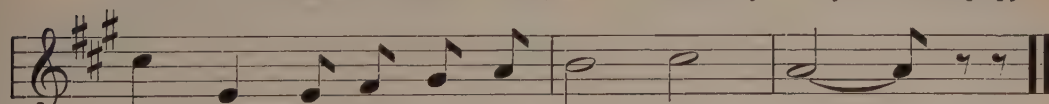
no time Quite so poor to start a year. If
 few years Since that book of dates was made.) The



on - ly we could wait un - til the spring - time, When
 dy - ing Year could leave us on a gray day, But



all the world is bright with song, . The wing - time, . The fair - y
 when the air was warm and clear, — Each May - Day — That hap - py

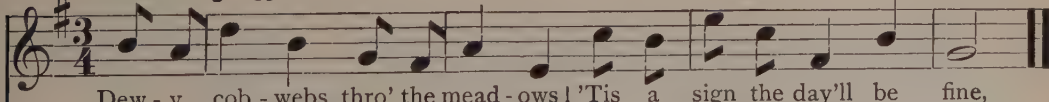


ring - time, . When gold - en days are long! . .
 play - day, . Would start a glad New Year! . .

Prophets

EMILY LOWELL

SEUMAS O'FARRELL

Moderato ♩ = 80

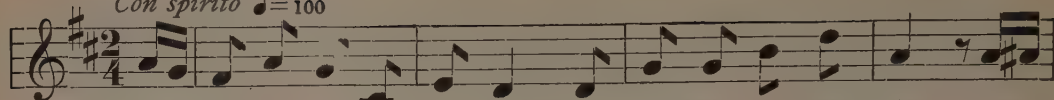
Dew - y cob - webs thro' the mead - ows! 'Tis a sign the day'll be fine,
 For the spi - ders can fore - tell things, When they spin, the sun will shine.



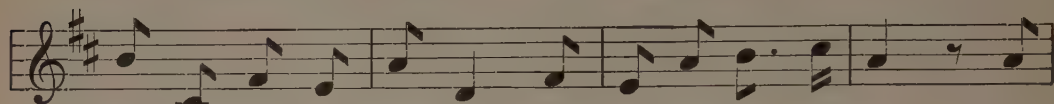
Laughter

DAVID STEVENS

VIKTOR PARMA

Con spirito ♩ = 100

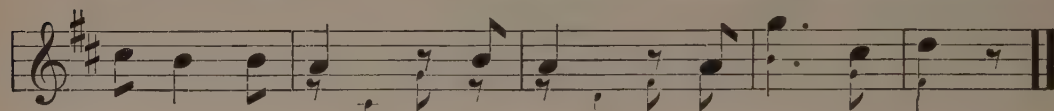
1. There's laugh-ter in the sun-shine, There's laugh-ter in the rain, The
 2. If . . you would be com-pan-ion To earth and sun and sky, To



mead-ows laugh when spring-time Brings dai-sies in her train; The
 all the joy-ous crea-tures That walk and run and fly, To



brook-let chuc-kles gai-ly, And tum-bles down the hill, To join in rip-pling
 brook and roll-ing riv-er, To mead-ow, heath and wood, Then you must laugh as

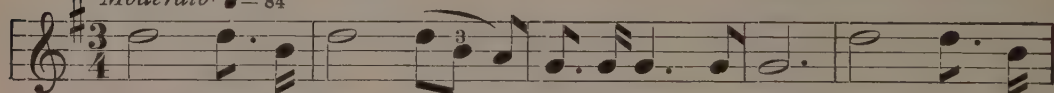


laugh-ter, The wheel, (O ho!) the wheel, (O ho!) that turns the mill.
 they laugh, Be-cause, (O ho!) be-cause, (O ho!) the world is good!

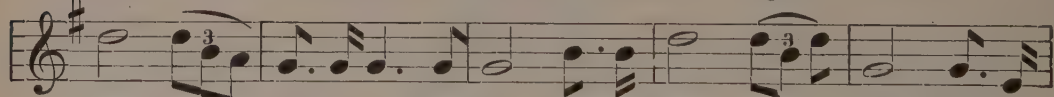
The Approach of the Storm*

English by FRANCES DENSMORE

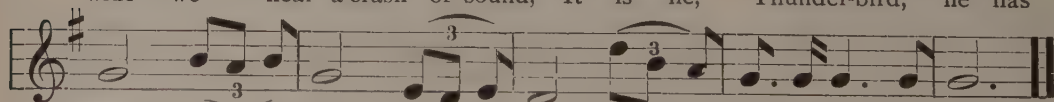
Chippewa Indian Song

Moderato ♩ = 84

1. Hark, from the half of the sky is heard a sound, Now I will
 2. Lo! Thun-der bird! thou who liv-eth in the sky, See, I have
 3. Now in the cloud we can see a flash of light, Far, far and



lay to - bac-co on the fire, Now the great Man-i - do makes a
 laid to - bac-co on the fire, Let the smoke rise to thee in the
 wide we hear a crash of sound, It is he, Thunder-bird, he has



sign warn-ing me of the storm; Thanks to thee, O Ma - ni - do.
 sky where thy voice now is heard; Thanks to thee, O Ma - ni - do.
 come in the might of the storm, Yet he keep-eth us from harm.

* From Indian Action Songs by Frances Densmore. C. C. Birchard & Co.

When the North Wind Blows

STEPHEN FAY

LOUIS ADOLPHE COERNE

Allegro moderato ♩ = 138

1. When the wind from the north with a might - y roar Comes a -
 2. If the latch and the lock are a good stout pair, He will
 3. But the best he can do, if the chim - ney's sound, Is to

round in the night to your cot - tage door, He
 fly to the roof and the chim - ney there, And
 puff and to blow all the ash - es round; He

cries; ho! ho! And tries, ho! ho! The latch and lock With
 moan: hoo! hoo! And groan: hoo! hoo! And try his best To
 cries: ho! ho! And flies, ho! ho! And you are glad, While

cries and tries The latch and . .
 moans and groans To break your . .
 cries and flies, You know he's . .

bois - t'rous knock And man - y a loud ho! ho!
 break your rest, With man - y a weird hoo! hoo!
 he is mad, In spite of his loud ho! ho!

lock, And . . cries a loud ho! ho! ho! ho!
 rest, And . . moans a weird hoo! hoo! hoo! hoo!
 mad, For . . all his loud ho! ho! ho! ho!

St. Paul's Steeple

Traditional

Old Chime Peal

Tempo giusto ♩ = 66 (Count two in a measure)

On St. Paul's stee-ple stands a tree, As full of ap-ples as can be;

Ding - dong! Ding - dong!

The lit - tle boys of Lon-don Town, They run with hooks to pull them down;

Ding - dong! Ding - dong!

And then they run from hedge to hedge, Un - til they come to Lon - don Bridge.

Ding - dong! Ding-dong! Ding - dong!

The Hopak

MARIAN GREY

MODEST MOUSSORGSKY
(abridged)*Con spirito* ♩ = 100

1. Hoil 'tis the swift Ho - pak; Let us trip it there and back.
2. Come join the gay Ho - pak! Nim - ble part - ner none may lack,

Brisk the meas - ure, . who could spurn it? Gold - en youth has
Man - y tunes, no . . doubt are . sweet - er, Mu - sic oft . . has

time to learn it; Whirl it, twirl it, turn it! Hoil Hoil
grace com - plet - er, None we'd trip to fleet - er! Hoil Hoil

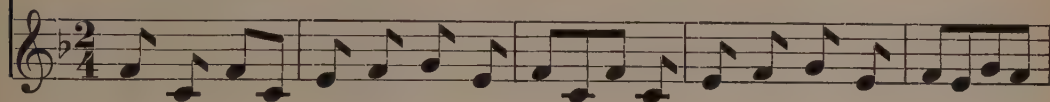
The Whispering Stream

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

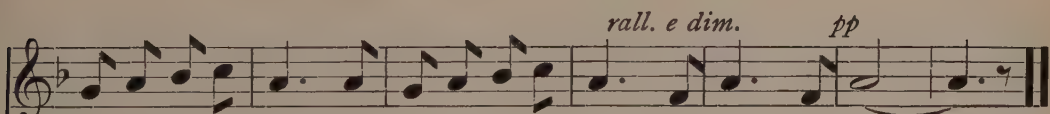
WALTER F. SCOLLARD

p Andantino ♩ = 112

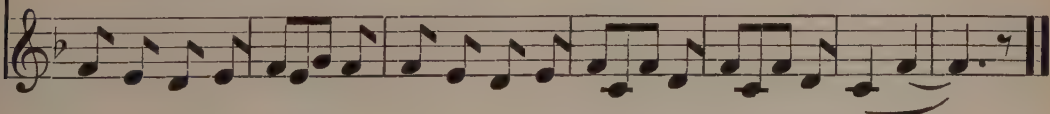
All the long Au-gust aft-er-noon, The lit-tle drow-sy stream



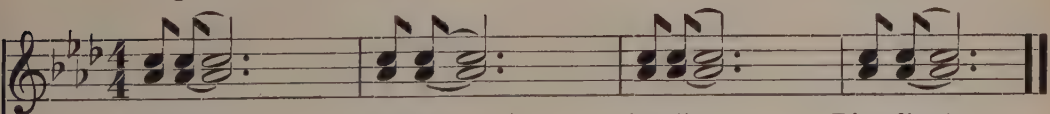
Whis-pered a mel-an-chol-y tune, As if it dreamed of June, As



if it dreamed of June, And whispered in its dream, its dream, its dream.



Eight Bells*

Allegro moderato ♩ = 126TERENCE DARRELL
(In Chantey style)

Ding,ding!

Ding,ding!

Ding,ding!

Ding,ding!

(Boatswain)

Eight bells! Lively, star-board watch! Hustle out, my sleep-ing beau-ties!



* A ship's bell sounds two taps for each hour of the watch, and one tap for the half hour. "Eight bells" is eight, twelve and four o'clock.

After Sunset

GEORGE W. PENNINGTON

HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS

(Soprano Melody)

Lento ♩ = 52*pp**Glow - ing
mp Ghost-like,*

Ah, ah, ah, Ah,
mp (Alto melody) Ah,

1. Fair - est clouds of pur - ple hue are sail - ing,
2. Clear and soft the vil - lage bells are peal - ing,

where the sun - set fires are fail - ing, Far, re - mote,
slow, the shades of night are steal - ing, Gone the sun,

. . . ah, sweet hour! *mf* Ah, . . . 'Mid wood-land
. . . ah, sweet hour! *mp* Ah, . . . The stars ap -

Hark the note!
Day is done,

Ah,
Ah,

rall.

peace, . . So loth to cease! . . Ah, sweet, sweet hour!
pear, . . The moon is here. . . *rall.*

(Alto melody)

Ah, Ah, From love - lorn thrush's throat.
Ah, Ah, The tran - quil night be - gun.

The Shepherd's Pipe

L. VAN BEETHOVEN

In the Pastoral Symphony

Allegretto ♩ = 92

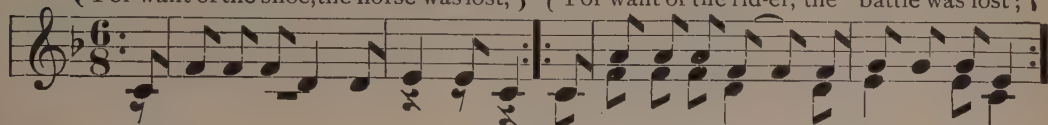
Consequences

Old Rhyme

Allegretto

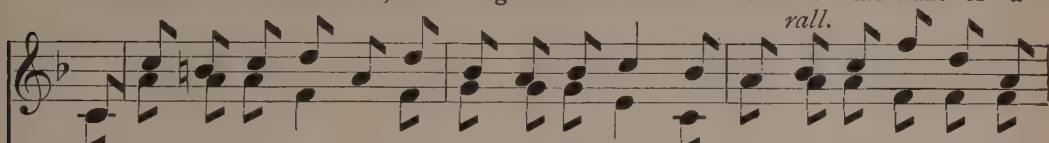
HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS

{ For want of a nail, the shoe was lost; } { For want of the horse, the rider was lost; }
 { For want of the shoe, the horse was lost; } { For want of the rider, the battle was lost; }



{ For want of a nail the shoe was lost; }
 { For want of the shoe the horse was lost; }

For want of the bat-tle, the King-dom was lost And all from the want of a

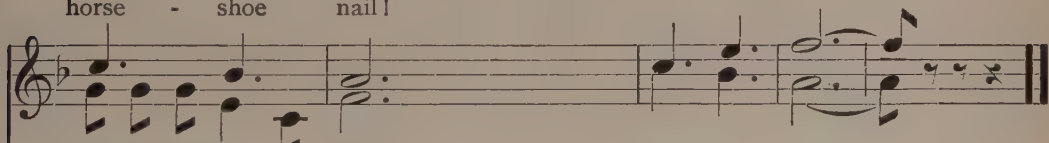


For want of the horse, the rider was lost; For want of the rider the



For want of a nail, the shoe was lost; For want of the shoe, the

horse - shoe nail!



bat-tle was lost. A nail!

horse-shoe nail! . .



horse was lost; And all from the want of a horse-shoe nail! .

Yuletide

English by MARIAN GREY (Round in 2, 3 or 4 parts)

French Carol

I *Andante*

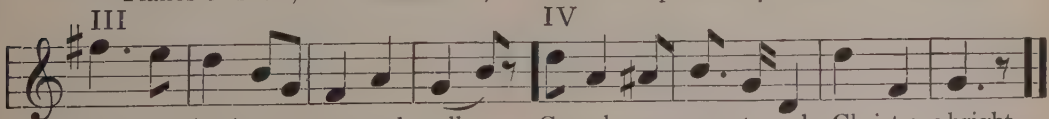
II

Revised



Flakes of snow, like feathers fall,

Roof and porch they thatch . in white.



Join the *waits, then one and all Car-ol a song to make Christmas bright.

* Waits: persons who, in ancient times, sang carols through the streets on Christmas eve. The custom is being revived in some sections of this country.

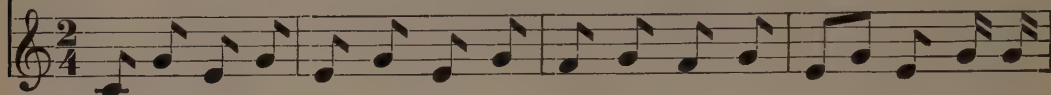
The Clock

DAVID STEVENS

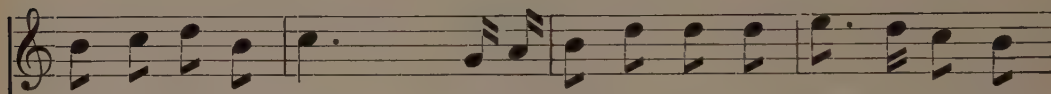
HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS

Allegretto ♩ = 144

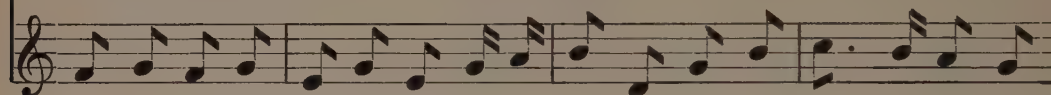
(In strict time throughout) 1. There was a man, there was a clock, It was a
2. For thir - ty years he wound that clock, Right on the



Tick, tick-tock, tick - tock,



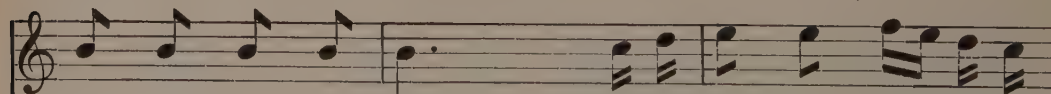
clock that went tick - tock, And he wound it ev - 'ry night, And oh! it
stroke of ten, tick - tock, And he nev - er missed a night, Al - tho' he



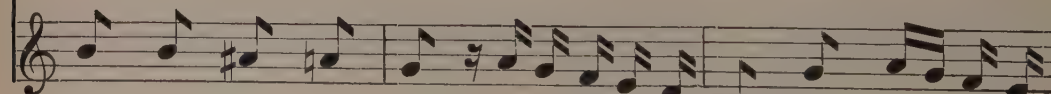
tick - tock, tick-tock,



was a stir - ring sight To . see him wind it tight, To .
some-times wished he might. But . dread - ful to re - cite, He .



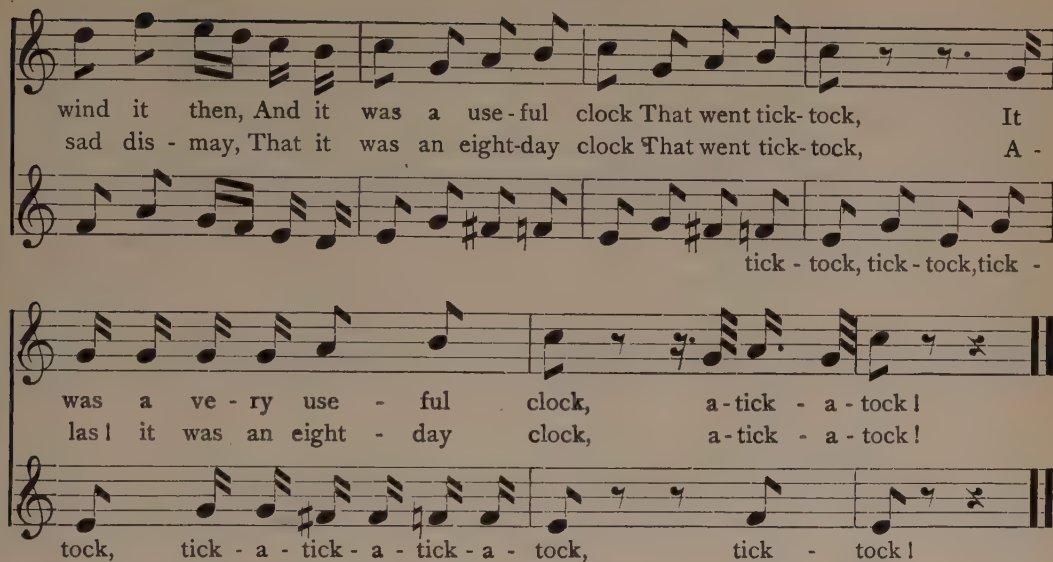
keep it go - ing right, When the clock struck ten, He would
was dumb - found - ed quite, When he learned one day, To his



right, exactly, When the clock struck ten,
quite, they tell us, When he learned one day,

The Clock

103



wind it then, And it was a use-ful clock That went tick-tock, It
sad dis-may, That it was an eight-day clock That went tick-tock, A -
tick - tock, tick - tock, tick -
was a ve-ry use-ful clock, a-tick - a-tock!
las! it was an eight-day clock, a-tick - a-tock!
tock, tick - a - tick - a - tick - a - tock, tick - tock!

Flower Ghosts*

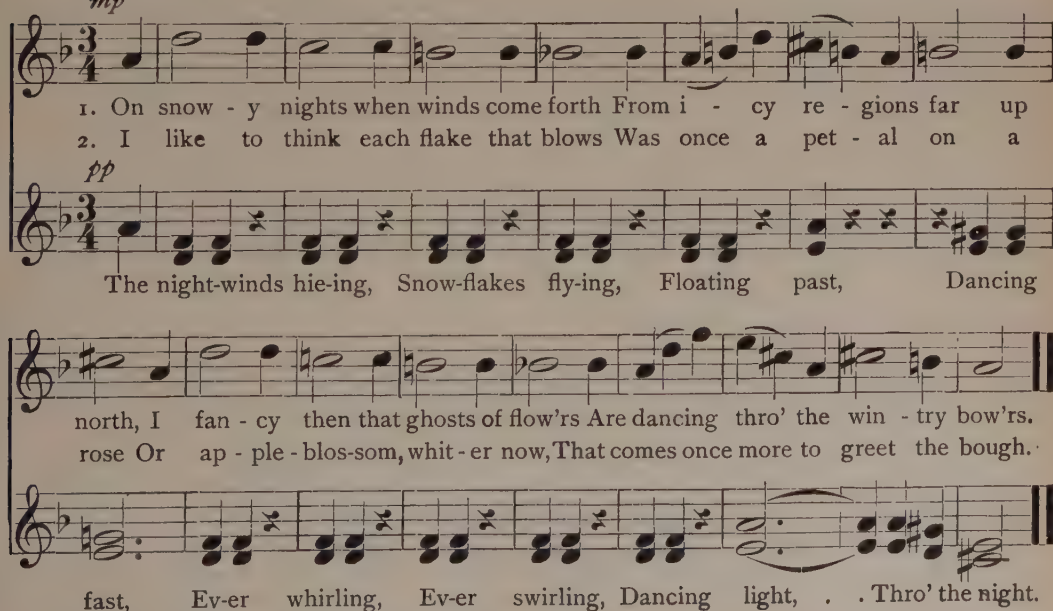
PAUL LEROUX

Allegro alla Valse ♩. = 63

mp

CAMILLE SAINT-SÆNS

In Danse Macabre



1. On snow-y nights when winds come forth From i-cy re-gions far up
2. I like to think each flake that blows Was once a pet-al on a
pp
The night-winds hie-ing, Snow-flakes fly-ing, Floating past, Dancing
north, I fan-cy then that ghosts of flow'rs Are dancing thro' the win-try bow'rs.
rose Or ap-ple-blos-som, whit-er now, That comes once more to greet the bough.
fast, Ev-er whirling, Ev-er swirling, Dancing light, . . Thro' the night.

* This tune begins in D minor and ends in A major.

The Birch Tree

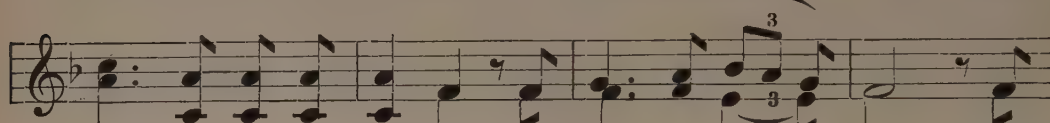
MAURICE TALBOT

(Arbor Day Song)

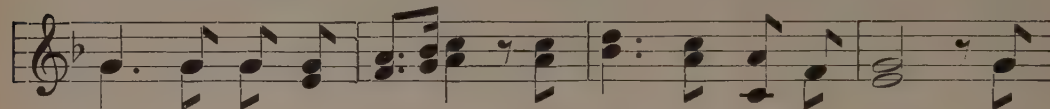
FRANZ SCHUBERT

Moderato ♩ = 84

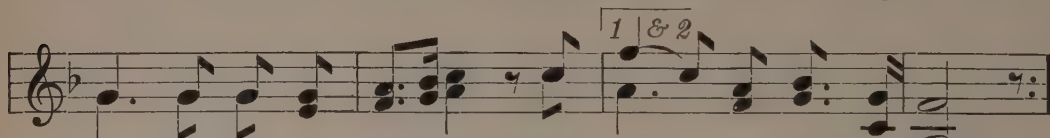
1. The birch - en trees are clus - ter'd All green and sil - v'ry white, A
 2. Be - neath the dap - pled shad - ows That flick - er here and there, A
 3. No scene of sum - mer beau - ty But grows more love - ly still When



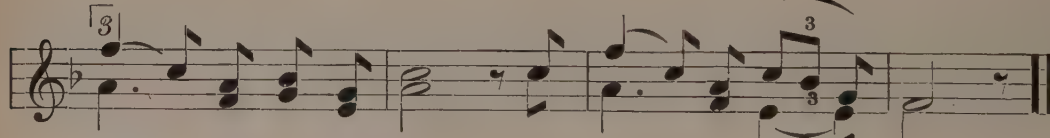
cool and leaf - y bow - er, A place of rare de - light. They
 child may dream of fair - ies And cas - tles in the air. And
 set with gleam - ing birch - es On wood - land road and hill. And



bend to all the zeph - yrs That whis - per sweet and low, And
 when the spell is bro - ken, And gone the el - fin band, The
 when, on winds of win - ter, Their leaves have tak - en flight, A -



what the breez - es tell them, The trees a - lone may know.
 dream - er 'neath the birch - es Is still in fair - y - land.
 mid the snow - y si - lence, They (Omit)

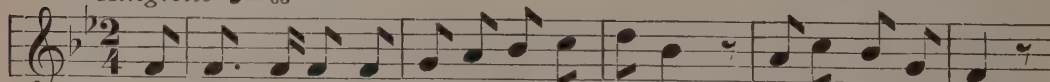


stand all pure and white, They stand all pure and white.

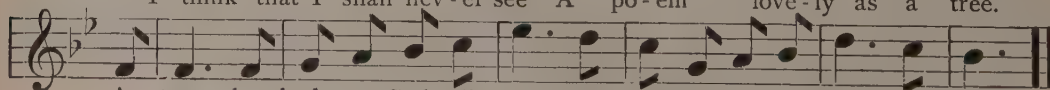
Trees

JOYCE KILMER (abridged)

HENDRYK SCHUYLER

Allegretto ♩ = 63

I think that I shall nev - er see A po - em love - ly as a tree.



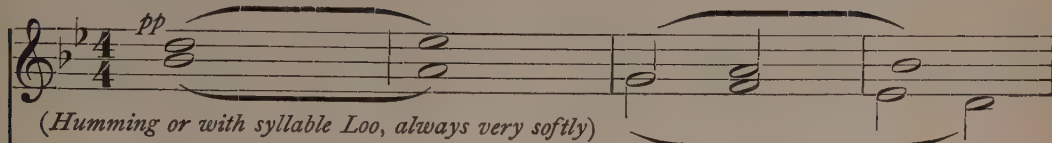
A tree that looks at God all day, And lifts her leaf - y arms to pray.

Kindness to Animals

HAROLD V. BROMLEY

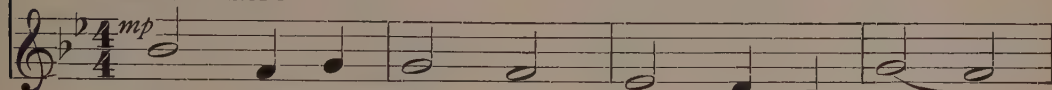
ASA T. HUNT

Andante ♩ = 66

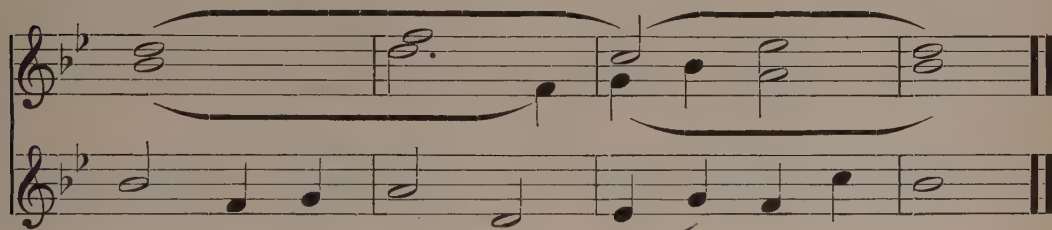


(Humming or with syllable Loo, always very softly)

ALTO MELODY



1. Show trust - ing beasts but kind - ness and love, . .
2. Birds bring us mu - sic, beau - ty and cheer, . .
3. Do as you may, your dog is your friend ; .



Thus learn a pre - cept taught from a - bove.
 Ne'er by your ac - tions cause them to fear.
 His love is faith - ful un - to the end.

Mushrooms

PAUL LEROUX

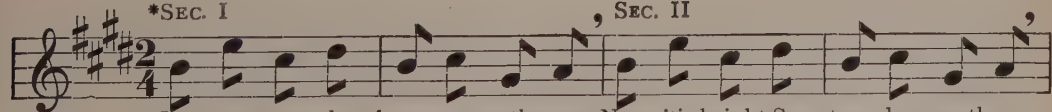
MODEST MOUSSORGSKY

Vivace ♩ = 104

(abridged)

* SEC. I

, SEC. II

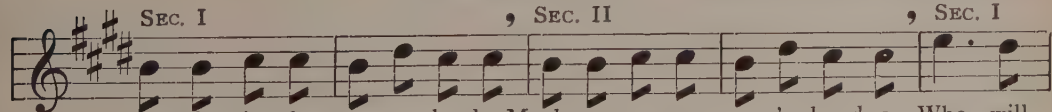


1. Let us rove the lanes to - geth - er, Now 'tis bright Sep - tem - ber weath - er.
2. Yes - ter - eve not one was grow - ing, Now a thous - and heads are show - ing.

SEC. I

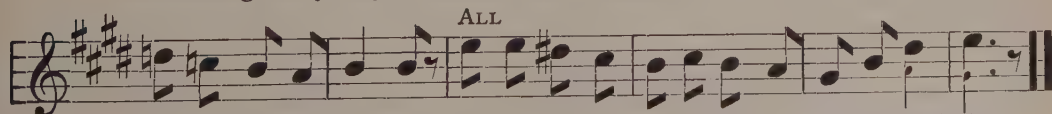
, SEC. II

, SEC. I



Yon - der in the pas - ture land, o, Mushrooms grow on ev - 'ry hand, o. Who will
 Mushrooms grow by mag - ic spell, o, Here's enough for ev - 'ry fel - low, Don't you

ALL



find the largest mushroom? Sure - ly all will try To have a bas - ket piled high.
 dare to pick a red one! All you have to know Is where the poison ones grow.

* Sections I and II alternate, at each comma, both singing the last four measures.

Bobby Shafto

Mother Goose

Traditional Tune

Moderato ♩ = 88 (Two beats to a measure)

Harmonized by GEORGE Y. HUME

1. Bob - by Shaf - to's gone to sea, Sil - ver buck - les on his knee;
 2. Bob - by Shaf - to's young and fair, Wav - y is his gold - en hair;

pp

Come home! Come back home!

He'll come back and mar - ry me, . Dear Bob - by Shaf - to!
 He's my love for - ev - er - more, Dear Bob - by Shaf - to!

OLIVER ORDEN

Reflections

CHARLES HARVEY

Moderato ♩ = 72

Snow - y clouds, bright a - gleam, Float on!
 White clouds, *pp* Float on!

White clouds, See them - selves in the stream,

Thrush - es call . in the glen, Sing on!
 Birds call; Sing on!

Birds call, Ech - o sings their song a - gain.

Waiting

GEO. W. PENNINGTON

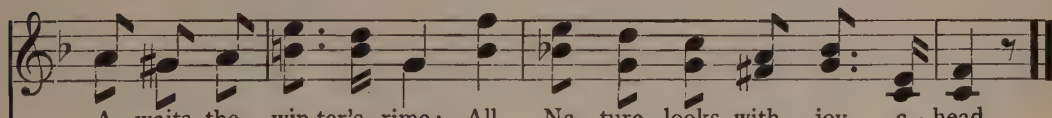
JAMES F. CALDWELL

Andante ♩ = 54

1. The win - ter, spring a-waits, The spring-time, June a-waits, Yet
 2. The night for morn - ing waits, Bright morn the noon a-waits, And



soon the sum - mer flowr's lie dead; Tho' crim - son au - tumn-time
 soon the stars their vi - gils keep; The sun must hide his face,



A - waits the win - ter's rime; All Na - ture looks with joy a - head.
 And yield the moon his place, While all the world a - waits in sleep.



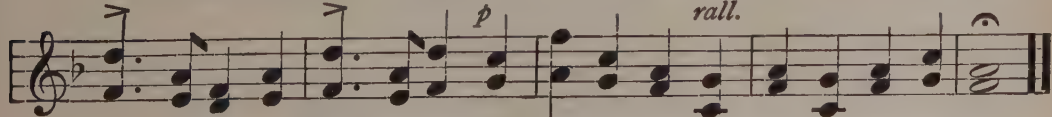
The First Green

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

FRANK EDWARDS

Allegro moderato ♩ = 132

Snows were melt - ing down the vale And Earth un-laced her i - cy mail, And
 March his storm-y trum - pet blew; And ten-dergreen came peep - ing, peep - ing thro'.



March his storm-y trum - pet blew; And ten-dergreen came peep - ing, peep - ing thro'.

A Night Voyage

KATHARINE WHITMORE
Grazioso ♩. = 63

(Barcarolle)

Bahama Folk Tune
Arr. by ASA T. HUNT

1. A - float, . . a - float . . We glide in a slum - ber boat, . . Wher -
2. A - drift, . . a - drift, . . But shades of the night will lift, . . When

A - float, . . a - float, We sail, . .
A - drift, . . a - drift, At morn, . .

ev - er we sail, Fair dreams we'll find, And leave the day be - hind. . .
dawn is a - wake, Our jour - ney o'er, We greet the day once more. . .

. we sail,
. at morn

Two Precepts

WILTON PERKINS

Italian Melody
Counterpoint by WALTER F. SCOLLARD

Moderato ♩ = 152

1. { Here's a lit - tle line to keep in mind day by day:
"Where there is a will, there's al - ways a (Omit) way."
2. { Here's an - oth - er line, that some may think bet - ter still:
Say it ev - 'ry day: "I can and I (Omit) will!"

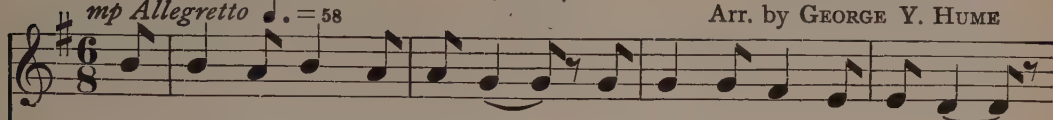
1. { Here's a line to keep in mind day by day:
"Where there is a will, there's a (Omit) way."
2. { Al - so this, that some may think bet - ter still;
Al - ways say: "I can and I (Omit) will!"

Hail and Farewell

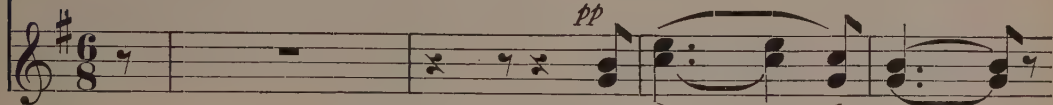
GEORGE W. PENNINGTON
mp Allegretto ♩. = 58

(Aloha)*

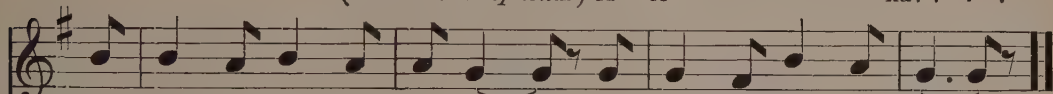
Hawaiian Folk Tune
Arr. by GEORGE Y. HUME



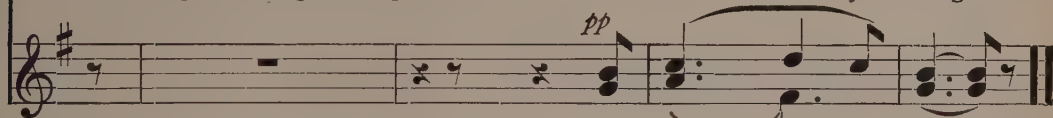
1. The blue Pa - cif - ic O - cean . In con - stant ca - denced mo - tion,
2. The men and maid - ens danc - ing . . Up - on that strand en - tranc - ing,



(Lower voices optional) A - lo - - - ha! . . .



To shores of fair Ha - wa - ii . . Its joy - ful greet - ing brings.
All sing a song of pleas - ure . . That soars on fan - cy's wings.



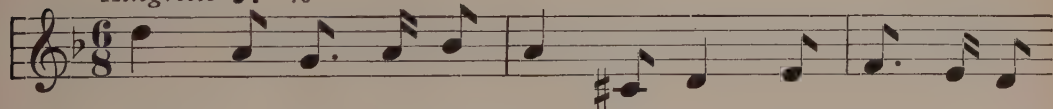
A - lo - - - ha! .

* In the Hawaiian language, a word of greeting and farewell.

Evolution

BERTHA REMICK
Allegretto ♩. = 76

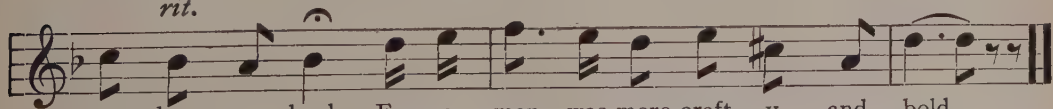
BERTHA REMICK



1. Hey! O wolf of the long a - go Who lurked in the
2. Hey! O man of the long a - go, That spir - it was
*3. Hey! Good dog of the hearth and home, You're faith - ful in



wil - der - ness old! . . You were king of your pack Un - til
tamed in the end, . . And the wolf - na - ture changed As the
sor - row or joy, . . You are read - y each day To do
rit.



man drove you back, For a man was more craft - y and bold. .
cen - tu - ries ranged, Till a dog, he be - came your best friend.
work or to play, Hap - py com - rade of girl and of boy!

* Sing the 3d stanza in D major, signature of two sharps.

The Mill

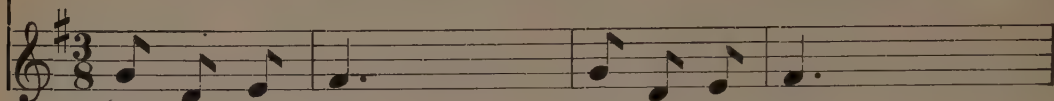
KATHARINE WHITMORE

HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS

Allegro ♩. = 132

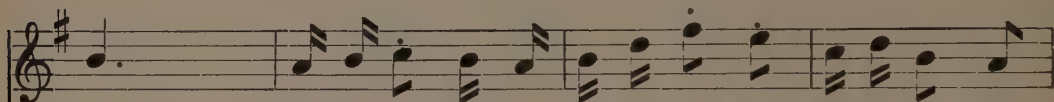
1. Bus-y hands at the work
D.C. 3. Mer-ry minds for the task

Nev-er cease, nev-er
Bring the skill we would



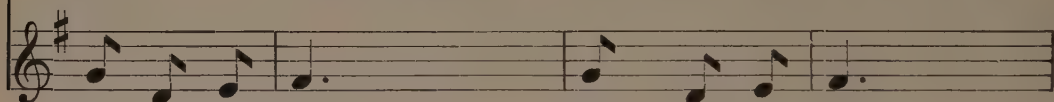
1. Weav-ing the wool
D.C. 3. Here, row on, row,

Deft shut-tles pull,
Use-ful things grow;



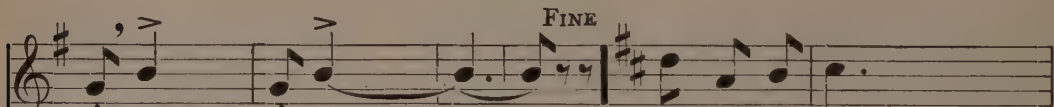
shirk;
ask;

Pat-terns bright o'er the loom ad-vance While shut-tles nim-bly
La-bor's fruit like a har-vest grows, Un-til the whis-tle



Forth and then back,
Time as it flies

Tuned with click-clack.
Leaves a fair prize.



dance. Ah,
blows. Ah,

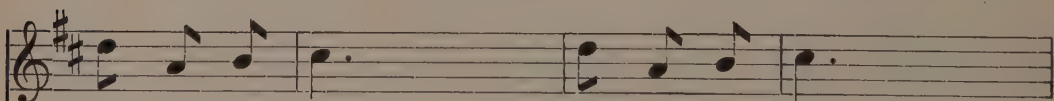
sing ho!
sing ho!

Wheels turn-ing round



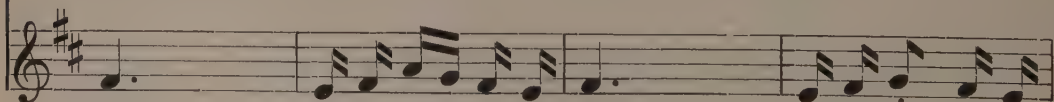
Toil with a will At the mill!

Mer-ry maids at the



Scarce make a sound;

Fin-gers of steel



play*

Find a-chieve-ment a joy.

Smil-ing on thro'the

* Used here as occupation

D.C.

Spin from the reel. Toil, with a will At the mill! .

bu-sy day, They make of work a play. Ah, sing, ho!

Swiss Cattle Call

DON MAITLAND

Moderato ♩. = 60

*Ranz des Vaches**
(abridged)

{ What mag - ic mu - sic the herd-boys a - wake! Hark to their horns,
A - cross the pas - ture and o - ver the lake, Hark to their horns,

pp *mf* *p*

Ech - o - ing horns! Far o'er the dale and the up - land, As

pp

sweet as the si-lence they break, . As sweet as the si-lence they break. .

* *Alpine Herdsmen's music.*

The Tides

HAROLD V. BROMLEY

Allegretto alla barcarola ♩. = 60

Basque Folk Tune

Arr. H. V. B.

Tides ebb, tides flow. . . . *FINE*

Day and night, ris - ing and fall - ing, O - cean tides nev - er are still;
D.C. Sun and moon, si - lent - ly call - ing, Move the seas un - to their will.

Ad - vanc - ing, re - ced - ing, *D.C.*

Skies a - calm, or hur - ri - cane brawl - ing, Year on year their course they ful - fil;

Spring's Apology

HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS

(Canon)

ARTHUR EDWARD JOHNSTONE

Allegretto ♩. = 69

mf *mp*

1. { The spring called out, "Hey - ho! . . . I fear you thought I'd
 "The woods were blocked with snow, . . . The lakes were locked, the
 2. { "To - day I heard a song, . . . By that I knew the
 "At last I'm home once more! . . . My bas - ket's filled with

mf *mp*

1. { The spring called out, "Hey - ho! . . . You
 "The woods were block'd with snow, . . . The
 2. { "To - day I heard a song, . . . The
 "At last I'm home once more, . . . With

p

nev - er come But I was forc'd to wait till win - ter-time would go. .
 brooks were dumb; Un-til they all were freed, I could not come, you know.
 birds were here, And on their wings they'd bear me back where I be - long.
 sweet o'the year; 'Twill glad the hour till June flings ro - ses at your door."

p

tho't I'd nev - er come; I had to wait till win - ter-time would go. .
 brooks were dumb; Un-til they all were freed, I could not come, you know.
 birds were here; I knew their wings would bear me back where I be - long.
 sweet o'the year; 'Twill glad the hour till June flings ros - es at your door."

A Spring Song

HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS

Allegretto moderato ♩. = 76

Now hap - pi - ness is in the air, And joy is in the blood, And

glad - ness ris - es ev - 'ry-where From val - ley and from wood. The

A Spring Song

113

swal-lows come from dis - tant lands A - cross the dy - ing snow; The
 bees a - mong the wil - low wands With dron - ing mu - sic go. Now
 spring is in the bird - ling's throats, And 'mid the waiting fields and trees There
rall. *a tempo*
 gush - es forth a gold - en stream of notes In joy - ous mel - o - dies.

Brook Music

EDITH BATTELL

B. HAROLD HAMBLIN

Allegretto ♩ = 80

pp
 1. Flow - ing, flow - ing ev - 'ry day, Wheth - er skies are blue or gray,
 2. Flow - ing, thro' the morn - ing bright, Flow - ing thro' the star - ry night,
mp (Melody)
 1. Flow, flow, flow Where the wild - flow'rs grow; The
 2. Flow, flow, flow As the sweet winds blow; The
mf
(Melody)
 Song leaps forth where the cool wa - ters play.
 Hark, that song like a heart ev - er light!
 brook - let sings a mer - ry song All day long.
 brook - let croons a dream - land song All night long.

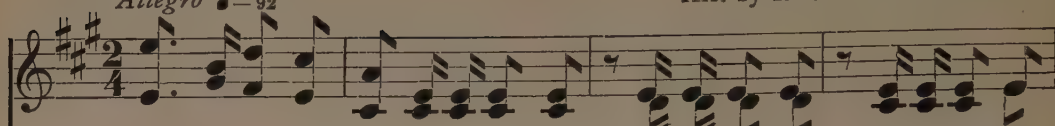
Sweet Potatoes

English by H. W. L.

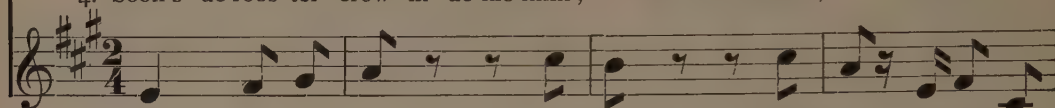
Creole Folk Tune

Allegro ♩ = 92

Arr. by HECTOR SPAULDING



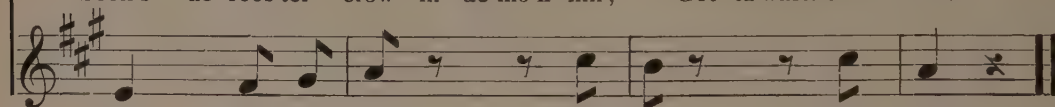
1. Soon ez we - all cook swee' pe-ta - tehs, swee' pe-ta - tehs, swee' pe-ta - tehs,
 2. Soon ez sup-peh's et, Mammy hol-lehs, Mam-my hol-lehs, Mammy hol-lehs,
 3. Soon's we tech our haid's to de peel-lo, to de peel-lo, to de peel-lo,
 4. Soon's de roos-ter crow in de mo'hnin', in de mo'hnin', in de mo'hnin',



Roo, roo, roo, roo, hoo, hoo, Sing ho - ke-dink-um!



Soon ez we - all cook swee' pe-ta - tehs, Eat em right straight up!
 Soon ez sup-peh's et, Mammy hol-lehs, "Git a-long to baid!"
 Soon's we tech our haid's to de peel-lo, Go to sleep right smart!
 Soon's de roos-ter crow in de mo'hnin', Got-ta wash our face!



Roo, roo, roo, roo, hoo, hoo, hoo, hoo!

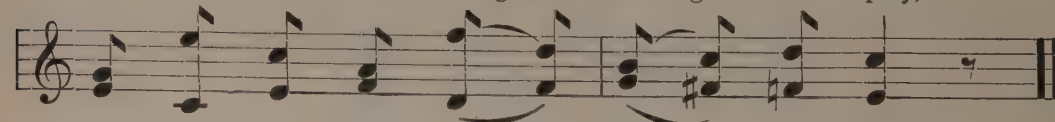
The Fountain

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

PAUL LEROUX

Allegretto ♩ = 60

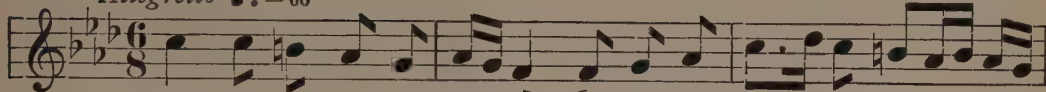
1. In - to the sun - shine, Full of the light, . . .
 2. In - to the moon - light, Whit - er than snow, . . .
 3. In - to the star - light, Rush - ing in spray, . . .



Leap - ing and flash - ing From morn . . till night!
 Wav - ing so flow - er - like, When the winds blow!
 Hap - py by mid - night, . Hap - py by day!

A Lesson from the Desert

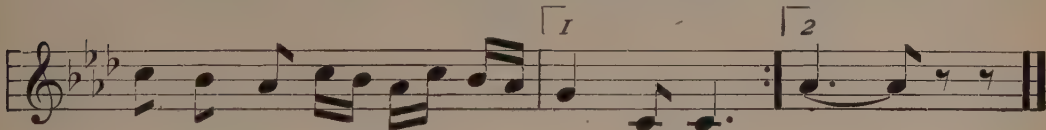
DAVID HARVEY

CÉSAR CUI
From *Orientale**Allegretto* ♩. = 60

1. { Far a - way in the des - ert With the burn - ing sky . a -
O'er the sands of Sa - ha - ra They must toil thro' burn - ing
2. { Kneel, ye faith - ful, at dawn - ing, Take the bur - den God . im -
O'er the sands of thy des - ert, With the burn - ing sky . a -



bove them, . Pa - tient cam - els a - wait their bur - dens, .
sun - light . . Till their mas - ter re - move their bur - dens, .
pos - eth, . . Bear it calm - ly with love and pa - tience, .
bove thee, . Till at night, as thou kneelst be - fore Him, .



Do - cile they kneel to be la - den. .
Thus once a - gain they will (Omit) kneel. .
God hath not lad - en thee vain - ly. . .
He will thy bur - der re - (Omit) move. .

The Three Kings

STEPHEN FAY

Provençal Folk Tune

Marziale ♩. = 112

(Round)

(Used in BIZET'S *L'Arlésienne*)

I

II



1. { Once three kings . up - on the break of day Came proud - ly
as they rode . . I marked the ar - mour bright That shone like
2. { As they came, . of cour - tiers rode a score, With pre - cious
des - ert then . . as on they took their way, There beamed a



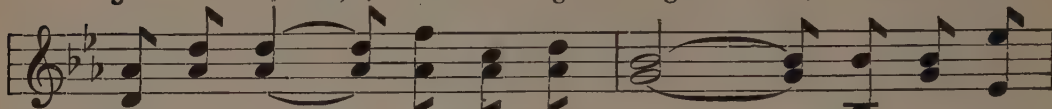
rid - ing with a train in brave ar - ray, And
sil - ver in the (Omit) ear - ly light.
of - fer - ings in gold - en store; And o'er the
star . . that was (Omit) bright as day.

The Lark

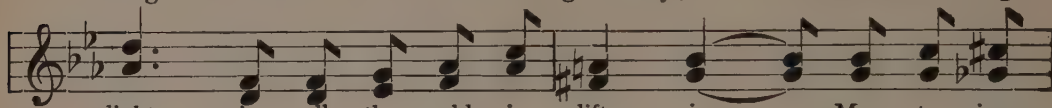
ROSAMOND BROOKS

GEORGE W. CHADWICK
arr. from four parts*Andantino* ♩ = 80

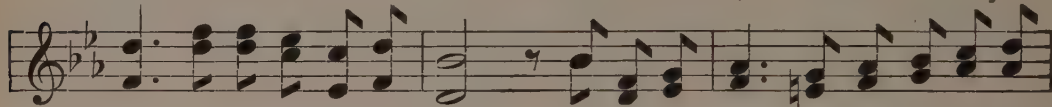
1. In mist-y gray the night is slow-ly drift-ing, . . And pale as
 2. A sud-den sound, a whirr of wings up-soar-ing, . . From mead-ow
 3. It is the lark, the mes-sen-ger of glad-ness, . . Who with his



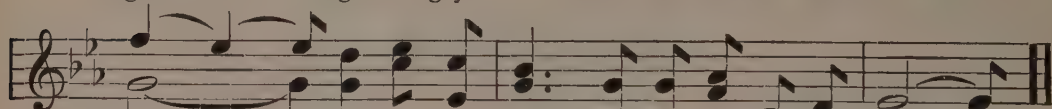
slum-b'ring thought . ap-pears the day; . . . A ten-der
 grass-es green, . to eth-er free; . . . A burst of
 song sa-lutes . the dawn-ing day; . . . Whose morn-ing



light o'er all the world is lift-ing, . . Mys-te-rious
 song in sil-ver tor-rent pour-ing, . . From heav-en
 tune was nev-er made in sad-ness, . . Whose air-y

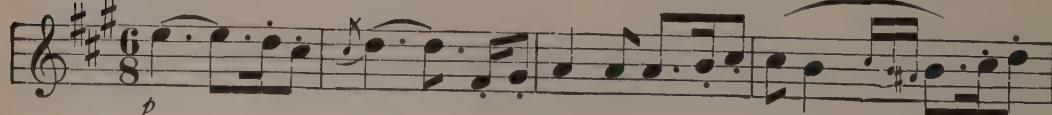


sign that dawn is on the way. A sol-lemn hush the por-tent of the
 falls, a flood of mel-o-dy. A ti-ny speck, high poised in az-ure
 flight was nev-er aught but gay. And all who hear that sil-ver flood of



hour . . . Holds land and sea with-in its mag-ic pow'r. .
 space, . . . He flies to greet the morn-ing face to face. . .
 song, . . . Will feel its joy and hope the whole day long. . .

Theme

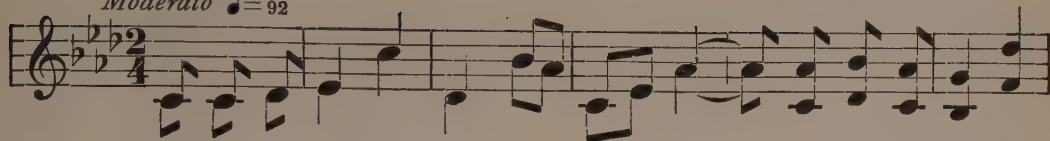
LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN
in the *Seventh Symphony**Vivace* ♩ = 104

My Boat

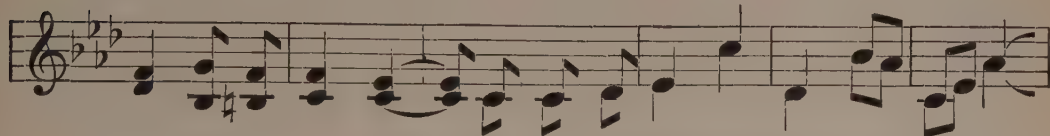
From the original

Hawaiian Folk Song

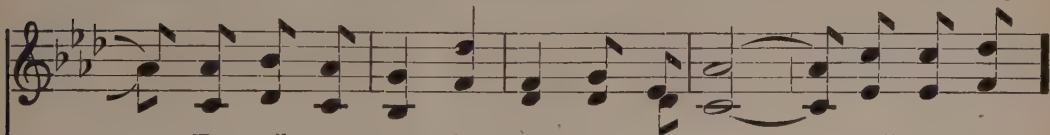
Moderato ♩ = 92



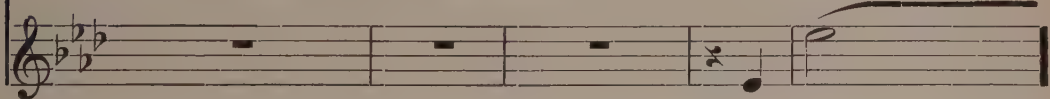
1. Up - on the shore my boat is wait - ing . To sail a - way far
2. To dis - tant lands we'll go a - sail - ing . A - cross the bright blue



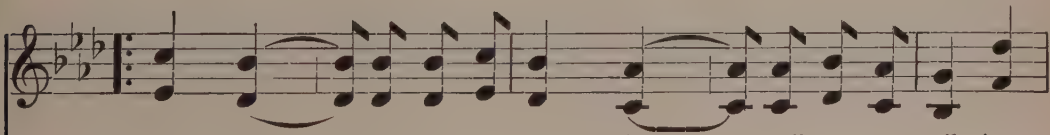
o - ver the o - cean, . With all her white wings spread she's wait - ing .
waves of the o - cean, . Then home a - gain we'll come a - sail - ing .



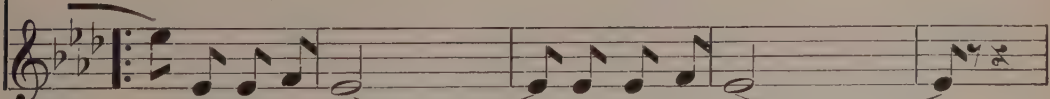
. To sail a - way far o - ver the sea. We'll go a -
. A - cross the bright blue waves of the sea. We'll go a -



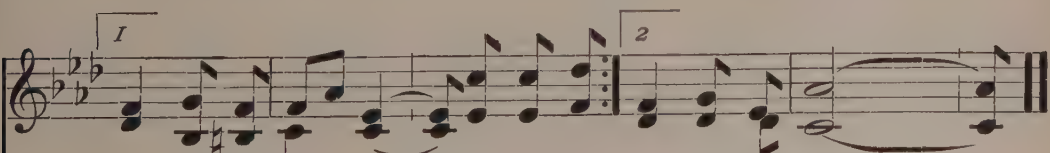
Yo ho!



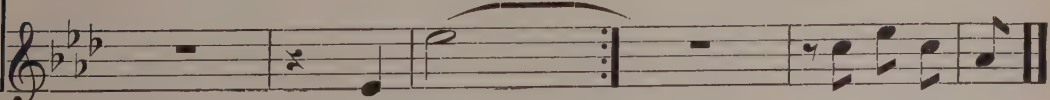
sail - ing, . . we'll go a - sail - ing, . . We'll go a - sail - ing



. We'll sail a - way, we'll sail a - way.



o - ver the o - 'cean, . We'll go a - o - ver the sea.



Yo ho! ,

Yo ho, yo ho!

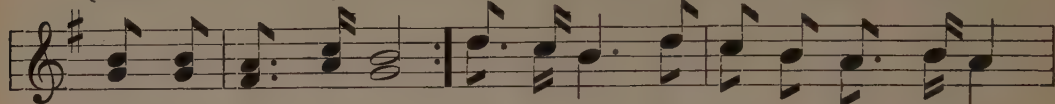
Daybreak in the Alps

ABEL HORNE

Bavarian Folk Tune

Moderato ♩ = 69

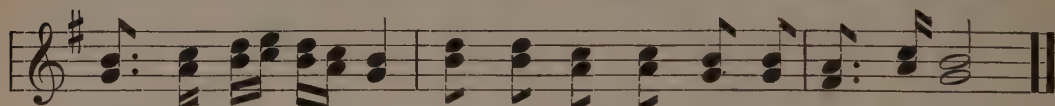
1. { See! the morn-ing light On the moun-tains height, Far a-cross the
Shad-ows swift-ly fly, Pal-er grows the sky, Snow-y peaks are
2. { Hear the mat-in bells, How their mu-sic swells! Float-ing sweet-ly
Breez-es soft-ly blow, Brook-lets mur-mur low: "Night has gone and



world its shaft has sped; Far be-low the qui-et val-ley lies,
turn-ing ros-y red. Now the herds-man's mel-low roun-de-lay
o-ver hill and plain;
day has come a-gain."



Soon to wake and rub its sleep-y eyes; Birds, in hap-py throng,
Wakes the ech-oes near and far a-way; Up the path-way steep

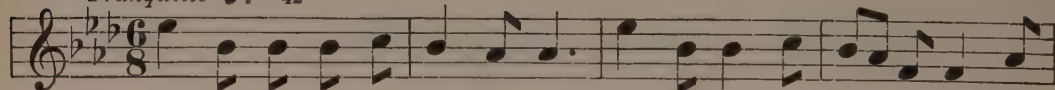


Sing a joy-ous song: "Day will soon be here, so come! a-rise!"
Come the stur-dy sheep, Bright has dawn'd an-oth-er hap-py day.

The Cradle on the Bough

HENDRYK SCHUYLER

Omaha Indian Tune

Tranquillo ♩ = 42

Stars are light-ing the sky-land now, Cra-dle hangs up-on the spic-y

*Fine**rall.**a tempo*

pine-tree bough; 'Mid murm'ring mild, O slum-ber, my child, Soon the morn-ing will

*rall.**D.C.*

smile at you, Blossoms then will o-pen their petals sweet with dew, sweet with dew.

The Magic Disc

JOHN CUTLER ALVORD

Moderato ♩ = 96

HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS

Like a
mp Still they

pp

Lis - ten, lis - ten, lis - ten, (2d Sop.) lis - ten,

1. Here in the dusk by the fire's rud-dy em - ber,
2. Far, far a - way are the voic - es that gave it,

mp

dream comes a ca - dence, low it is sigh - ing;
wake once a - gain, as larks heav'n-ward fly - ing.

(2d Sop. and Alto)

Out of dream - land, ev - er sigh - ing,

pp

Ech - oed, ech - oed, ech - oed, (2d Sop.,) ech - oed,

Sweet as the thrill of a joy we re - mem - ber
Now ev - er - more like a pearl we may save it,

mp

steals on the air a tune that we love;
spell as of moon - light shed from a - bove.

(2d Sop. and Alto)

Like a bell - tone, bell - tone soft.

Dance of the Elves

Old English (adapted)

Allegro e leggiero ♩ = 144(Adapted)
ASA T. HUNT

p

1. Rust - ling, whirl - ing sound sweeps by Like
2. Left and right, by moon's white light, Wave

(Sing as written, or whistle in high register)

f

La, fa la la, sing a der - ry, der - ry, der - ry down,

leaves on an au - tumn breeze, Tho' since
flags as the mon - arch comes; In the

La, fa la la la, with a der - ry, der - ry down!

sun - set fled, com - ing scarce a sigh To
Elf - in ring is the Elf - in King, Dom,

La, fa la la, sing a fa la la la der - ry, der - ry

stir the slum - b'ring trees. And a
dom, go Elf - in drums. With the

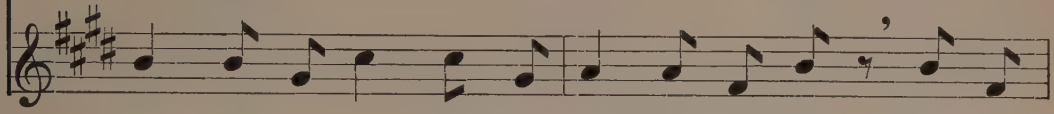
down, sing a fa la la la der - ry, der - ry down! It is

Dance of the Elves

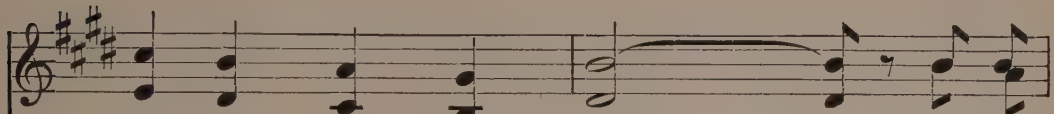
121



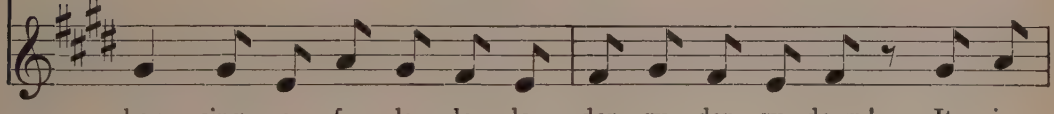
troop came forth from the moon - lit bow'r, Such a
glow - worm's gem as his di - a - dem, For this



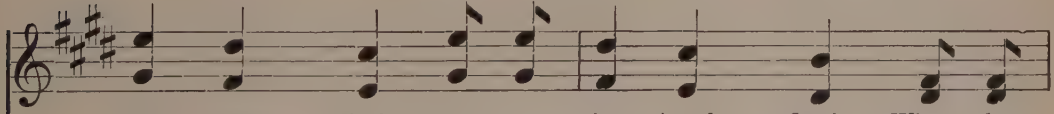
ho hil - ly ho, hil - ly ho, hil - ly ho, With a



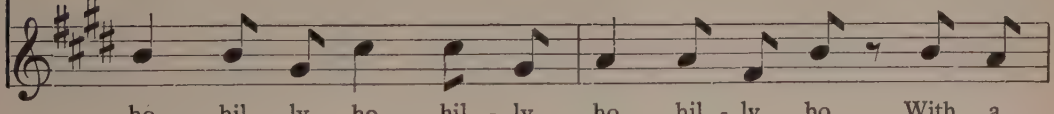
mist - like mo - tion on, That you
fes - tal pa - geant's pride, And the



hey sing a fa la la la der - ry, der - ry down! It is



may not find an - y in - jured flow'r When the
bee - tle looms thro' the haw - thorn blooms, While there's



ho hil - ly ho, hil - ly ho, hil - ly ho, With a



cour - sers' hoofs have gone.
mu - sic far and wide.

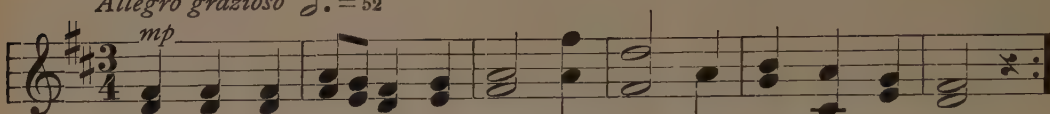


hey sing a fa la la la der - ry, der - ry down!

The Happy Shepherd

CORDELIA BROOKS FENNO

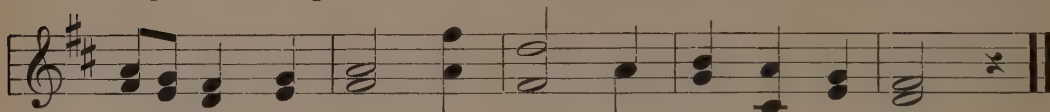
Bohemian Folk Tune

Allegro grazioso ♩. = 52

1. { High on the mountain the sheep-bells tin - kle, Two-light draws near;
 Down in the val - ley the home-lights twin - kle, Friend - ly and clear,
 2. { When love - ly hues in the east are show - ing, Pal - ing the star,
 O - ver the hill-side the winds are blow - ing, Fresh from a - far.



All the night, Sil - ver white, .
 Safe I'll keep Lambs and (Omit) sheep. Un - der the
 Ah! 'tis sweet Day to greet, .
 Up on high, Near the (Omit) sky! Then on the



moon with my flock a - round me, Hap - py I rest.
 heath - er I stand, all rap - ture, Joy in my breast!

My Treasure

DAVID HARVEY

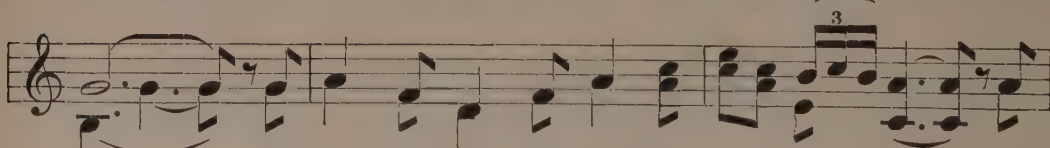
EDVARD GRIEG

Alla barcarola ♩. = 54 (Count three)

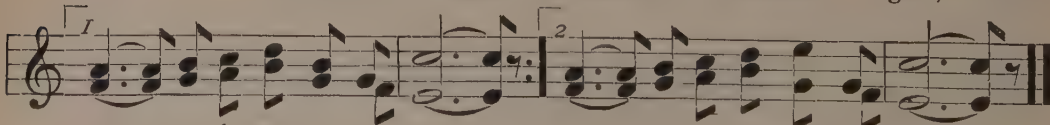
(Abridged)



1. I sail'd and I sail'd the Sev - en Seas, . To seek . for a treas-ure a -
 2. And when I had sail'd the Sev - en Seas, . And learn'd that good fortune is



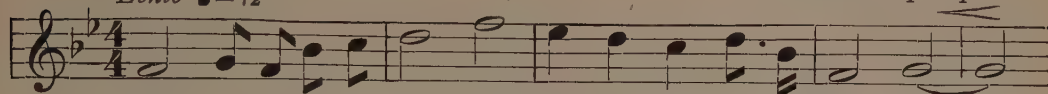
far; . . . My ship bore brave - ly on thro' storm and shine, My
 rare, . . . I trimm'd my sails and steer'd for home a - gain, And



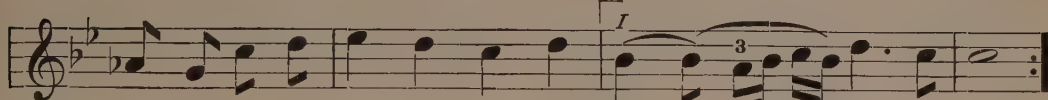
com - pass the sun or a star. . found that my treas-ure was there. .

A Night in June

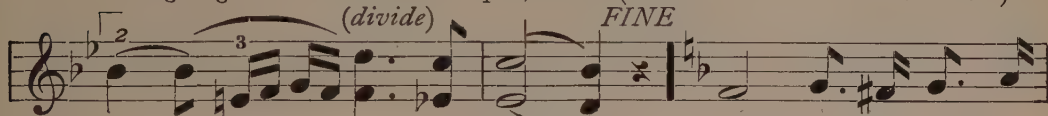
DON MAITLAND

FRÉDÉRIC CHOPIN
in *Fantasia Impromptu**Lento* ♩ = 72

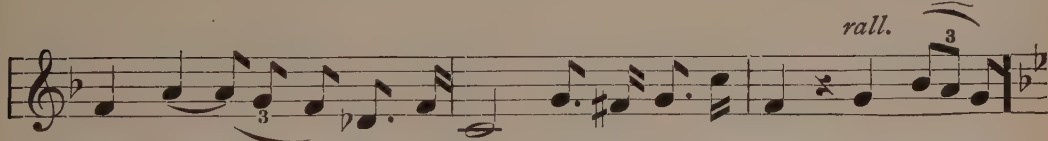
- I.* { Slow thro' the sil-ver moon-light, grace-ful glides our ca-noe; Soft . .
 Bright, ev-'ry ra-diant star-eye, shin-ing out thro' the blue, Peers . .
 D.C. eve, Mag-ic hour of June-tide! Pause, O, time in your flight! Here,



mu-sic of the night-in-gale steals forth . . on the fra-grant air;
 down up-on the lim-pid lake and (Omit)
 lin-g'ring'neath the charm-ed spell, we (Omit)



views . . its re-flec-tion there. . 2. June, sis-ter month to
 sing . . to the Queen of Night. . 3. Flow'rs dream be-neath the
 D.C. *al Fine*



May! Win-ter may have his day, Now he's far a-way. Sweet sum-mer
 moon Gleam-ing a-bove the dune, While the breez-es croon, Sweet sum-mer

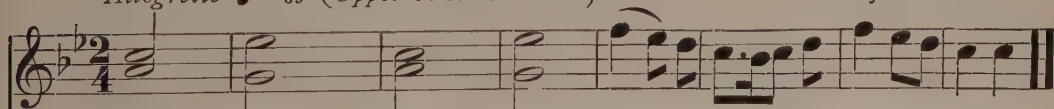
Dream Music

HENDRYK SCHUYLER

Allegretto ♩ = 69 (*Upper voices divided*)

Greek Folk Tune

Arr. by H. W. L.



Dream thou, dream thou; Stars on high their watch are keeping.
 Slum-ber on . till thou art rest-ed.
 Grant thy dreams may all come true, dear.
 (Lower voices divided)

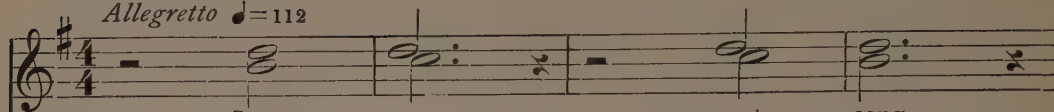


- (Melody)*
 1. Dream, fair child, . the flow'rs are sleep-ing, Dream thou, dream thou.
 2. Dream, fair child, . the birds are nest-ed, Dream thou, dream thou.
 3. Dream, fair child, . till morn is new, dear, Dream thou, dream thou.

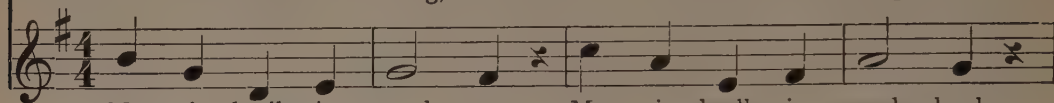
Music Eternal

G. S. DUBOIS

HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS

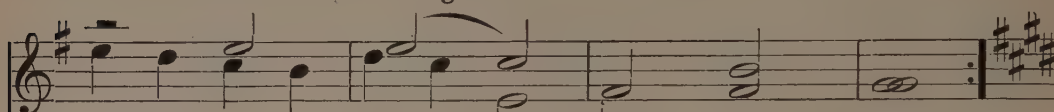
Allegretto ♩ = 112

Sweet song, sweet song,

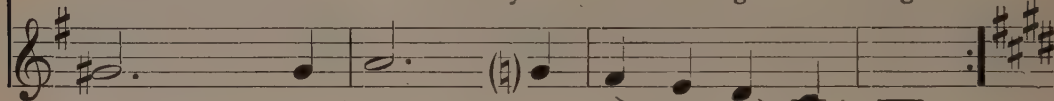


1. Mu - sic dwells in mead - ows, Mu - sic dwells in wood - lands,
 2. Mu - sic dwells in sky - land, Mu - sic dwells in o - cean,

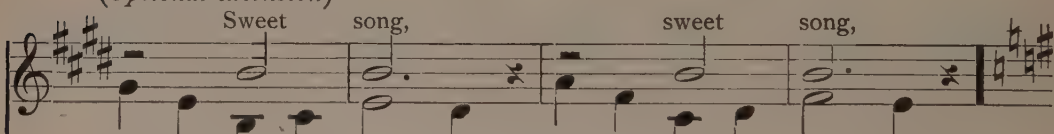
Bright morn . .
 Soft song . .



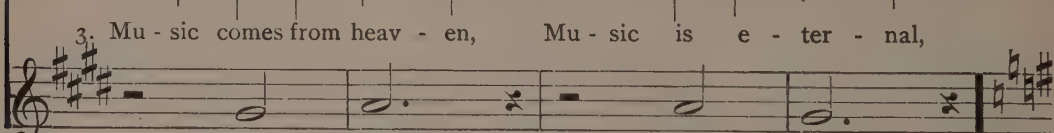
Morn - ing, when the stars grow pale, Wakes with song.
 Na - ture croons her lull - a - by All night long.



Crim - - son morn a - wakes with song.
 Na - - ture croons the whole night long.

(Optional extension)

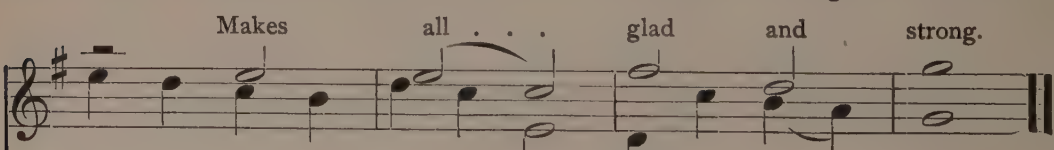
Sweet song, sweet song,



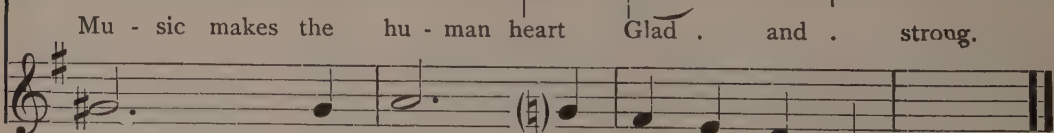
3. Mu - sic comes from heav - en, Mu - sic is e - ter - nal,



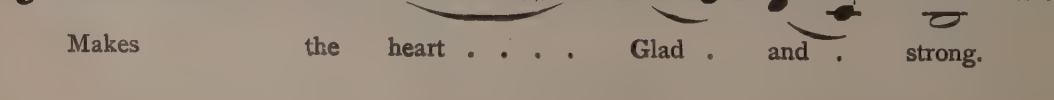
Sweet song, sweet song,



Makes all . . . glad and strong.



Mu - sic makes the hu - man heart Glad . and . strong.



Makes the heart . . . Glad . and . strong.

The Hour Glass

125

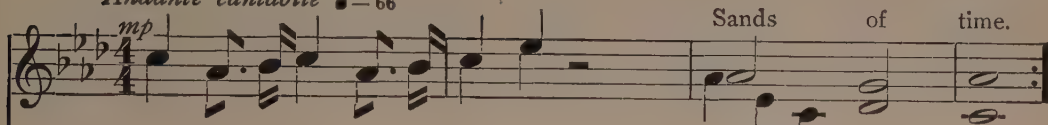
GEORGE W. PENNINGTON

PIOTR I. TCHAIKOVSKY

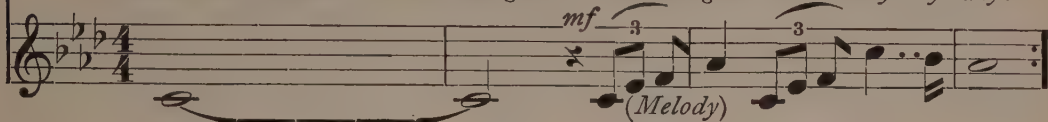
From *String Quartet in D minor*, arr. H. S.

Andante cantabile ♩ = 66

FINE



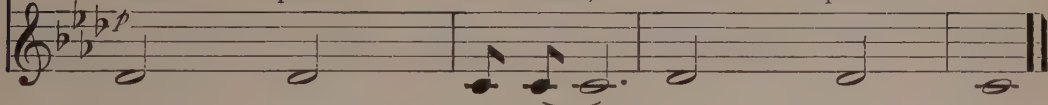
{ Swift thro' the glass, flow-ing down-ward Sands of Time take their si-lent way; }
 { Sure as the pulse of the heart beat Mo-ments fleet, Na-ture's laws o-bey. }
 D.C. Strive that the sands in the hour-glass Flow with glad mu-sic day by day!



Flow Each grain of sand tells a sto-ry, . True, be it grave or gay. D.C.



Time speeds on-ward, . Time speeds on.



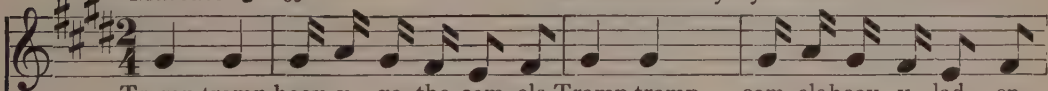
The Caravan

STUART PAUL

Syrian Folk Tune

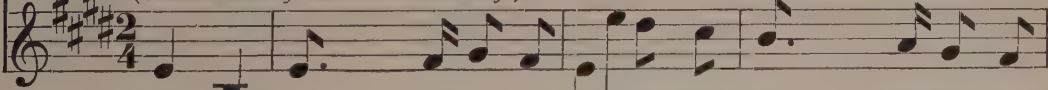
Marcato ♩ = 69

Counter-melody by ROBERT Z. GRAHAM

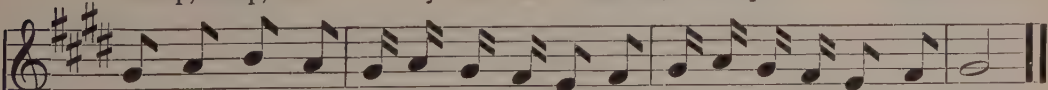


1. Tramp, tramp, heav-y go the cam-els, Tramp, tramp, cam-els heav-y lad-en,
 2. Tramp, tramp, dust-y are the cam-els, Tramp, tramp, pa-tient of their bur-dens,

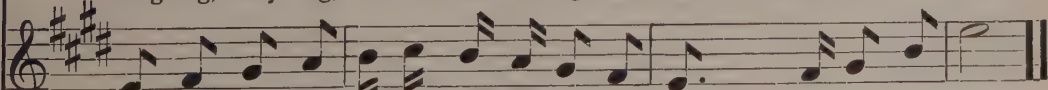
(Counter-melody with 2d stanza only.)



Tramp, tramp, dust-y are the cam-els, The pa-tient cam-els,



Swing-ing, sway-ing, On the road to Bag-dad, Heav-y goes the car-a-van.
 Swing-ing, sway-ing, On the road to Bag-dad, Heav-y goes the car-a-van.



Swing-ing, sway-ing, On the road to Bag-dad Goes the car-a-van.

The School Orchestra

JOHN V. NAUGHTON

French Folk Tune

Allegro ♩. = 92

1. Oh, play the flute of sil - ver, With ploo ploo ploo, with
 2. The bu - gle must be call - ing With too too too, with
 3. The vi - o - lin must wake now With zee zee zee, with

Brum, brum, brum, brum,

ploo ploo ploo, Oh, play the flute of sil - ver And
 too too too, The bu - gle must be call - ing, The
 zee zee zee, The vi - o - lin must wake now; Each

brum, Brum, brum,

beat the sound - ing drum; We'll make the mu - sic come.
 clar - i - net will sound. As tunes re - ech - o round.
 in - stru - ment in tune, We'll match the birds of June.

Rub - a - dub, rub - a - dub, dum, Oh, rub - a - dub, rub - a - dub, dum!

November

HENDRYK SCHUYLER

Greek Folk Tune*

Andante ♩ = 80

(abridged)

1. The flow'rs are dead And the birds are fled, For No - vem - ber's face is
 2. We yearn and long For the wood - land song That we heard thro' flow - ry
rall.

seen in the sky, And the au - tumn winds on - ly sigh.
 June and Ju - ly, But the au - tumn winds on - ly sigh.

* This tune is in A minor, tho' it ends in the dominant, a characteristic of many Oriental melodies.

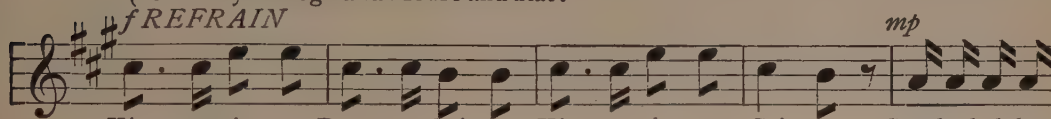
Wedding Postponed!

Abridged version

Kentucky Mountains Folk Song*



1. { Frog went court-ing, he did ride, Rink-tum bod-dy mitch-a cam - bo.
Sword and buck-ler by his side;
2. { To the La - dy Mouse said he: Rink-tum bod-dy mitch-a cam - bo.
Will you please to mar-ry me?
3. { Who will make the wed-ding gown? Rink-tum bod-dy mitch-a cam - bo.
Old Miss Rat from Pump-kin Town.
4. { Next ar - riv - ing big Tom Cat, Rink-tum bod-dy mitch-a cam - bo.
Good-bye Frog and Mouse and Rat!



Kim - an - i - ro, Down to Cai - ro, Kim - an - i - ro, Cai - ro; Strad-a-lad-da-

molto cresc.



lad-da-bod-dy, lad-da-bod-dy-link-tum, Rink-tum bod-dy mitch-a cam - bo.

* "Lonesome Tunes," The H. W. Gray Co.

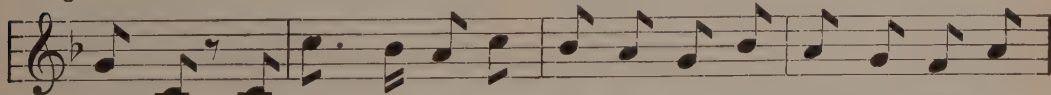
The Contented Camel*

DAVID STEVENS

FRANCIS AMES

Allegretto ♩ = 88

1. Oh, far a-way in E - gypt land A cam - el dwelt con -
2. "It's dry of course, of rain there's none, You nev - er see a
3. "There is - n't much so - ci - e - ty, The place is un - fre -



tent - ed; He did - n't mind the des - ert sand That stretched for miles on
street wet; But I have yet to see the fun In clouds that hide the
quent - ed; But that is all the same to me, From so - cial du - ties



ev - 'ry hand, "Because," said he, "I un - der-stand It can - not be pre - vent-ed."
ge - nial sun, And as for rain, well I for one, Don't like to get my feet wet!"
I am free, And while I have my health," said he, "I'm bound to be con - tent - ed!"

* Courtesy of Youth's Companion.

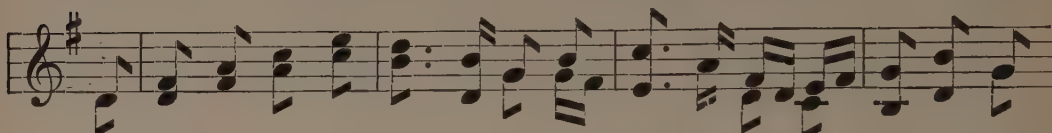
Spring and Youth

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Polish Dance Tune

Allegro moderato ♩ = 69

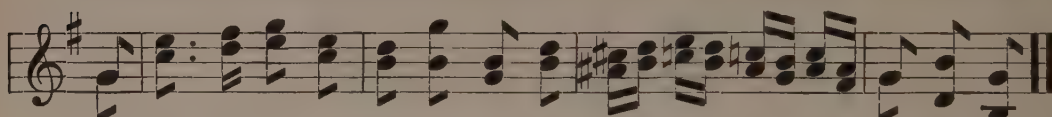
1. The sun is bright, the air is clear, The dart - ing swal-lows soar and sing,
 3. All things re - joice in youth and love, The full - ness of their first de-light,



- And from the state - ly elms I hear The blue - birds proph - e - sy - ing spring.
 And learn from the soft heav'n a - bove The melt - ing ten - der - ness of night.



2. So blue yon wind - ing riv - er flows, It seems an out - let from the sky;
 4. Ye maids that read this sim - ple rhyme, En - joy thy youth, it will not stay,



- Where, wait - ing till the west - wind blows, The fright - ened clouds at an - chor lie.
 En - joy the fra - grance of thy prime, For O, it is not al - ways May!

Northern Lights *

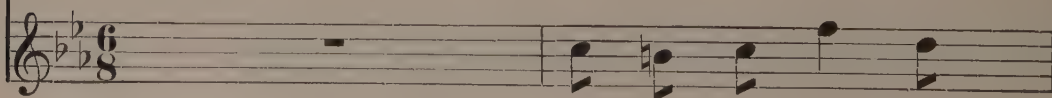
(Canon in the 2d above)

EMILY LOWELL

HECTOR SPAULDING

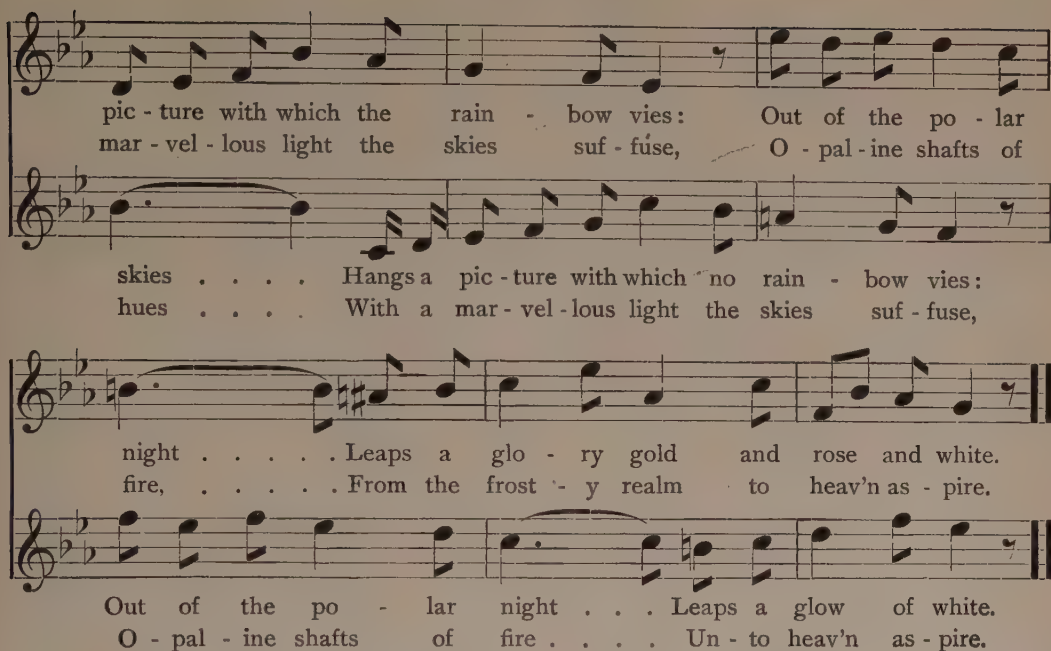
Allegretto ♩ = 69

1. Paint - ed on north - ern skies Hangs a
 2. Mag - i - cal, lam - bent hues With a



1. Paint - ed on north - ern
 2. Mag - i - cal lam - bent

* The Aurora borealis.



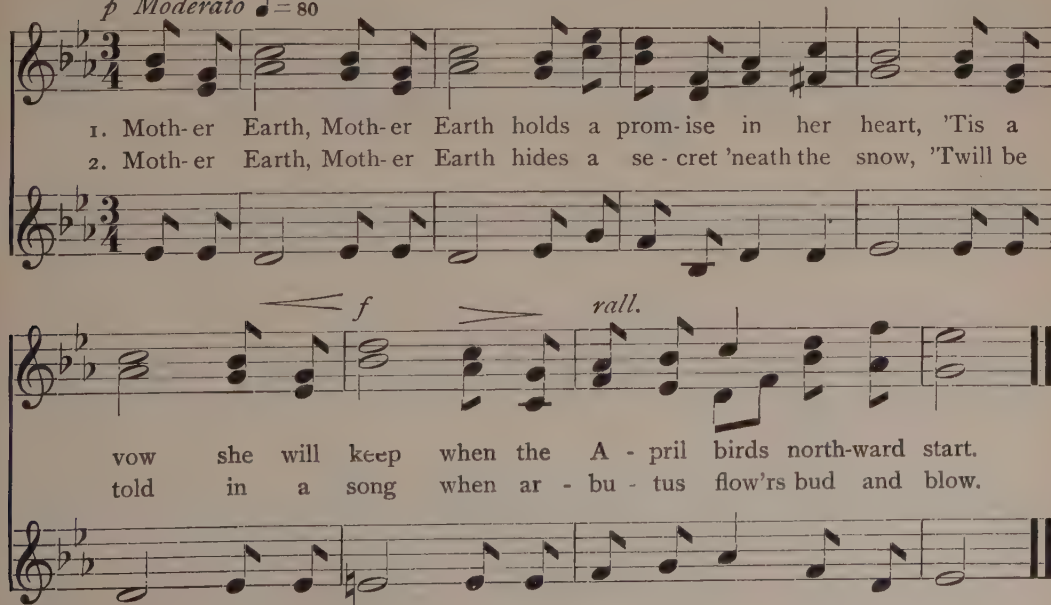
pic - ture with which the rain - bow vies: Out of the po - lar
mar - vel - lous light the skies suf - fuse, O - pal - ine shafts of
skies . . . Hangs a pic - ture with which no rain - bow vies:
hues . . . With a mar - vel - lous light the skies suf - fuse,
night . . . Leaps a glo - ry gold and rose and white.
fire, . . . From the frost - y realm to heav'n as - pire.
Out of the po - lar night . . . Leaps a glow of white.
O - pal - ine shafts of fire . . . Un - to heav'n as - pire.

Mother Earth

C. H. F.

CHARLES H. FAIRFAX

p Moderato ♩ = 80



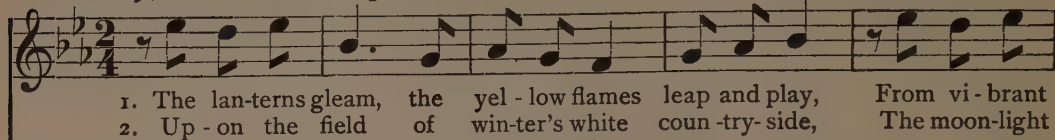
1. Moth - er Earth, Moth - er Earth holds a prom - ise in her heart, 'Tis a
2. Moth - er Earth, Moth - er Earth hides a se - cret 'neath the snow, 'Twill be
vow she will keep when the A - pril birds north - ward start.
told in a song when ar - bu - tus flow'rs bud and blow.

The Village Dance

CORDELIA BROOKS FENNO

Hungarian Dance Tune

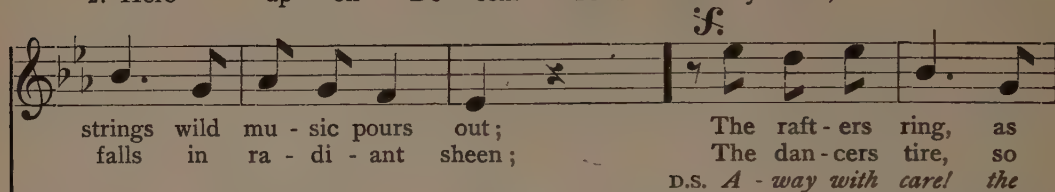
Counterpoint by

Gaily, the 2nd verse in quieter mood ♩ = 120 HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS


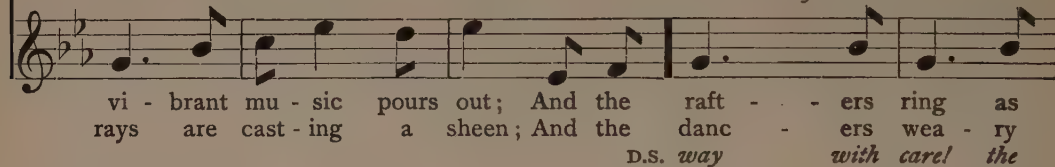
1. The lan-terns gleam, the yel-low flames leap and play, From vi-brant
2. Up-on the field of win-ter's white coun-try-side, The moon-light



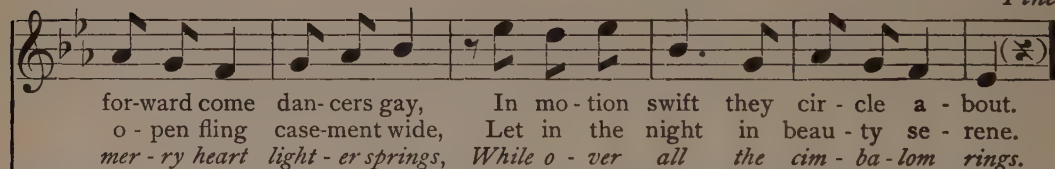
1. Lan-terns gleam, the bright flames leap and play, Wild and
2. Here up-on De-cem-ber's coun-try-side, Lu-na's



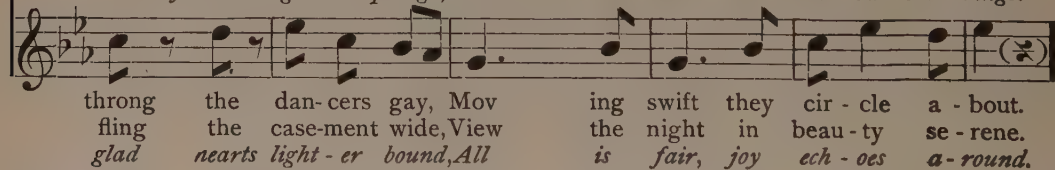
strings wild mu-sic pours out; The raft-ers ring, as
falls in ra-di-ant sheen; The dan-cers tire, so
D.S. *A-way with care! the*



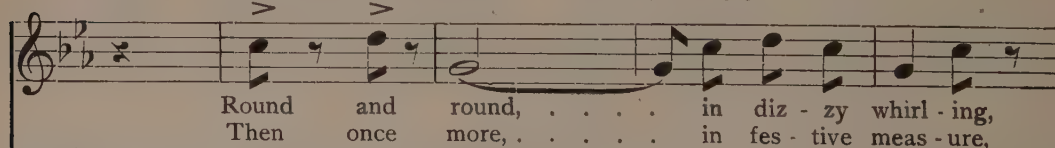
vi-brant mu-sic pours out; And the raft-ers ring as
rays are cast-ing a sheen; And the dan-cers wea-ry
D.S. *way with care! the*

Fine


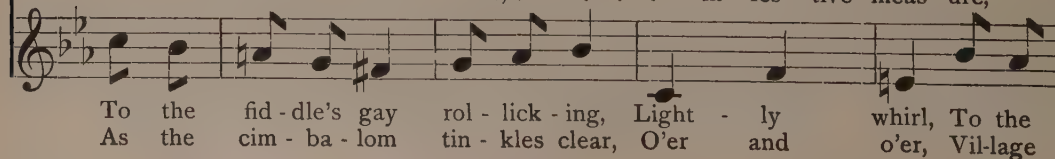
for-ward come dan-cers gay, In mo-tion swift they cir-cle a-bout.
o-pen fling case-ment wide, Let in the night in beau-ty se-rene.
mer-ry heart light-er springs, While o-ver all the cim-ba-lom rings.



throng the dan-cers gay, Mov-ing swift they cir-cle a-bout.
fling the case-ment wide, View the night in beau-ty se-rene.
glad nearts light-er bound, All is fair, joy ech-oes a-round.



Round and round, . . . in diz-zy whirl-ing,
Then once more, . . . in fes-tive meas-ure,



To the fid-dle's gay rol-lick-ing, Light-ly whirl, To the
As the cim-ba-lom tin-kles clear, O'er and o'er, Vil-lage

D.S.

For - ward, back, your part - ner twirl - ing.
 Light of foot, we take our pleas - ure.

mag - ic tune fro - lick - ing, Mad - ly twirl. *Then a -*
 roun - dels from far and near Sound once more. *Then a -*

To a Rose

DAVID STEVENS

LOUIS ADOLPHE COERNE

Moderato ♩ = 116

1. { Rose, love - ly rose, that blooms so sweet - ly, . One dew - y
 { Why must your hour de - part so fleet - ly, . Why must your
 2. { Rose, ten - der rose, tho' soon you per - ish, . Tho' soon your
 { Sweet is the thought for us to cher - ish: . No love - ly

morn, . . to fade . . ere noon, . . .
 fra - grance (*Omit*) die . . so . . soon? . .
 charm . . shall sad - ly wane, . . .
 rose . . is (*Omit*) born . in . . vain. . .

The Two Roads *

Danish Folk Tune

SIDNEY ROWE

Counterpoint by WALTER F. SCOLLARD

(a) *Con spirito* ♩ = 92

Com - rades, Come a - way! We will take this road to the woods to-day.

(b)

Comrades, come a-way! We'll choose our own di - rec-tion, What

For - - ward! right's the guide, Nev - er mind the ones on the

ev - er they may do or say Up - on the oth - er

oth - er side, We'll keep our way. March

side. We will tra - vel right a - long And sing a lit - tle song, In

straight a - head with - out de - lay, And reach at

spite of all ob - jec - tion, We will fol - low on our way with -

last the goal as soon as they.

out de - lay, And come to the end as soon as they.

* The class may be divided into two sections, Section A sings (a) alone; Section B then sings (b) alone. Then both sections sing their respective music together.

The Peddler

STEPHEN FAY

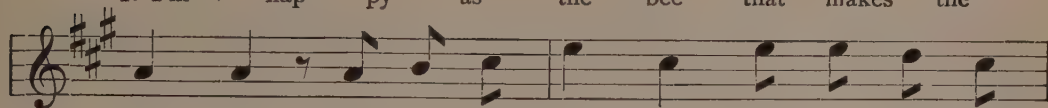
E. DE LEVA

Allegro moderato ♩ = 112

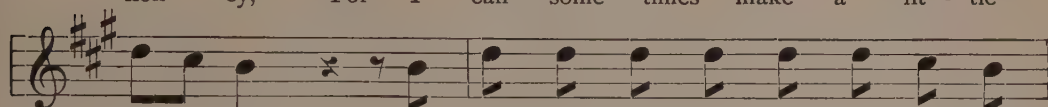
Arr. by WALTER F. SCOLLARD



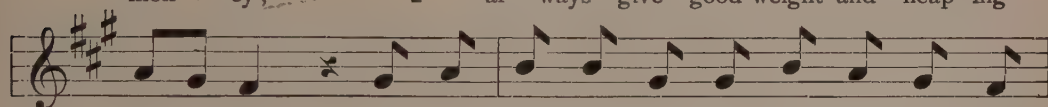
1. I trav - el up and down the wide cre -
 2. I'm hap - py as the bee that makes the



a - tion, A ped - dler known to all the pop - u -
 hon - ey, For I can some - times make a lit - tle



la - tion; I car - ry in my pack a fine col -
 mon - ey; I al - ways give good weight and heap - ing

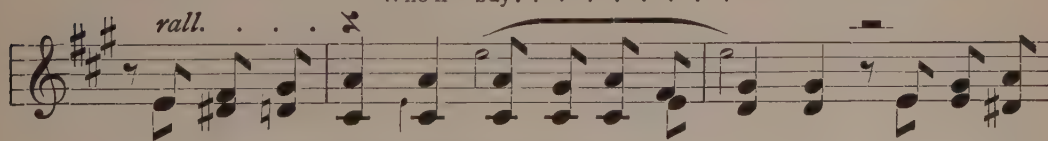


lec - tion, You are wel - come to com - pare and make se -
 meas - ure, For I find that hon - est deal - ing is a

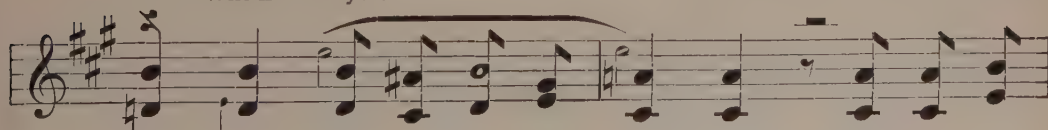


lec - tion, All my wares are o - pen to in - spec - tion.
 pleas - ure, And a right good name is worth a treas - ure.

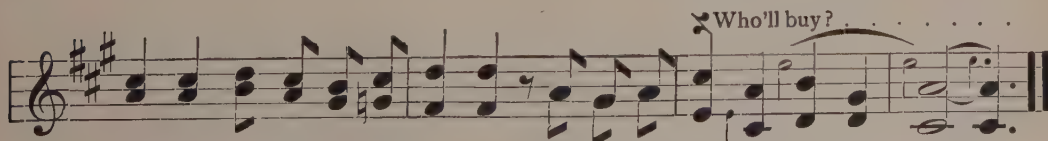
Who'll buy?



Oh, I have knick-knacks brought a-cross the o - ceans, And I have
 Who'll buy?



lac - es, bric - a - brac and no - tions, And I have



Who'll buy?

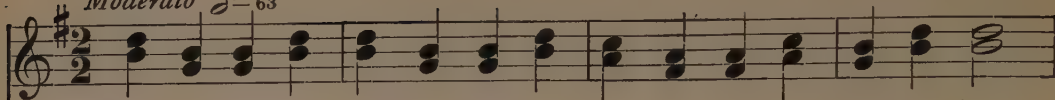
per-fumes, pat-ent pins and po-tions, Who'll spend his pen-ny here, who'll buy? . .

Sabbath Bells

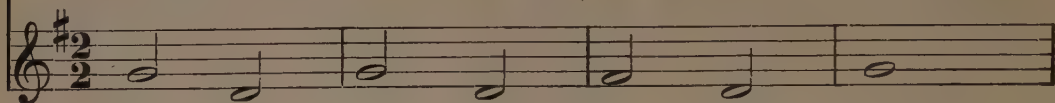
ABEL HORNE

Old Tune

Arr. by FRANCIS AMES

Moderato ♩ = 63

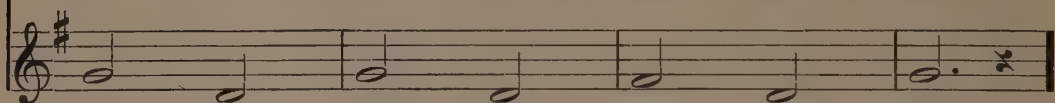
(Morning) Ho - ly Sab-bath, hap - py morn-ing, Joy - ful are the bells we hear,
 (Evening) Day and all its joys are end-ing, Soft - ly falls the veil of night;



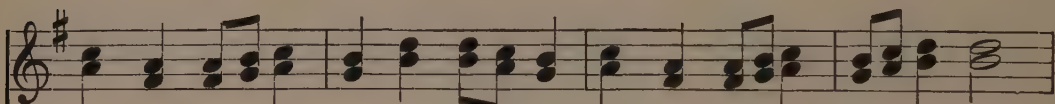
Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, bell.



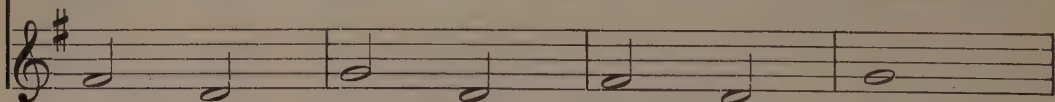
Sweet - ly call - ing, gent - ly call - ing, Sound their voic - es clear.
 Now the sum - mer moon as - cend - ing, Sheds her sil - ver light.



Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, bell.



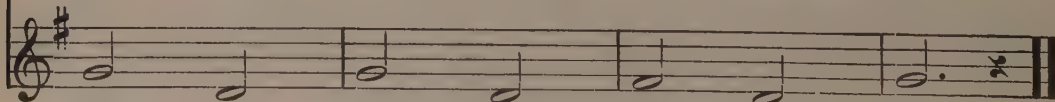
Sweet - ly sounding thro' the trees, And float - ing on the qui - et air,
 Sweet the mys - tic sounds of eve - ning Fall up - on the still - ness here,



Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, bell.



Comes the dear, fa - mil - iar greet - ing, Call - ing us to pray'r.
 Song of whip-poor - will and thros - tle From the wood-land near.



Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, bell.

Pretty Bessie

From PERCY's Reliques
Moderato ♩ = 92

Old English Folk Tune
Arr. by GEORGE Y. HUME

1. A poor beg-gar's daugh - ter dwelt on a green, Who
2. Her fa - ther he had . . noe goods nor noe land, But

Who
But

for . . her fair - nesse might well be a queen; A
begged . for a pen - ny all daye with his hand; And

for asked her grace might well be a queen;
for pence all daye with his hand;

blithe bon - ny lasse, and a dain - ty was shee, And
yett to her mar - riage he gave thou-sands three, And

Bon - ny lasse, bon - ny lasse, dain - ty was shee, And
Yett to her mar - riage he gave thou-sands three, And

man - ya one call - ed her Pret - ty Bes - sie.
still he hath some - what for Pret - ty Bes - sie.

Good Bookkeeping

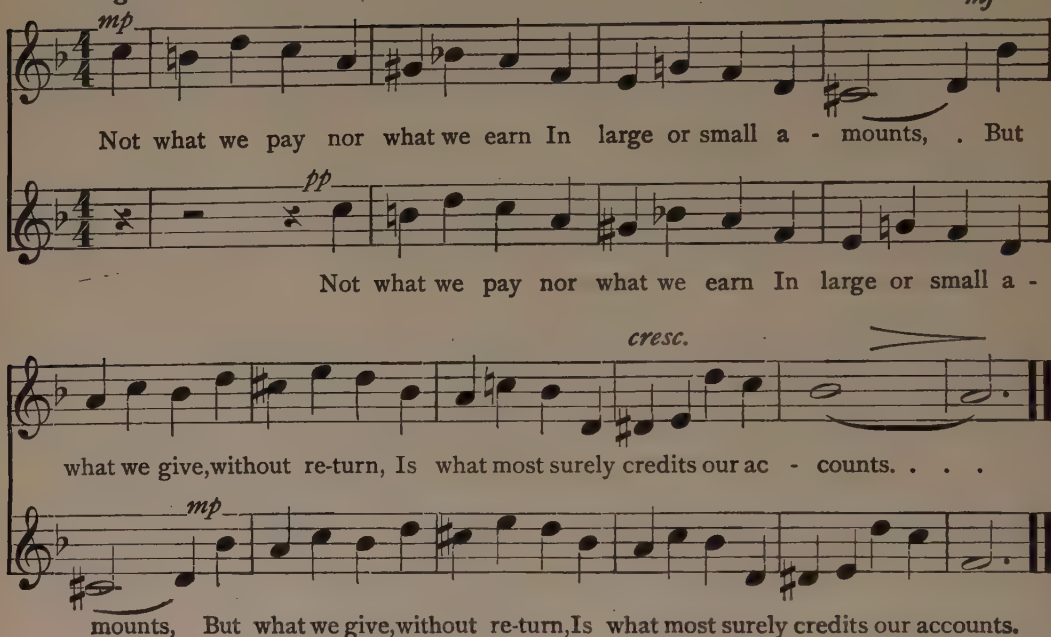
EDITH BATTELL

(Canon)

CHARLES HARVEY

Allegretto ♩ = 138

mp *mf*



Not what we pay nor what we earn In large or small a - mounts, . But

Not what we pay nor what we earn In large or small a -

cresc.

what we give, without re-turn, Is what most surely credits our ac - counts. . . .

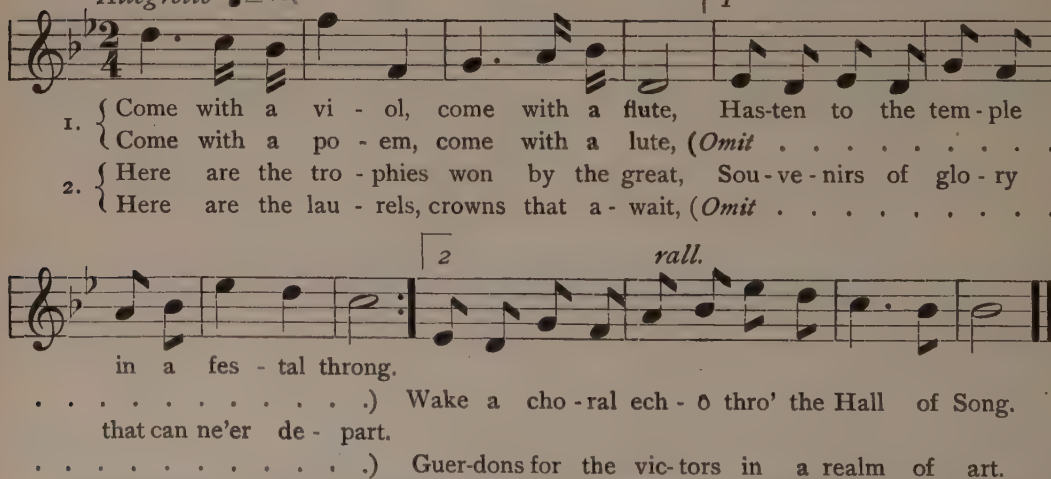
mp

mounts, But what we give, without re-turn, Is what most surely credits our accounts.

The Hall of Song

JOHN CUTLER ALVORD

JEAN PHILIPPE RAMEAU

Allegretto ♩ = 76I in *The Temple of Glory**


1. { Come with a vi - ol, come with a flute, Has - ten to the tem - ple }
2. { Here are the tro - phies won by the great, Sou - ve - nirs of glo - ry }
Here are the lau - rels, crowns that a - wait, (Omit)

rall.

in a fes - tal throng.

.) Wake a cho - ral ech - o thro' the Hall of Song.

that can ne'er de - part.

.) Guer-dons for the vic-tors in a realm of art.

* Melody used in "A Rococo Romance" by A. Walter Kramer. C. C. Birchard & Co., Publishers.

The Last Mile

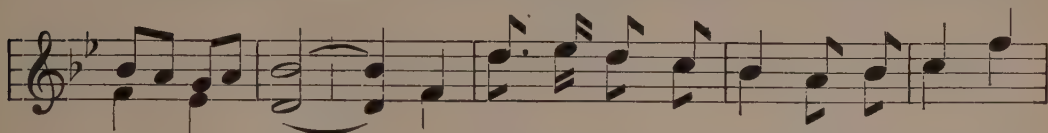
STEPHEN FAY

Danish Folk Tune

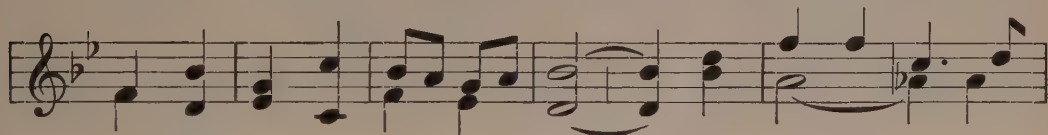
Arr. by ASA T. HUNT

Allegro ♩ = 120

1. Up - on the mead - ow stile, sing - ing heigh, sing ho! There sat a
2. "Right glad - ly will I help, sing - ing heigh, sing ho! To cross the
3. So when he gave his hand, sing - ing heigh, sing ho! The maid sprang



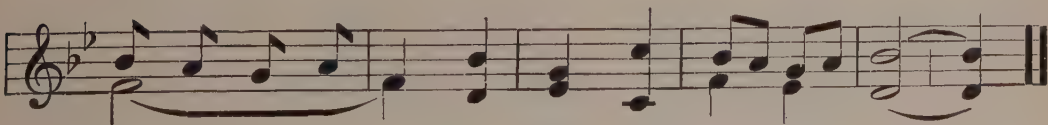
lad . one day ; . A - long the mead - ow path, sing - ing heigh, sing
 mead - ow stile, . If you will let me come, sing - ing heigh, sing
 light - ly down, . And went up - on her way, sing - ing heigh, sing



ho! There came a maid so . gay . . "Your hand, kind sir, a -
 ho! A - long that wea - ry . mile." . "I'll prom - ise naught," the
 ho! One mile to mar - ket - town, . But not a - lone, as
 (ALTO) Sing heigh, . . . sing



cross the mead - ow stile, I am wea - ry . now, and have
 mer - ry maid re - plied, "Till I find my - self safe - ly
 prob - a - bly you've guessed ; And the last long mile, it was
 ho! Sing heigh, . . . sing



yet an - oth - er mile, Sing heigh, sing ho, . sing hay!" .
 on the oth - er side, Sing heigh, sing ho, . sing hay!" .
 short - er than the rest, Sing heigh, sing ho, . sing hay!" .
 ho!

The Sacred Mountain

MARIAN GREY

Japanese Koto* Tune
Arr. by ASA T. HUNT

♩ = 66



1. The cher - ry - buds of fair Ja - pan, 'mid val - leys new - ly
2. The sa - cred peak of Fu - ji - ya - ma† points to Life E -
(*Altos 2nd stanza only.*)



The Sa cred Moun - tain points . to



ver - nal, In ros - y clouds will bloom a - while and die. . .
ter - nal, A snow - y lil - y bloom - ing in the sky. . .



heav'n, A flow'r in the sky. . .

* *A Japanese musical instrument.*

† *The chief mountain in Japan.*

The Steeplejack

HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS

H. W. L.

Allegro ♩ = 80



1. So high in air he seems a toy the breeze might toss; His
2. He scales a tow'r more steep and sheer than moun - tain crag; Un -



foot up - on a slant - ing edge That marks the stee - ple's top - most ledge,
daz - zled by the sun's fierce light, Un - daunt - ed by the frown - ing height,



He toils un - til there gleams a - bove the town a gold - en cross.
He plants a pole from which shall proud - ly wave i his coun - try's flag.

Spring Victorious

HENDRYK SCHUYLER

Allegretto ♩ = 132

Dalmatian Folk Tune

4

1. { Out of the dawn a blue-bird sang, Spring-time tri-um-phant
O-ver the hill soft ech-o rang, (*Omit*)

2. { Out of each heart a song leaps forth, Gloom hies with win-ter,
Zeph-yrs from South-land warm the North, (*Omit*)

4

(Each time) Mes-sage of joy:

Win-ter has

comes with laugh-ter;
joy comes aft-er;
gone,

2

Win-ter has gone,
Brooklets flow on,
A-pril is here!
Flow-ers ap-pear.

rall.

A-pril is here!

The Year's at the Spring

ROBERT BROWNING, in "Pippa Passes"

Andante ♩ = 138

WALTER F. SCOLLARD

The year's at the spring, And day's at the morn; Morning's at sev-en;
The hill-side's dew-pearled; The lark's on the wing; The snail's on the thorn;
God's in his heav'n, God's in his heav'n, All's right, all's right with the world!

The Host and His Guests

Traditional

Old English Carol

Moderato ♩ = 168

(Host)	1.	{	God	bless you	all,	Both	great	and small,	A	wel - come	par -
(Guests)			God	bless the	mas - ter	of .	this house,	The	mis - tress	al -	
(Host)	2.	{	Our	neigh-bors	kind	We're	glad	to find	Here	con - gre - gat -	
(Guests)			God	bless the	mas - ter	of .	this house,	The	mis - tress	al -	

ty!	Since Christmas comes but once a year,	Oh, make it	heart - y!
so,	<i>And all the lit - tle chil - dren</i>	<i>Who round the</i>	<i>ta - ble go;</i>
ing!	Since Christmas comes but once a year,	Don't keep it	wait - ing.
so,	<i>And all the lit - tle chil - dren</i>	<i>Who round the</i>	<i>ta - ble go;</i>

(All) To ev - 'ry man and maid - en Who trav - els far , and , near ,
(All) To all who love their fel - lows And hold good friend - ship dear ,

We wish you a mer-ry Christ-mas . And a hap - py New Year! .

The Eglantine

Adapted from the Finnish

Finnish Folk Tune

Moderato ♩ = 96

Moderato ♩ = 96

16

1.	{	A - lone in the grove bloom'd an eg-lan-tine,*	O	<i>fair</i>	<i>are the flow'rs of</i>	<i>June!</i>
		A dew-drop had found in its heart a shrine,	O	<i>fair</i>	<i>are the flow'rs of</i>	<i>June!</i>
2.	{	"Yet no," spoke the lad, as he stay'd his hand,	O	<i>fair</i>	<i>are the flow'rs of</i>	<i>June!</i>
		"I'll leave you to smile where the alders stand,"	O	<i>fair</i>	<i>are the flow'rs of</i>	<i>June!</i>

The first system of the musical score for 'The Bird Song' is written on a single staff in treble clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody begins with a quarter rest, followed by a quarter note G4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note B4. This is followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, including a triplet of eighth notes (G4, A4, B4) and a sixteenth note C5. The system concludes with a quarter note G4, a quarter note F4, and a quarter note E4, ending with a double bar line.

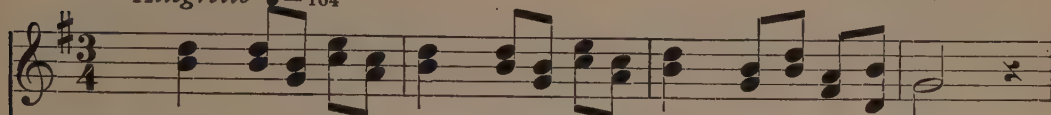
A shepherd was pass-ing a - long the way, *Ah, youth sings a gold - en tune!*
 Said he, "I would fain wear a flow'r to - day," *Ah, youth sings a gold - en tune!*
 But soon came a zeph-yr a - stray - ing there, *Ah, youth sings a gold - en tune!*
 And strewed on the earth all the pet - als fair. *Ah, youth sings a gold - en tune!*

* *The wild rose.*

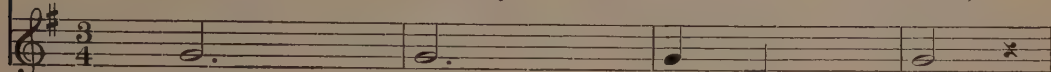
The Angels and the Shepherds*

CORDELIA BROOKS FENNO

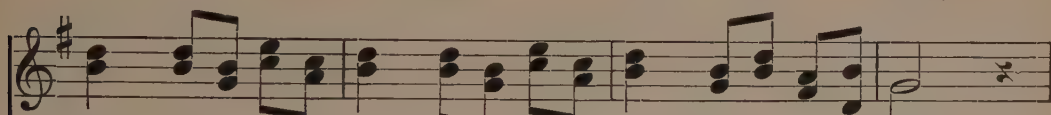
Bohemian Carol

Allegretto = 104

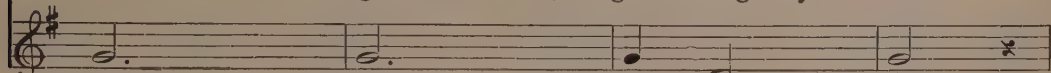
(Angels) 1. Hark, all . . ye . . shep - herds, great news do . . we . bring !
 (Shepherds) 2. An - gels bright shin - ing great tid - ings you bring ;
 (All) 3. There, all in beau - ty, sweet Moth - er and Child ;



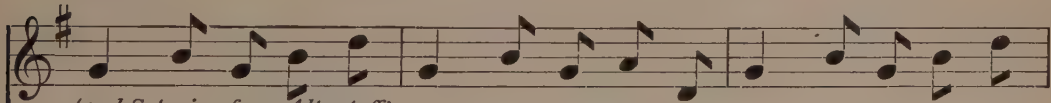
Ding, dong, Yule - tide bell,



Might - y . . the Mon - arch whose birth an - gels sing !
 Now all re - joice in the birth of the King !
 God's ten - der light o'er all, glow - ing yet mild.



Ding, dong, Yule - tide bell.



(2nd Sop. sing from Alto staff)

Lo! now be - hold the Star bright - ly beam - ing, O'er all the earth its
 Straight will we jour - ney, Glad prais - es sing - ing, All our de - vo - tion
 Shine, gra - cious Star of love, Star of glo - ry! Sing, men and an - gels,



Ring, . . oh, ring, . . O gold - en



glo - ry is stream - ing: Shep - herds re - joice !
 fer - vent - ly bring - ing, An - gels re - joice !
 sing, sing the sto - ry, All men re - joice !

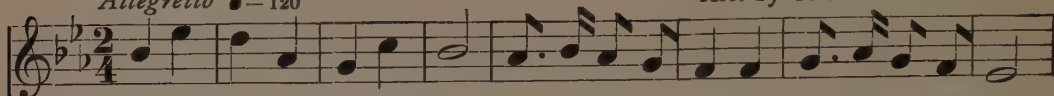


bell, . . ring on, . . . ring on !

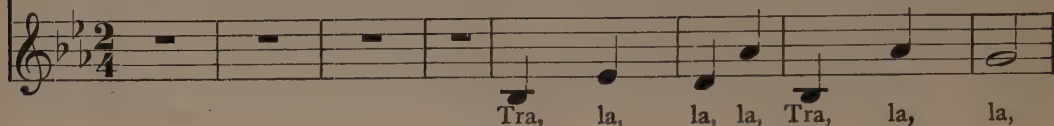
* This may be sung effectively as follows: let the girls sing the first verse, using the upper staff only. The boys sing verse 2 (upper staff) and all unite in the third verse.

Time of Youth

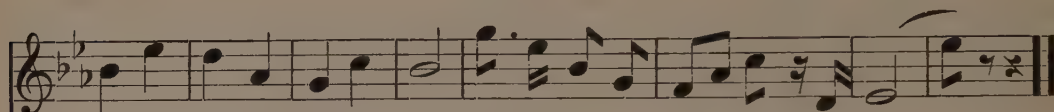
M. TERESA ARMITAGE

Allegretto ♩ = 120Croatian Folk Tune
Arr. by GEORGE Y. HUME

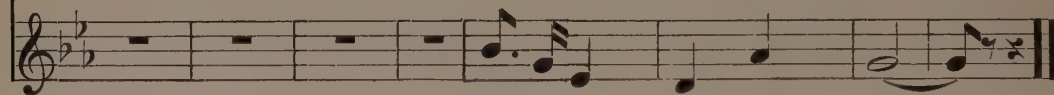
1. Youthful days are those most dear, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!
 2. Aft - er work is time for play, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!



Tra, la, la, la, Tra, la, la,



Then the world is full of cheer, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, Tra, la! . .
 Dance and song make glad the day, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, Tra, la! . .



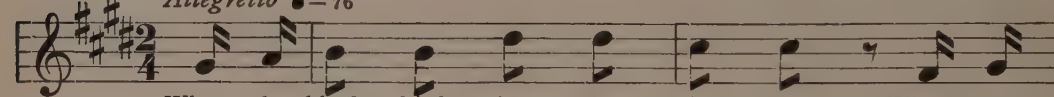
Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la! . .

Billy and Me

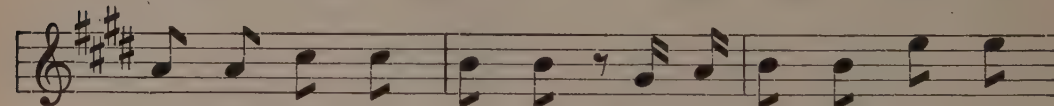
JAMES HOGG

Allegretto ♩ = 76

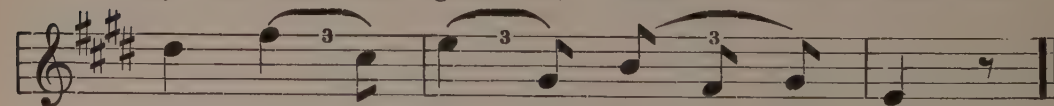
JAMES V. NAUGHTON



1. Where the black - bird sings the lat - est, Where the
 2. Where the ha - zel bank is steep - est, Where the
 3. Where the mow - ers mow the clean - est, Where the



haw - thorn blooms the sweet - est, Where the nest - lings chirp and
 shad - ow falls the deep - est, Where the clus - t'ring nuts fall
 hay lies thick and green - est, There to track the home - ward

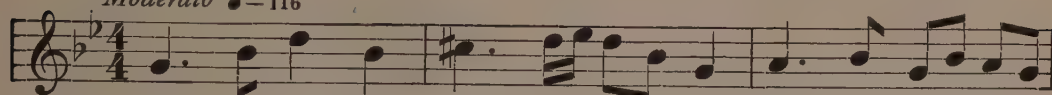


flee, That's the way for Bil - ly and me.
 free, That's the way for Bil - ly and me.
 bee, That's the way for Bil - ly and me.

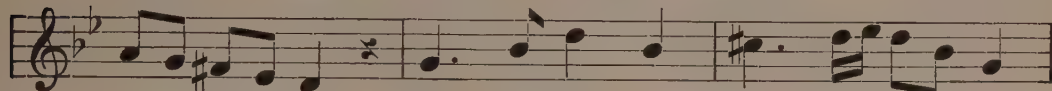
The Lost Song

THORNTON STANLEY
Moderato ♩ = 116

Greek Popular Tune



1. Far a - cross the hill and hol - low Faint - ly sounds the
2. Come, O Shep - herd, be thou near - er, Let me fol - low
3. Night has come, the stars, ap - pear - ing, Dance a - round the



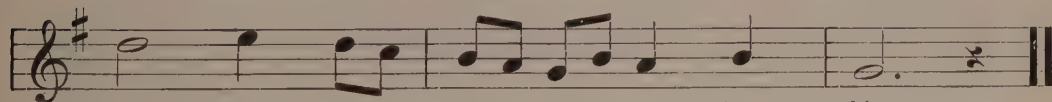
shep - herd's lay; Oh! my heart is fain to fol - low
in . thy train; Sound thy ca - dence clear and clear - er,
cres - cent moon; Fades the song be - yond my hear - ing,



Where he wan - ders all the day. O'er the flow'r - y
I would learn thy sil - ver strain. O'er the flow'r - y
I have lost my shep - herd's tune. Vain to bid thee



mead Comes the song I would were mine; Pan,* up - on his
mead Comes the song I would were mine; Pan, up - on his
stay, Thou hast left thy leaf - y glen; Yet, when dawns the



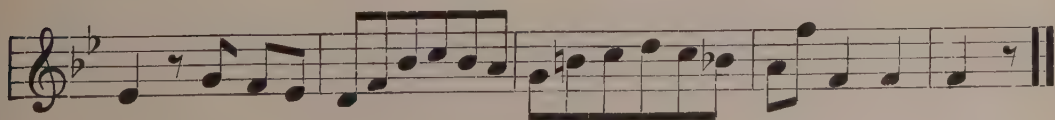
reed Played no sweet - er tune than thine.
reed Played no sweet - er tune than thine.
day, I shall hear thy song a - gain.

* Pan: in Greek mythology the patron of shepherds, hunters, etc.

Shadow Dance

Grazioso ♩ = 144

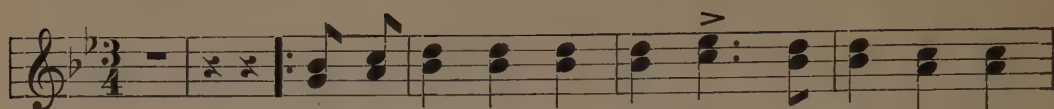
GIACOMO MEYERBEER
Excerpt from *Dinorah*



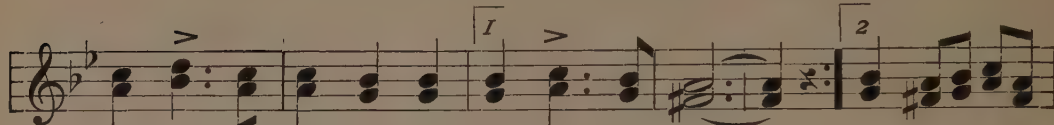
Invitation

PAUL HASTINGS

Spanish Folk Tune

Tempo giusto ♩ = 144

1. { At the top of the sky Shines a big gold - en
 There's a light - heart - ed throng, Bright with laugh - ter and
 2. { Will you join them to - night? Moon and stars all in -
 To the gay tam - bour - ine We will dance on the



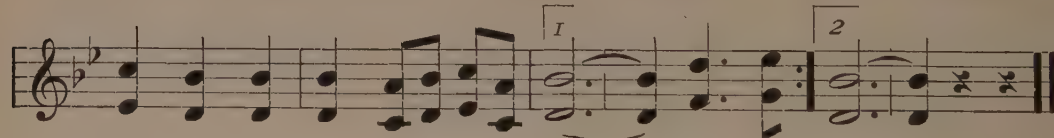
eye, Look - ing down on the danc - ers be - low;
 song, Will you go, pret - ty (Omit.) maid, will you
 vite, Fra - grant winds from the or - ange - trees blow;
 green, Will you go, pret - ty (Omit.) maid, will you



go? O love - ly night! O rare de - light! . There is



joy in the air, An - da - lu - sia is fair, Will you



go, pret - ty maid, Will you go? . . . There is go? . . .

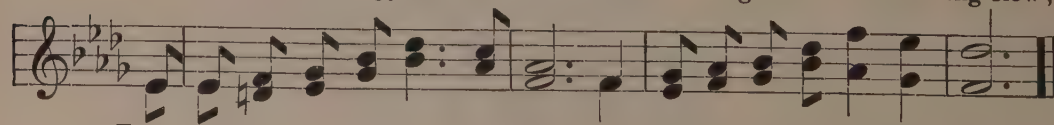
Move Eastward, Happy Earth

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

SEUMAS O'FARRELL

Allegro ♩ = 116

Move east - ward, happy earth, and leave Yon or - ange sun - set wan - ing slow;



From fring - es of the fad - ed eve, O, hap - py plan - et, east - ward go!

It Couldn't be Done

EDGAR A. GUEST*

FOSTER B. MERRIAM

Allegretto ♩. = 80

Some - bod - y said that it could - n't be done, But he, with a
 chuck - le re - plied, . . . That "may - be it could - n't," but
 he would be one Who would - n't say so till he'd tried. . . So he
 buck - led right in with the trace of a grin On his
 face. If he wor - ried he hid it. He start - ed to sing, as he
 tack - led the thing That could - n't be done,—and he did it!

* From "The Path to Home" by Edgar A. Guest. Copyright, 1919. Used by courtesy of the publishers, Reilly Lee & Co.

There's Ever a Song

GEO. W. PENNINGTON

SERGIUS RACHMANINOFF

Allegretto ♩. = 48*mp*

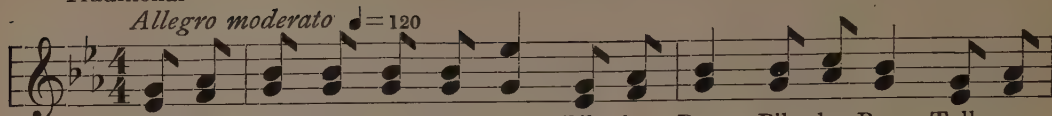
(adapted)

1. There's a song . in the glen . Ech - oes
 2. There's a song . in my heart, 'Tis as
rall.
 o - ver and o - ver a - gain; 'Tis the hon - ey-sweet note of the wren.
 sim - ple as for - est-birds' art, . But its mag - ic will nev - er de - part.

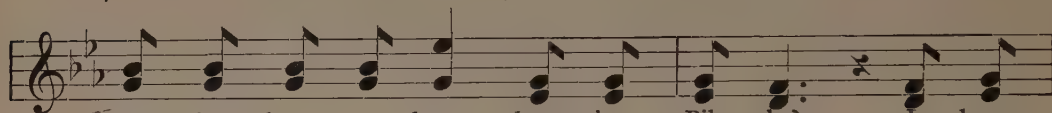
Billy Boy

Traditional

Tennessee Mountains Folk Song

Allegro moderato ♩ = 120

1. Tell me now, where have you been, Bil - ly Boy, Bil - ly Boy, Tell me
 2. Did she ask you to come in, Bil - ly Boy, Bil - ly Boy, Did she
 3. Can she make a cher - ry - pie, Bil - ly Boy, Bil - ly Boy, Can she
 4. Tell me now, what is her age, Bil - ly Boy, Bil - ly Boy, Tell me



now, where have you been, charm - ing Bil - ly? I have
 ask you to come in, charm - ing Bil - ly? Yes, she
 make a cher - ry pie, charm - ing Bil - ly? She can
 now, what is her age, charm - ing Bil - ly? She is



been to seek a wife For the part - ner' of my life,
 asked me to come in, She's a dim - ple in her chin,
 make a cher - ry - pie Quick's a cat can wink his eye,
 twen - ty and e - lev'n, Two times six and two times sev'n,



She's a young thing and can - not leave her moth - er.
 She's a young thing and can - not leave her moth - er.
 She's a young thing and can - not leave her moth - er.
 She's a young thing and can - not leave her moth - er.

The Cascade

CHARLES HARVEY

RICHARD WAGNER

Allegro ♩ = 80in *The Rhinegold*

1. Spark - ling, sil - ver, glit - ter - ing foun - tain, Flash - ing cas - cade that
 2. Laugh - ing, sing - ing, out from the high - land, Won - der - ful stream that



leaps to the glade, With show - ers of pearls from the moun - tain.
 wakes from a dream, All sweet with the beau - ty of sky - land.

* To be hummed, or sung with the word "Flow," in each measure throughout the song

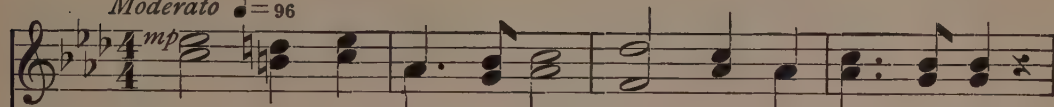
Stars of the Summer Night

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

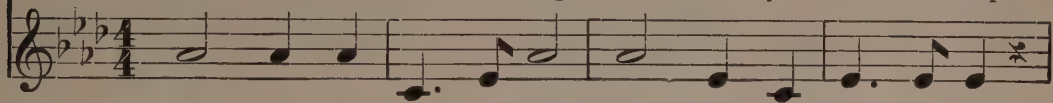
In *The Spanish Student*

I. B. WOODBURY

Arr. WALTER F. SCOLLARD

Moderato ♩ = 96

1. Stars of the sum - mer night, Far in yon az - ure deeps,
 2. Moon of the sum - mer night, Far down yon west - ern steeps



Hide, hide your gold - en light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.
 Sink, sink in sil - ver light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.



She sleeps, she sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.



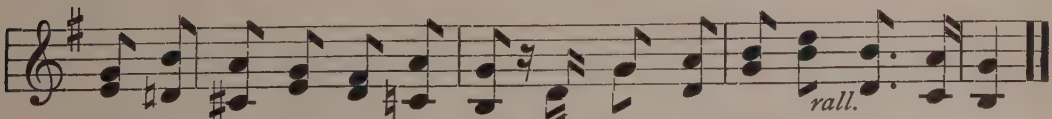
Winter Cheer

GEO. W. PENNINGTON

J. W. ELLIOTT

Moderato ♩ = 66

1. When the snow is on the ground Scar - let ber - ries still are found;
 2. When the lake with ice is locked, When with drifts the path is blocked,



Hap - py win - ter - birds are seen A - mong the boughs of ev - er - green.
 Still the earth is glad, we know, For brooks are sing - ing 'neath the snow.

Allah*

English by MARIAN GREY
Lento ♩ = 76

Egyptian Dervish Song
Arr. CHARLES ELLERTON

1. There is none but Al - lah reigns! There is
2. There is none but Al - lah reigns! There is
3. There is none but Al - lah reigns! There is

A - lah reigns! Al - lah reigns! Al - lah reigns, Al - lah

none but Al - lah reigns! In the field and in the .
none but Al - lah reigns! In the tent and in the .
none but Al - lah reigns! Lift your hearts and bring him .

reigns! Al - lah reigns, Al - lah reigns!

des - ert, There is none but Al - lah reigns!
tem - ple, There is none but Al - lah reigns!
hom - age, There is none but Al - lah reigns!

Al - lah reigns, Al - lah reigns!

* The Mohammedan name for the Supreme Being.

Gnomes' Dance

Alla marcia ♩ = 116

EDVARD GRIEG
in *Peer Gynt*

I 2

Johnny Appleseed

Libretto by

DAVID STEVENS

An Operetta in One Act

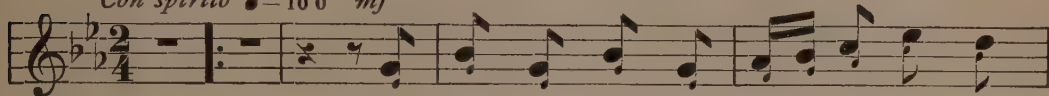
Music by

HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS

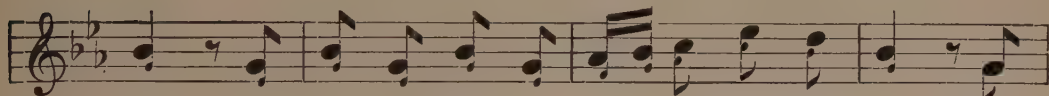
(The libretto and complete piano-vocal score of this operetta, containing stage and other directions for performance, may be obtained from the publishers.)

No. 1. Outlaws' Song

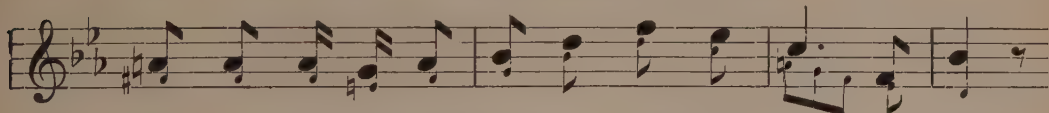
Con spirito ♩ = 100 *mf*



1. Let all who love the ro - ver's life, O
2. The winds that blow are not more free, O



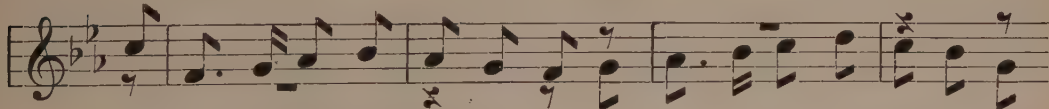
ho! With wealth and ease at his com-mand, O ho! With
ho! We roam at 'will thro' - out the land, O ho! Let



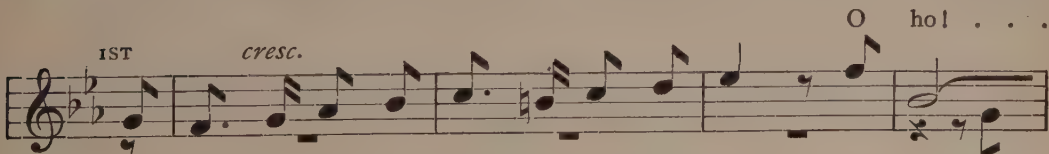
days of pleas-ure and days of strife, Come, join our band!
all who wear - y of laws de - cree, Come, join our band!

1ST SECTION

2ND



No law can fol - low where we go, We pay no tax to friend or foe,
We're feared by all, both red and white, When we ap-pear, they take to flight,



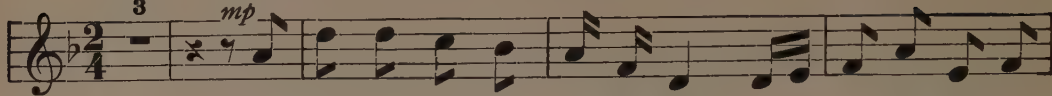
We on - ly reap where oth - ers sow, Sing ho! Come,
For might is ours, and might is right, Sing ho!

... Come, join our mer - ry band!



join our mer - ry band! Come, join our band!

No. 2. Johnny Appleseed's Song

Allegretto ♩ = 843 *mp*

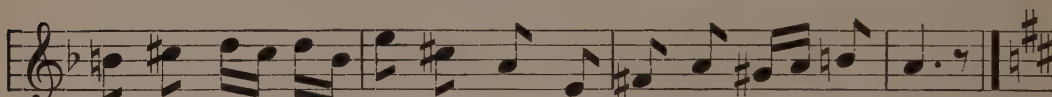
1. They call me John-ny Ap-ple-seed, And I will tell you
 2. I've lived as John-ny Ap-ple-seed, And I shall die the



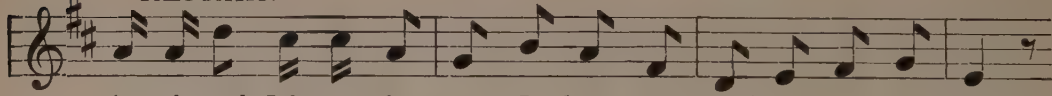
why; From east to west I trav-el, And a good-ly trade I ply.
 same; I seek no high-er sta-tion, And I ask no great-er fame.



Up-on my back I car-ry, In a bag, as you shall know, An
 To make the earth more fruit-ful, And to make the world more kind, Is



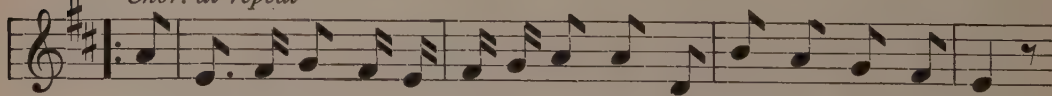
am-ple store of ap-ple seeds, And plant them as I go.
 all I want, and when I pass, To leave good-will be-hind.

REFRAIN

Ap-ple-seed John-ny, the name I bear As proud as a-ny King;



As up and down the world I fare, Good-will to all I bring.

Chor. at repeat

The seed will grow to a blos-som-y tree A-long my va-grant way,
 (Chor.) his

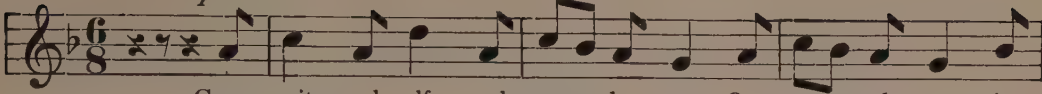


And the fruit it bears tho' not for me, will feed a friend, some day.
 (Chor.) all ripe and free, will feed a friend, some day.

No. 3. The Fairies' Song

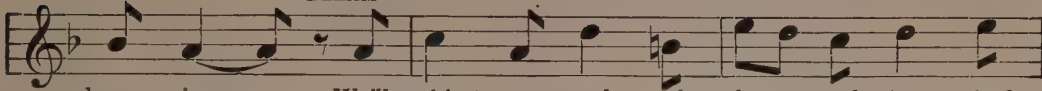
Allegretto ♩. = 58

p MAB



1. Come, sprite and elf and gnome, draw near, Our com - rade now is
2. When morn - ing comes the birds of air Re - joice when they have
3. He sows the land with rip - ened seed To spring and grow for

GLEAM

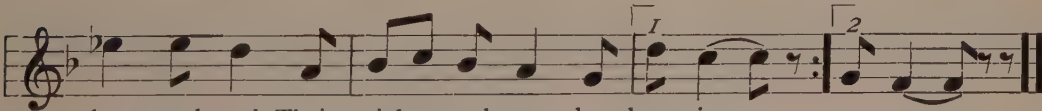


dream - ing; . We'll whis - per words of love and cheer And
found him, . And lit - tle crea - tures gath - er there, In
oth - ers; . To be of use, his sim - ple creed, All

SILVER (*Chor. at repeat.*)



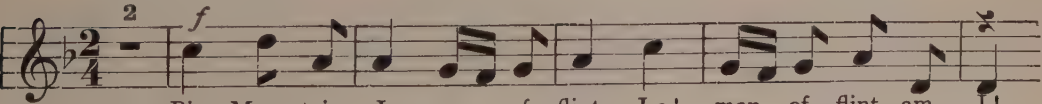
thoughts of gen - tle seem - ing. . . { Go tell the hawk and
per - fect trust a - round him. . { Go tell the wolf to
men . to him are broth - ers. . . { He speaks a tongue all
{ To all that lives, to
{ Go tell the hawk and
{ Go tell the wolf to



loon and owl Their night-watch to be keep - ing; .
cease his howl, The friend of all is (*Omit* . .) sleep - ing. .
na - ture knows, In field and wood - land bow - er, .
all that grows, To beast and bird and (*Omit* . .) flow - er. . .
loon and owl Their night-watch to be keep - ing; .
cease his howl, The friend of all is (*Omit* . .) sleep - ing. .

No. 4. Big Mountain's Song

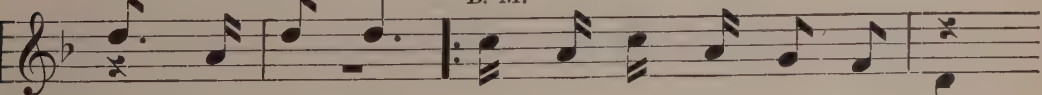
Vigorouso ♩. = 100



Big Moun - tain I, man of flint, Lol man of flint am I!

Chor.

B. M.

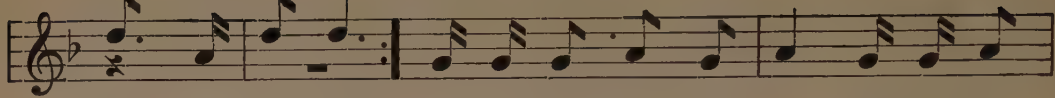


Lo, the flint - man! { Moc - ca - sins of flint have I,
{ Tom - a - hawk of flint have I,

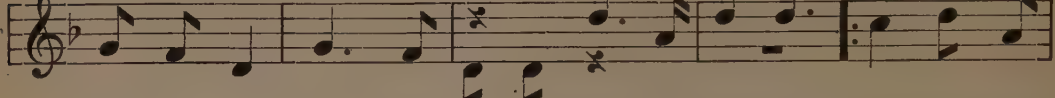
Johnny Appleseed

Chor.

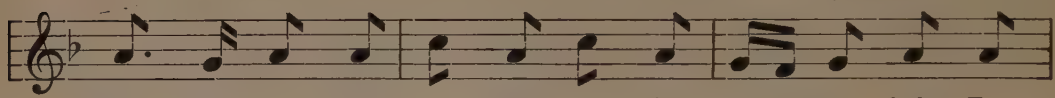
B. M.



Lo! the flint - man! } Tu - nic of flint have I, Leg - gings of
Lo! the flint - man! } Chor. B. M.

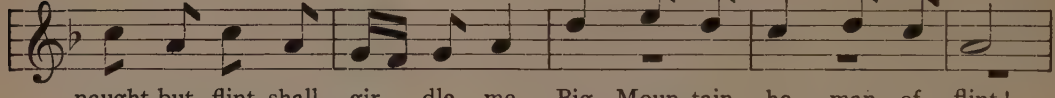


flint have I, Lo! the flint-man! Lo, the flint-man! { Sharp flint shall
White flint the



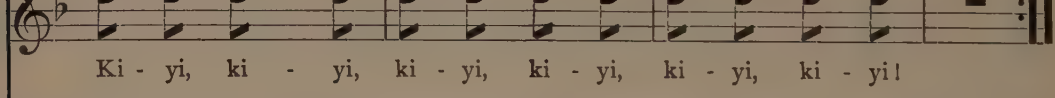
speed my ar - rows, I wear not the wam - pum belt, For
heart with - in me, Light - nings flash from out . my eyes, And

Chor.



naught but flint shall gir - dle me, Big Moun - tain he, man of flint!
where they strike there falls a foe, Big Moun - tain he, man of flint!

Chor.



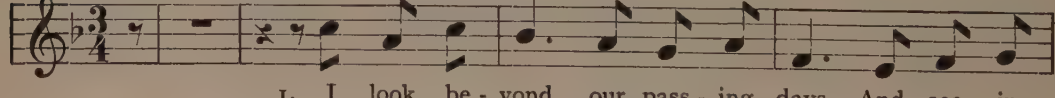
Ki - yi, ki - yi, ki - yi, ki - yi, ki - yi, ki - yi!



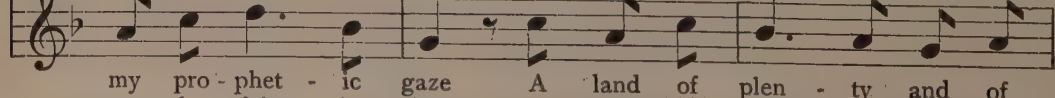
Lo the tom - a - hawk! Man of flint am I! }
Chief of O - ma - has, Man of flint am I! }

No. 5. Fawn Awake's Song

Andante ♩ = 84 p



1. I look be - yond our pass - ing days, And see in
2. The friend of man both white and red, He went his



my pro - phet - ic gaze A land of plen - ty and of
way, by fair - ies led, Who spoke to him, as red men



pow'r, A land of fruit, a land of flow'r; Up - on the
know, The words of our great Ma - ni - do,* My vi - sion



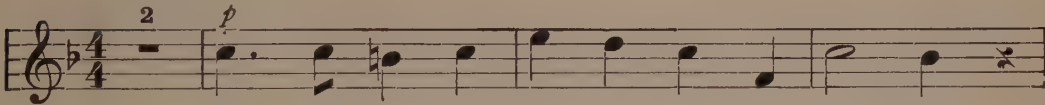
place where now we stand,— Trees in bud on ev - 'ry hand,
sees a sim - ple name— High in Na - ture's Hall of Fame,



Clear of bram - ble, clean of weed, Path of John - ny Ap - ple - seed.
There, in - scribed no word or deed, Naught but "John - ny Ap - ple - seed."

No. 6. Unseen Chorus of Fairies

Espressivo ♩ = 96



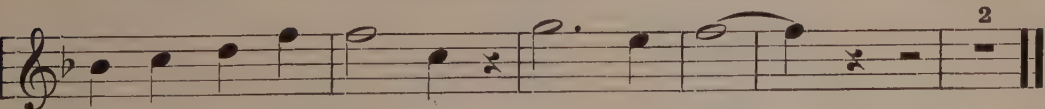
Peace and love at - tend you, Gen - tle com - rade;



God a - bove de - fend you, Gen - tle com - rade; All a - long your



kind - ly way We shall guide you day by day, Dreams of beau - ty



send you, Gen - tle com - rade, So fare - well! . .

* Pronounce Mah-nee-do, an Indian name for the Deity.

End of Operetta.

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GLOSSARY OF MUSICAL TERMS

Accelerando (*accel.*) — gradually increase the time.

Ad libitum (*ad lib.*) — according to fancy.

Allegrante — joyous; mirthful.

Allegretto — not as fast as *allegro*.

Allegro — fast; lively.

Amabile — gentle; graceful.

Andante — in moderate time.

Andantino — slightly faster than *andante*.

Animato — animated.

Arietta — a short air or melody.

A tempo — resume the original beat. Used after *rit. rall. accel.*

Barcarole — a song of the Venetian gondoliers; a boat song.

Ben marcato — well marked.

Bourré — an old French dance.

Bravura — spirit.

Canon — a melody begun by one voice and precisely imitated throughout by one or more voices beginning later at stated intervals. The imitating voice or voices may be in unison with the first voice or on any degree of the scale.

Cantabile — in graceful, singing manner.

Con — with.

Con anima — with animation and boldness.

Con brio — with life.

Con fuoco — with fiery energy.

Con moto — with motion; not dragging.

Con spirito — with spirit and energy.

Counterpoint — the art of adding to a given melody one or more melodies to be performed simultaneously with the first one, voices moving against each other, but which may be an independent tune. The term is often applied to the added melody itself.

Crescendo (*cres.*) — increase in tune.

Da Capo (*D.C.*) — from the beginning.

Dal Segno (*D.S.*) — from the sign ♯.

Declamando — in a declamatory manner.

Diminuendo (*dim.*) — diminish in tone.

E; Ed. — and.

Espressivo — expressive.

Fine — end.

Forte (*f*) — loud.

Fortissimo (*ff*) — very loud.

Gavotte — a dance of French origin.

Giocoso — humorously; sportively.

Gioia — joy; gladness.

Gioviale — jovial.

Giusto — in equal, steady, exact time.

Grazia — grace; elegance.

Grazioso — gracefully.

Habañera — a Spanish dance in 2-4 time.

Ländler — a rustic air characteristic of the Alpine region.

Largo — slow; solemn.

Larghetto — not as slow as *largo*.

Leggiero — light; delicate.

Lento — slow.

Ma — but.

Maestoso — majestic; dignified.

Marcato — accented.

Marcia — a march.

Marziale — martial; in the style of a march.

Mazurka — a lively dance of Polish origin. 3-4.

Menuetto — a minuet; a slow dance in 3-4 time.

Meno — less.

Misterioso — in mysterious manner.

Moderato — in moderate time.

Molto — much; extremely.

Mosso — rapid.

Pastorale — pastoral; rural.

Piu — more.

Piano (*p*) — soft.

Pianissimo (*pp*) — very soft.

Poco — a little; slightly.

Pomposo — pompous; stately.

Presto — very rapid.

Rallentando (*rall.*) — retard gradually.

Ritardando (*rit.*) — delay the time gradually; retard.

Rubato — diminishing the time value of notes in one place and increasing it in another. Literally "robbed" or "stolen."

Solenne — solemn.

Spiritoso — lively; animated; with spirit.

Tranquillo — expressing tranquility; calmly.

Valse — waltz.

Vivace — quick; brisk; vivacious.

Vigoroso — vigorous.

Yodel — the peculiar high falsetto warbling of Swiss and Tyrolean mountaineers.

